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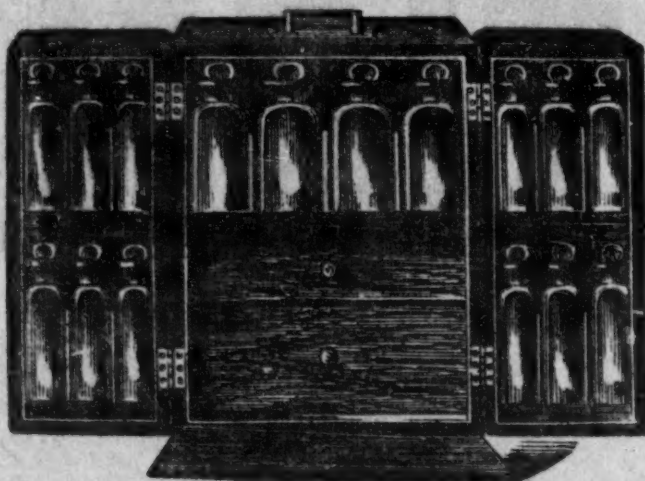
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D. MacLise

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS.

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MACLISE.

A VALUED contributor, James Hannay, maintains, with even unusual elegance and force of argument, that all men who have made themselves great are the descendants of the great of former ages; that they are the sap of an old and noble plant, rising through the accumulated *débris* of centuries of ruin, thus vindicating and proclaiming the rights and powers of long descent. However this may be, the idea must, we fear, always remain one of belief merely, and unprovable by fact. Certainly it is so in the present case, though the quality of the race does seem vaguely shadowed forth in our brief knowledge of Mr. Maclise's ancestry. More than a hundred years ago, one of the family was wounded at Fontenoy, while another fought for the Stuarts under Prince Charles. The father of the artist held a commission in the regiment of Elgin Fencibles, and, while quartered at Cork, married a lady of good family in that city. The offspring of that marriage was three sons; the renowned subject of this paper, a brother distinguished as a surgeon, and a third brother, who has attained rank in the army.

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork, January 25th 1811. We do not find any particular record of that wonderful precocity and adaptiveness to the future course of fame, upon which papas and mammas dilate so fondly; but in place thereof, a steady and much more serviceable devotion to study, which carried him onwards through those shocks and difficulties which beset a man striving to rise above the level of his birth into the clear air that blows about the eminences whereon stand clustered the great men of every age, and whence they may look with some sort of prescience upon the progress of the race which they are destined to elevate and adorn, and maybe discern something of the means of guiding which are in the hands of the Most High.

It is clear that although we do not hear of Maclise as an infant prodigy, yet in very early youth he had attained sufficient skill in drawing to attract the notice of strangers; for we have the assurance of the editor of the *Art Journal* that, in 1820, he remarked a bright-eyed handsome boy drawing in the rooms of the Society of Arts at Cork; and this gentleman proceeds to felicitate himself, as he well may, upon having in some measure prophesied the future celebrity of the student, who was no other than the present Daniel Maclise, R.A., &c. The next attainable fact represents him as quitting a banking-office at the age of sixteen. This would seem to indicate opposition to his professional progress from some cause or quarter with which we are unacquainted; for it could not be expected that the energetic and promising youth, who had already won credit for himself at so early an age, would voluntarily abandon that course which his natural genius had so clearly marked out. If the reader will turn to the portrait, he will perceive that it is not that of a man who would at any period of life readily diverge from a set and success-promising resolution, but rather of one who, with the keenest hopeful firmness, would cut out a path through a forest of dangers and difficulties.

This interval was not, at any rate, of long duration; for he is next discovered drawing portraits of the officers of a light-dragoon regiment (the 14th, we believe) which was stationed in his neighbourhood. It would be not a little interesting to meet now with some of these early labours. We should expect to find all the immaturity of those splendid powers which have since distinguished their possessor, as well as some of that clear scientific accomplishment in drawing which marks his works,—accomplished, not because graceful only and very pretty, as is too common, but full of incipient knowledge of the facts of nature herself, therefore learned and accomplished in the true sense of the word; with this, much of that firm, hard, somewhat over-resolute character, to which not a few of the faults of his works are due, and which will not fail to be remarked as the feature of the man. We have a theory,—no new one, however,—that there may be discerned in the personal appearance of a man the peculiar

qualities of his works: how the subtle, penetrating, and luxurious mind of Titian is evidenced by his noble, keen, and discriminating face, that has its best exponent in his pictures, which are the workings-out of those characteristics in magnificence and completeness; how, also, the firm regardful eye and genuine English face of Hogarth are but the predilections of what we find in his works,—their wisdom and their humour, which, although not without coarseness, is ever tempered and directed by a purpose looking to the end.

The *physique* of no man could better represent his mental capacity than does that of Maclise; for, standing nearly six feet two inches in height, his figure spreads out broad and grandly to a perfect human development, surmounted by such a head as the portrait shows. Years ago, when he was in the early prime of manhood, it was said there was not a handsomer man in London; and now there are few whose intellectual appearance is more striking. About the whole aspect there is something knightly and chivalric:

“A feudal knight in silken masquerade;”

or,

“—— like a modern gentleman of stateliest port.”

Just when the last faint traces of feudality are being swept away by the new phases of the times, up rises a painter whose mission seems that he should present to us the glories of the departing system at their brightest, their noblest aspect in chivalry, in order, it would seem, that what was fair and true about it might be exemplified to coming ages, as far as painting could present the thing. For Maclise is essentially a romantic painter; chivalry is his great theme. The romantic character must be carefully discriminated from the Gothic spirit, of which Albert Dürer was probably the culmination: for the first deals with gallant and brave deeds, pays homage to fair ladies, and rejoices in justice and mercy; while the other goes deeper, and is never without a cast of thought about it that may darken into grim humour, or something terribly grotesque, although occasionally dissolving in tearful tenderness, as a black cloud falls in beneficent rain. The fact is, that these specialities are the peculiar characteristics of two races of men in their thoughtful mood: the romantic is the Celt, with his gallant hardihood and frank gayness, whose heart leaps at the sound of a trumpet; while the Gothic is the spirit of the graver Saxon, who cares less for the appearances of an act than for its tendency.

This excursion is not irrelevant, but made in order that the reader may appreciate the precise qualities which distinguish our present subject. That Maclise is the romantic and chivalric enunciator we describe, bare quotation of the titles of many of his most remarkable pictures will suffice to prove. “The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock” (1835); “Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn at Masque;” “Robin Hood and Richard Cœur de Lion;” “Christmas in the Baron's Hall (Procession of the Boar's Head);” “The Knight's Farewell to his Lady;” “The Return of the Knight;” “Francis I. and Diana of Poitiers;” “The Sleeping Beauty;” “Chivalry (time of Henry VIII.);” “Spirit of Chivalry (in the House of Lords);” “The Marriage of Strongbow;” “The Ordeal by Touch;”—these are all more or less chivalric in subject; and, in addition, there are the following, which become so by the way in which the artist has treated them: “The Spirit of Justice,” in the House of Lords (1850); many of the illustrations to Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*; also a large proportion of those engravings to Moore's *Melodies*; and lastly, that most notable series, the latest fruit of his genius, “The Story of the Conquest,” this year, in the Royal Academy.

Having thus endeavoured to establish a distinct individuality for the prevalent tone of Maclise's works, and thus, to the best of our ability, brought him, so to speak, before the reader, we shall proceed with those grades of his life which have contributed to such a consummation.

Following the series of facts attainable, we find him studying anatomy and dissecting under Dr. Woodroffe (probably at Dublin). In 1828, he arrived in London, entered



the Royal Academy as a student, and rapidly gained numerous honours in that institution, especially the medal in the Antique School, and that for the best copy of a picture. About this time appeared a series of portrait-sketches of literary and other celebrities in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Maclise was the draughtsman, to a text by Dr. Maginn. In 1830, he proceeded to Paris, and in the following year gained the gold medal in the Royal Academy, London, for an original picture of a subject given by the judges, which was, "The Choice of Hercules;" a work probably one of the most remarkable which have yet received that honour. He now devoted himself with the greatest ardour to painting, and produced in '32 "All-Hallow's Eve," an Irish subject full of spirit and power; also the "Francis I." just mentioned. Then came "Mokanna Unveiling," from Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in *Lalla Rookh*, which, on its exhibition at the British Institution in '33, at once brought the artist into a great position. The well-known picture of "Captain Rock," another purely Irish subject, appeared in '34.

"The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock," exhibited in '35, was perhaps the most thoroughly characteristic of the view we have taken of Maclise's idiosyncrasy, and in itself a very remarkable and original picture, of which we find contemporary critics speaking in the highest terms of admiration as to its splendour, richness of incident, and variety of design. This was pre-eminently a chivalric subject, representing the assumption of one of those fantastic duties which the warriors of the old day took upon themselves with an actuality of feeling which is not a little startling to our modern ideas. The self-devoted champion pledged himself to accomplish some bizarre achievement, solemnly calling upon that remarkable chivalric emblem the Peacock, and making the ladies witnesses and confirmers of his asseveration. The entire picture was full of gallants and fair ladies, variously employed at a festival in a baronial hall, while near by were seen some jolly monks regaling themselves. The whole extravagant spirit of the subject was most fitly conveyed in this splendid painting, which being exhibited simultaneously with Wilkie's "Columbus," divided the criticisms and laudations of the journals of the day with it. The artist reaped plenitude of honour by this work, being elected Associate of the Royal Academy in that year; a fact which in itself shows how rapid had been his advance since gaining the gold medal in '31.

The picture of "The Ribbonmen," another Irish subject, then followed; after that, "Puck enchanting Bottom," and the "Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell" (of course imaginary). He then returned to Shakspeare for his subjects, painting "Macbeth and the Witches," and "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn." After these came the very remarkable picture, "The Halt of Bohemian Gipsies," which was re-exhibited six years ago in London, a work painted in an unusually dark tone for the artist. "Myrrha and Sardanapalus;" the "Robin Hood;" with "Christmas in the Baron's Hall," and a picture, purchased by the Queen, of "Gil Blas and the Parasite," were almost consecutive in their appearance. In 1839 was exhibited a "Scene from *Midas*;" and about this time another subject from *Gil Blas*; also, "Salvator Rosa painting Masaniello's Portrait;" "The Knight's Farewell to his Ladye;" "Hamlet," and "Malvolio before Olivia" (both in the Vernon Gallery); two subjects from Goldsmith—"Olivia and Sophia dressing Moses for the Fair," and the famous "Gross of Green Spectacles." The three last, with those from *Gil Blas*, were examples of the artist's power of dealing with subjects requiring great feeling for humour, his complete success therein displaying a new element of character. "The Sleeping Beauty," and the "Origin of the Harp,"—a subject from Moore,—indicated a return to romance; while "Macbeth and the Ghost" was a very remarkable illustration of Shakspeare. "A subject from *Comus*," painted for the King of the Belgians; with "Chivalry,"—a lady arming a knight; "The Spirit of Justice" (both the last in the House of Lords); "The Ordeal by Touch," "Alfred in the Tent of

Guthrum," "Caxton in his Printing-Office," "Noah's Sacrifice," "The Marriage of Strongbow," and "Orlando and Charles," must be so fresh in the minds of numerous readers, that bare mention is all they need.

These, with the picture in the Royal Academy, "Interview between Peter the Great and William III., at present form the chief of Maclise's works; and for their interest and importance have not been surpassed by any living artist, extending as they do over a period of twenty-five years. In 1840, Maclise reached the grade of Royal Academician,—about twelve years after leaving his father's house; a rapidity of progress in success which is very rarely attained, even by men as indefatigable and fortunate as himself.

This is no place to enter into a disquisition upon the faults of Maclise's pictures; faults peculiar to himself, and which are sufficiently obvious to every observer, and such, moreover, as are constantly dwelt upon by his critics, who, while doing so seem entirely to forget the very noble qualities the artist's work otherwise possesses; a style of criticism only too common with the ordinary *employés* of the press, whose object appears most frequently to be that of writing a trenchant article, instead of passing a well-grounded, fair, and candid judgment. We shall here close this brief memoir and these remarks with the observation, that the subject of them is still in the prime of intellectual life; and so far from showing the slightest sign of mental decadence, has just completed that series of designs which have attracted so much attention at the Royal Academy this year:—the before-named "Story of the Conquest," which, whether we consider them as an admirably chosen procession of subjects to illustrate a memorable historical fact,—as dramatic and powerful compositions, fitly bringing before us each scene selected,—or as successive grades of an artistic achievement, are equally just in selection, various and vigorous in conception, and complete and comprehensive in progressive advancement. Not less, we believe, than twelve years have been spent in the preparation of this series of works; and it shows how truly the artist is devoted to Art for its own sake, above and beyond all questions of petty praise or momentary appreciation. And the world is now indebted for their exhibition to the efforts of those who had seen and reverentially admired them in the artist's studio, and not to any desire of their author for publicity, which, in truth, he has shunned, nay, for a time resisted. In this the chivalry of Art at least rivals that other chivalry which he so loved to paint.

RASCALDOM AND ITS KINGS.—CARTOUCHE, KING OF PARIS.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

[First Paper.]

I HAVE an extreme affection for rascals, my family plate being beyond the reach of thieves, and my pocket not worth picking.

I like them for their ingenuity, Ulyssean craft, foresight, daring, perseverance, knowledge of human nature, wise cunning, and intrepidity. I like them because they group so well, and are so picturesque; I wonder at them as incarnations of Mephistopheles and Beelzebub, doing the dirty work of the unmentionable place in a shrewd, wily, earnest, and—in a sense—not uncommendable manner.

From the Golden Farmer back to the Egyptian chief-baker, I know their tricks and stratagems, their laws and ordinances. As to the metaphysical side of the question, as to whether thieving arises from a mental want or a mental excess, I never trouble myself. It may be a mere logical misunderstanding; it may be a warp of the judgment, a sort of squint of the reason; it may be blood to the head, or want of blood; it may be a perversion, organic or innate. On the other hand, though thieving may not unnaturally be assigned to a mental strabismus or monocularity, it may perhaps more correctly be classified with that genus of mental phenomena

known as habit grown chronic,—a sort of monomania, or insanity.

In this way of thinking, thieves become interesting studies to the sucking metaphysician, who ought to rejoice, therefore, when his watch is stolen, and to shout for joy when his spoons chink into the burglar's nocturnal bag.

Of thieves and their doings I have taken a wide survey. From the Copt who cut off his brother's head, to destroy his identity, when he fell into Pharaoh's man-trap; from the spy in Herodotus, whom the Milesian shaved, wrote secret intelligence on his scalp, kept till his hair grew, and then sent on his distant mission; from Duval to Manning; from Shakebag to Shepherd,—I know all their twists and turnings, and can divide their schemes into codes and classes. I acknowledge, in this flat age, I revel in their strange and subtle plans, their ruses and ingenious forms of spoliation; I draw from them proofs of the limitation of the human imagination, and of the expansibility of human badness. The sensitive touch of the felon shows me the undeveloped capabilities of our neglected senses; I find with astonishment in the thief, aiming at small ends, the patience of a fakir, the heroism of an old grenadier, the endurance of an Indian, the subtlety of a statesman, the craft of a diplomatist, the courage of an Alexander. In fact, I fill my mind with half-thought-out theories, that amuse me, if they do not make me wiser. The wig-stealing in Queen Anne's reign, the cloak-stealing on Louis Quatorze's Pont Neuf, the diamond-plucking of Barrington, the old Bag-shot highway doings with mask and pistol, the mail-coach rifling, the Elizabethan gambling tricks, with mirror-reflections and gangs of "ferrets" and "setters," we must for the present pass by. The old English purse-cutting, ring-dropping, gold-chain chopping; the "chauffeurs," who burnt the feet of rich farmers to make them "shell out" their money, we must leave behind us, with many score of "priggers of prancers," tricks of Smithfield thieves, sham-Abrahams, Salisbury-Plain sailors, and proceed at once to introduce our readers to the great *Louis-Dominique Cartouche*, the king of French thieves, and the terror of Louis the Fourteenth's Paris, of the St. Louis, Champs Elysées, and all the hills, quais, boulevards, and hotels of the French capital, in the days of Molière and his merry world. There was a time when this name, harsh and rough, and reminding one of the soldier's bloody lips smeared black with powder, was enough to sell any book or play to which it was attached. There was a time when bewigged men in Covent-Garden clubs talked for long nights about this Cartouche; and when, in German Linden Streets and in Dutch Exchanges, the gossip of busy men ran to the same tune. His life is a proof of the irresistible tendency with which some minds, reserved, acquisitive, and without veneration or moral self-restraint, run headlong into crime.

Cartouche was the son of a poor cooper, who lived in 1683,—the year the rogue was born,—in the quarter called La Courtelle, not far from La Fontaine aux Echaudez. The ambitious father gave a good education to his children, and particularly to Louis-Dominique, whom he had named after a bad king and a good saint. Quick, ready, smart, and with a strong memory, Cartouche got on so well at school, that his father resolved to push a point, and send him to a Jesuit's college. This foolish ambition the father bitterly repented of. The school was full of rich tradesmen's sons, who dressed in all the gold-laced splendour of that age of black wigs, lace-cravats, plum-coloured coats, deep-flap waistcoats, swords, ruffles, and red heels. Cartouche, short and vain, began to steal to obtain money for the roulette table, the comedy, his mistress, and the Burgundy of the tavern. He, the cooper's son of La Fontaine aux Echaudez, was not to be outshone by purse-proud peruke-sellers of the Place Royal. His first thefts were not worthy of his future greatness. He began by pillaging the patched panniers of the old women who sold fruit at the gate of the college at Clermont. His success made him a thief for life. Men who have once let their imaginations

run wild on the advantages of borrowing money seldom return to the severe and cold materialism of cash down. Men of loose principle, who find out that lying is power, seldom deign afterwards to confine themselves to dull truth. Cartouche could never any longer remember the duty of honesty; its self-protection, its religious motives, were thrown behind him. He stole the boys' books and slates. Wanting money to buy a smart *purpoint*, carnation ribbons, and lace, he resolved, at the mature age of eleven, on a grand *coup-d'état*. He had an object of course; he gratified his natural tendency, and he rejoiced in the danger and exciting sense of adventure which stealing gave him.

In the fourth class, his chief friend was a young marquis, whose tutor liked him, and with whom he often spent whole days. He came in and out when he liked, for they were companions and class-mates. One day the quick-eared, quick-eyed Louis heard the valet say that he had just brought his master a hundred crowns, and locked them up in a casket. The opportunity set our king's brains fermenting like barm. The thoughts of such a chance worked upon his cupidity and acquisitiveness like madness. He could not keep his eyes from the casket; night and day, for a week, he used to say afterwards, when in the Conciergerie, he thought of nothing but that box.

Should he steal it? No! yes! that claret coat, *la belle Pomponne*. The first step; ropes haunted him. But Vanity shook her ribbons, and conscience fled away. His good angel, always snubbed and forgotten, left him as a wife leaves the house that has fallen under the sway of the courtesan. He watches the valet and the governor out of doors one sunshiny morning. He goes to his class, steals the key from the pocket of the marquis, asks the regent's leave to go out, races to the room, passes on to the valet's, which is behind, unlocks the door: the casket is moved. He looks every where—under the bed, behind cloaks, pokes with sword under drawers, looks in the cupboards. Yes, there it is, on the top, just in the dark, on the great *armoire*. He puts two chairs one on another, mounts, rips open the box with a cooper's iron of his father's, and the crowns, the crowns shine before his greedy eyes. All goes well; he counts and gloats. Hush, a noise! the governor has returned; gone to the marquis for the key; he misses it; thinks it must have been left in the door.

The tutor bustles back. Yes it was; he sits down to read his humanities, takes snuff, coughs, and falls asleep, as tutors do. Soon after the valet and marquis come back; the one from the city, the other from class. Cartouche, rolled up into a ball behind the box, sweats with fear, dares not cough, nor scarcely breathe. People come in, and wonder at his disappearance. Some are sorry, some glad. The valet, having a headache,—perhaps too much wine,—goes to bed for the rest of the day.

A hundred times Cartouche prepares to call out, or to leap down, and throw himself at his feet, owning his guilt. That little heart is a hell of pain,—fear, rage, lust, covetousness, and suspicion. The valet, himself a rogue, may be ungenerous or cruel; he will wait. Night comes, he has not been seen; the valet groans, kicks, and rolls. Cartouche cannot, does not wish to sleep. Another day, the valet is no better; the wine was bad. When he moves a curtain, or shakes up his pillow, a fresh cold sweat breaks out on Cartouche, faint with hunger and burning with thirst.

That night there is a great ball at the Duc de Quelque-chose: carriages roll, torches glare, every body's carriage stops every body's way, scented tossing ringlets are moving before a thousand mirrors, the marquis's valet must be there to wait; the last bow is tied, the scent-stopper put in, the door clicks, the thief crawls down. Alas, cursed ill luck! the door opens again, and the governor and the marquis come back, eager for an hour with Aristotle and his Poetics. Open eyes, tears, stammered words. A year later, and it would have been a scream, and a stab, and a slammed door; now it is bent knees, lowered eyes. He tells a lying story of fear of the rector, of exercises, of hungriness; they bring

him food, not thinking of the crowns, and promise to appease the angry regent, who has uttered dreadful threats.

Once out in the fresh street, he felt safe and free. A hundred crowns in his pocket, and none the wiser, the dangerous feeling of a new power within him, which made him stronger than his fellows, entered into his heart.

He goes home to his father, is scolded by the unsuspecting cooper; appeases him with more lying excuses,—lying is now easier to him than truth; sleeps sound, and the next day revels at the Foire St. Germain. Again a pitfall; his pale-faced brother meets him, tells him the whole affair is discovered, put together, and known; whips and dark cellars await him at Clermont.

Lust of gain and rage have ruled Cartouche for two days, now fear gets the upper hand; but even this timid passion grows powerful when backed up by strong will and the energy of rascal greatness. Away from Paris, running, leaping; dome of the Invalides sunk to a dark mushroom; now fields, vineyards, Reimemoulin; in fact, many leagues from Paris and its broad quays, and the bridge with Henry IV.'s statue, and the Invalides, and all the convents, and that red Grève, and the Bastille—Bah!

The thief, afraid of being robbed, suspicious, wily, reserved, prepared for rubs, finding no inns, creeps under a bush, there intending to wait the day, and, if it please God, sleep. A noise awakes him; twenty paces off he sees, by a dim moonlight, some twenty dark figures dancing, singing, and eating. He thinks he has got into a witches' Sabbath, and recommends himself to God, confessing his sins. Prying into suspicious bushes, the ragged cohort (really gipsies, and naught else) find a sharp-looking boy, very frightened and very ragged. They dance round him, and he, still thinking them witches, screams; they in turn become frightened, and take him for something not "canny." At last they speak to him in French, and invite him to eat. Stolen fowls, pigeons, and sucking-pig furnish a sumptuous banquet. He falls asleep by the camp-fires, and awakes to find that he is lighter by a hundred-crowns weight. It is dangerous to sleep among Bohemians who give people dinners for nothing. Still any dinner is dear at one hundred crowns.

The dramatic position is worthy of Gil Blas. The boy gets up and threatens the old witch, who queens the troop, to hang the whole band; and he looks as if he was the boy to do it. But the witch has not become a queen for nothing. She screamingly tells him that boys do not generally carry a hundred crowns about them; she knows he has robbed his father, and has run away, and she will take him home again. His lip shakes, she has caught him. Then she praises his beauty and wit (he smiles; caught again), praises Bohemian life, shows the pleasures he may grasp, and the dangers that await him. In an hour's time he is an avowed Bohemian thief and rogue for life.

In three years Cartouche learns all the gipsy tricks,—how to shoe horses, how to clip and break them in, how to poison any farmer's pigs and cure them again, how to break iron and mend pots, how to hook linen through windows and rob hen-roosts, how to tell fortunes and pick pockets. He was just becoming a chief at fifteen years of age, when the parliament of Rouen put down the band. Some swing on gibbets, some groan under the axe, some take to their heels; Cartouche resolves to go to sea; he has learned all land tricks, and sighs for fresh worlds of *rascaldom*.

A respectable uncle of Cartouche, plump and well off, sees on Rouen Quay—among coils of rope, piles of casks, old anchors, and beams—a ragged boy, eating black rinds of sausages that some Dutch sailors have thrown him. Though black, ragged, and barefoot, he recognises his lost nephew. Good old man! he cries, falls on his neck, and overwhelms him with tenderness. The boy is taken to an inn, washed, and clothed; and the same night uncle writes to Paris to intreat his brother, the cooper, to forgive his prodigal son. The father, whose pride is hurt at the degradation of a son whom he has striven so much for, writes back

a fulminating letter, and will do nothing for the disgrace of his family. He had no pity for his misfortune, and forbade his return, unless he wished to perish by his hand. The rogue returns, however, hides for days in his father's shop, falls ill, and, at the point of death, is forgiven by the stern and honest craftsman.

For some time after his recovery, all goes on well; but vanity and vice soon lead him astray. He again strives to be the fop, and to dress accordingly. He falls in love with a young milliner, who slights him for richer and gayer lovers. He robs his father's till, buys silks and jewels, and becomes the favoured lover of the venal fair, to be deserted by her the moment his purse runs low. Cartouche turns pickpocket to maintain his love. He thinks he can nail quicksilver to the point "fever-heat." He is loaded with watches, handkerchiefs, snuffboxes, sword-knots; he does nothing, but is always well dressed, and passes himself off to his suspicious father as a successful gambler. One day, however, the cooper finds out his storeroom, and discovers heaps of jewels, gold crowns, gold boxes, flagons, and *ctuis*; he puts them back, says nothing, but drives off to the penitentiary of St. Lazare. He promises the Père Procureur a pension if he will chastise and correct his son.

Cartouche, little suspecting, is invited to go to St. Lazare with his father about an order for five hundred casks. They start in a hackney-coach; father grave, son gay and foppish. His keen eye, betraying no alarm, suddenly sees archers drawing round the coach; he marks the trap, and is prepared. Coach stops; father gets down first, and goes in to get an order to see the gardens. It is time; Cartouche throws off his justaucorps, wig, and cocked-hat, appears in bare sleeves, ties his head round with a white handkerchief, and passes out through the archers in the character of a confectioner's boy.

In five minutes, father returns with two brothers of the order. This is the signal; the archers close in, open the coach-door, and capture—not Cartouche, but a coat, wig, and hat. Some are for pursuing; others, less energetic, for waiting; the father resolves to go home, and trap him at his return. He finds the door open, drawers open, money, treasure, and son, all gone.

Cartouche, once more free, paints his face, dyes his skin, changes dress and wigs, and gives up his milliner, and continues to pick pockets. Wherever a careful man can find work, he goes—ball, mass, comedy, execution, any where. He is alone, and French thieves are ignorant of their future monarch.

One day he steals a fat purse from a German in the Jesuits' Church, and soon after is touched on the arm and dogged all over Paris by a stranger, who claims the prey.

"My purse," said the stranger.

"It is at the end of my sword."

"That'll do, my brave; I only wished to see if you had as good a heart as you have fingers. I'm satisfied."

Then falling on the rogue's neck, the stranger, a Paris pickpocket, told Cartouche he had seen his *coup*, been struck by his unequalled subtlety, and wished to be his comrade.

Cartouche, thinking him a spy, remained reserved. At a turn of the street, they hear the noise of swords, and come upon some lackeys fighting; his friend disappears, and returns presently with a hat full of louis, which he divides with him. They mount to a fifth story; Cartouche is introduced to an old woman and two daughters, to the youngest of whom he is plighted—in brief, thieves' marriage. His host shows him the danger of working alone, without friends to assist him in escapes, and in raising a mob to create a diversion and procure a rescue. They become comrades, and an unholy alliance is formed.

In a short time the band breaks up. The brother-in-law retires to the Toulon galleys, and the women to the Hospital, under the care of the great Commissioner of Police, M. d'Argenson.

Cartouche, bent on travelling thoroughly through *rascaldom*, turns blackleg; gipsy, pickpocket, bully, petty lar-

cener he has already been. He lodges in the Rue St. André des Arcs, and hires two valets, whom he clothes in rich liveries; one of them, who robs his master in order to support his mistress, denounces Cartouche. He escapes the terrific glance of D'Argenson, fresh from investigations of the *convulsionnaires* and *empoisonneurs* in the Burning Chamber and the Bicêtre dungeons; but Cartouche's good name is gone; he dare not show himself at the green-cloth tables.

He therefore, honest man, turns spy and betrays his friends to D'Argenson; gratifies at once his cupidity, ambition, and revenge; but, cunning as he is, is trapped by a recruiting sergeant. He had promised to provide this fellow with twenty-five men; but four were still wanting, and Cartouche, drugged and snared, was dragged off to Flanders, himself to make up the complement. Making the best of a bad bargain, Cartouche shouldered his fusée with cheeriness and skill, got promoted, and was praised by all his officers for his courage and exactitude.

The disbanding came, and with the disbanded soldiers now swarmed thieves. Cartouche became the midnight king of Paris; theatre or tabarin, Pont Rouge, Pré aux Clercs, Luxembourg, Louvre,—it was all his. He knew the secret crimes of his band, and none dared desert. Dreadful oaths, enough to make the devil shudder, held these rascals together. One fine Sunday night the troops met on the Boulevards. There were two hundred men; some refugees from St. Lazare, others runaway apprentices, ruined gamblers, criminals, shopmen turned soldiers,—in fact, all the idle, dissolute, and wicked of Paris. He drew up laws for them, and was unanimously chosen their leader. At their first meeting, a drunken beggar heard their vows, but did not disclose them, for he took them for a real army, and Cartouche for a generalissimo. He assumed the despotic power of putting to death spies and traitors, and swore not to spare even his own brothers, who had now joined him, if they dared to betray the band.

Once organised, this satanic army set to work. Murdered men were found every night in the Seine; bodies with bruised heads or stabbed chests were thrust into church-porches and rich men's doorways; gallants, parted with by laughing mistresses in gilded chambers, where mirrors flashed with a hundred lights, were next seen, blue, swollen and strangled, at the doors of their chambers in the Quartier Latin; lodging-houses were sacked; coaches waiting at the doors of le Marquis Carabas stripped and despoiled; muffs and swords, hats and hoods, diamond-buckles, sword-knots, and snuff-boxes disappeared as if an enchanter's wand had waved over them. At night-taverns these trinkets reappeared, smeared with blood, the snuff-boxes crushed and battered, the hats pierced with bullet-holes, and the muffs muddled and torn.

Some of Cartouche's gang climbed, by means of rope-ladders, into rich men's houses; fat abbés and pompous marquises stared to find, on their return from court-ball or comedy,—*Les Précieuses Ridicules*, par exemple,—the lock off the door of the *premier étage*, the rooms gutted of rococo gold clock, the green satin flayed from the chairs, the gilt fringe of the curtains missing, not to mention the little desk with the 200 louis-d'ors? Others attended St. Sulpice, Notre Dame, and the chief churches, praying very hard opposite shining altars, with two wax hands covered with gloves, while with the real offending members they cleared those who knelt near them of watch and purse.

Every now and then M. d'Argenson's eagle claws fastened on some unlucky thief; but the more he bled rascaldom, the faster the blood increased; bleeding increases blood. Cartouche had spies every where,—in court, in barracks, in shops, in hotels, even among M. d'Argenson's dreaded archers, who breathed nothing but steel and cord.

Cartouche needed a well-filled treasury. He had spies to pay; miss a day, and there was danger. There were his workmen, who carried about and sold the stolen goods; receivers who hid them behind sliding-panels, and over beds, and under movable floorings. There were hiding-

places for emergencies, and their daily rent. All these people charged high, and required ready money. Then there were bewitching courtesans, smooth with pearl-powder and blushing with rouge, who decoyed young country abbés, and drunken spendthrifts, whom they stabbed or poisoned if they grew restive or troublesome. With all these expenses, they never could grow rich; they baled and baled, and kept the water out, but never got dry and safe; rest a moment, and the boat began to settle down into the white jaws of the sea.

So went on affairs from the peace of Utrecht to the year 1719. The paper-money made the fortune of Cartouche; a portfolio or pocket-book now sufficed for a week's work. The rogues grew bolder; they followed home merchants from the banks or from bargains in the Rue Quinquempois, knocked them down with life-preservers, and while they lay stunned, robbed them, and fled. Others they choked with pitch-plasters, on the Burke and Hare principle; and others they blinded with handfuls of dust.

They swept the high roads, too, with their Bohemian cavalry; robbed the mail-bags, stripped the passengers, tied their hands, laid them on their faces, and rode off. On the 28th of April 1721, the diligence was stopped near Chalons by masked men, who stabbed the postillion, and carried off 180,000 livres, leaving in the road 200,000 more that they were unable to remove. Cartouche himself deigned to rob a coach; he first persuades an officer, his companion, to slay a valet they had brought with them; and then, to insure secrecy and secure his spoil, shot the murderer himself.

Paris grew alarmed, the watch was doubled, and thirty sous a-day given to the watchmen. Rogues and vagabonds were ordered into exile, and armourers were forbidden to sell arms to strangers. The arms were soon taken from them; but Cartouche cared not; his band fought, drove away the watch, and bribed or intimidated its members.

The toils drew in round him, however, and he began to feel the space narrow round his feet. Joseph Lami, a Jew, his friend, was arrested for stabbing another Jew and strangling his wife. He was baptised, and then broken on the wheel. This man had a wife at Vienna, another at Lille, and a third in Paris. He had several times changed his religion. Dumesnil, Cartouche's lieutenant, narrowly escaped; La Magdaleine died on the rack; l'Amoureux, accused of murdering a jeweller, escaped, after a dangerous trial.

Hitherto no one had heard of Cartouche; even M. d'Argenson did not know the name of the leader of this dreadful band of two hundred. Men who despised God, feared men, and dreaded the breaking of an oath. At last one day a thief, pale and groaning from the rack, as the hard wrinkled faces of M. d'Argenson and his myrmidons bent round his bed of torture, and fixed on him their now glittering eyes, to the repeated questions of "Who is your captain?" replied, "*Cartouche*." The secret was disclosed; the bloodhounds leaped forward on the track.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailing Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It is not a little interesting to go from the Royal Academy to the French Exhibition, and contrast the peculiar national characteristics as developed in art. To one's great surprise, it would appear that the attributes of gravity, thoughtful design, and sober colour, were prevalent in France to a far greater extent than in England; that is, presuming we should accept the display in Pall Mall for as precise a representation of the state of French art in the former country as

that in Trafalgar Square is of the latter. But this can hardly be the case; for, notwithstanding the numerous great names the catalogue presents, there are others absent whose possessors are remarkable for practising the very brilliancy which distinguishes the English Exhibition. These deficiencies account for the lack of colour which strikes the visitor the moment of entering, rendering the display so sober in that respect that he might fancy this to be a collection of pictures by the old masters, whose pigments time had dimmed.

The only pictures here that are truly brilliant in colour are those by Meissonier, who is represented by three small works. No. 115, "The Chess-Players," show two men seated in a room deeply engaged in the game. The aerial effect is extraordinary, having all the power and clearness of a stereoscopic view; the expressions are admirable, the colour, although a little hot, is most skilfully managed, and the drawing correct to a marvel. Nos. 116, "A Lansquenet," and 117, "A Mousquetaire," respectively soldiers in the costume of each corps, although not remarkable for character, are extraordinary examples of minuteness and care,—never were these qualities carried to a greater extent; but, after all, we cannot but think such extreme delicacy is wasted on the subjects, and when achieved, the result seems no greater than that which Teniers obtained at one-tenth of the labour and cost. No. 116 has been purchased at the extraordinary sum, considering the subject and size, of eight hundred guineas.

A large picture by Eugène Isabey, No. 90, "The Morning of the Chase," is full of action and character, and, but for its prevailing grayness, reminds the observer of a sketch by Vandyke. Le Poittevin's picture, No. 108a, "Fishermen hauling up a Boat," exhibits a good deal of spirited action, and is an amusing illustration of French character; all the men sitting on the ground to accomplish their nautical feat. No. 110, "Christening a Fishing-Boat at Fécamp," is an interesting example of French manners,—the *curé* blessing the craft which is to bear the fortunes of the family. There is some graceful design in this work; a girl holding two children in her arms being very noticeable for that quality. No. 161, "The Huntsman," by Van Seben, is a vigorous sketch. A large picture, by Duvau, "The Seven Sins," No. 43, will attract attention; it exhibits a revelling party of men and women, who are supposed to be practising the deadly sins. This work resembles in some respects "The Decadence of Italy," by Couture, engraved in this Magazine, but far transcends it in colour, having a peculiar dead glitter of that quality which is in keeping with the subject. There is much coarsely-powerful drawing and good expression shown by the artist in this picture. Couture himself has a work here which is very important and interesting: "The Minstrel," No. 29, a troubadour of the middle ages singing to some of the common people, who are variously affected; the expression of his face, as he keeps up a melancholy chant to his own accompaniment, is very successfully rendered. The picture much resembles in drawing that last described, and is far superior in every respect to "The Decadence of Italy."

This exhibition is very rich in domestic subjects, of which we shall mention the most remarkable. "The Convalescent," No. 155, by Trayer, an old man seated in a chair receiving the affectionate attention of two women, is most interesting in character; the expression of one of the women, whose tender anxiety is perfectly shown by her face, is admirable. The composition of the picture has been most carefully studied. "The Doctor's Visit," No. 136, by A. E. Plassan, is a sort of counterpart to "The Convalescent," and is equally full of truth and expression. Nothing can be more touching than the earnest grief with which a woman seated at the foot of the bed in this picture watches the impassive countenance of the doctor; and the languid dolorous apathy of the patient is perfectly rendered. Not so finished, but very rich in character, are those pictures by Edouard Frere,—Scenes in humble life, Nos. 58 to 63. No. 62, "The Seamstress," a girl sewing at a window, is notable

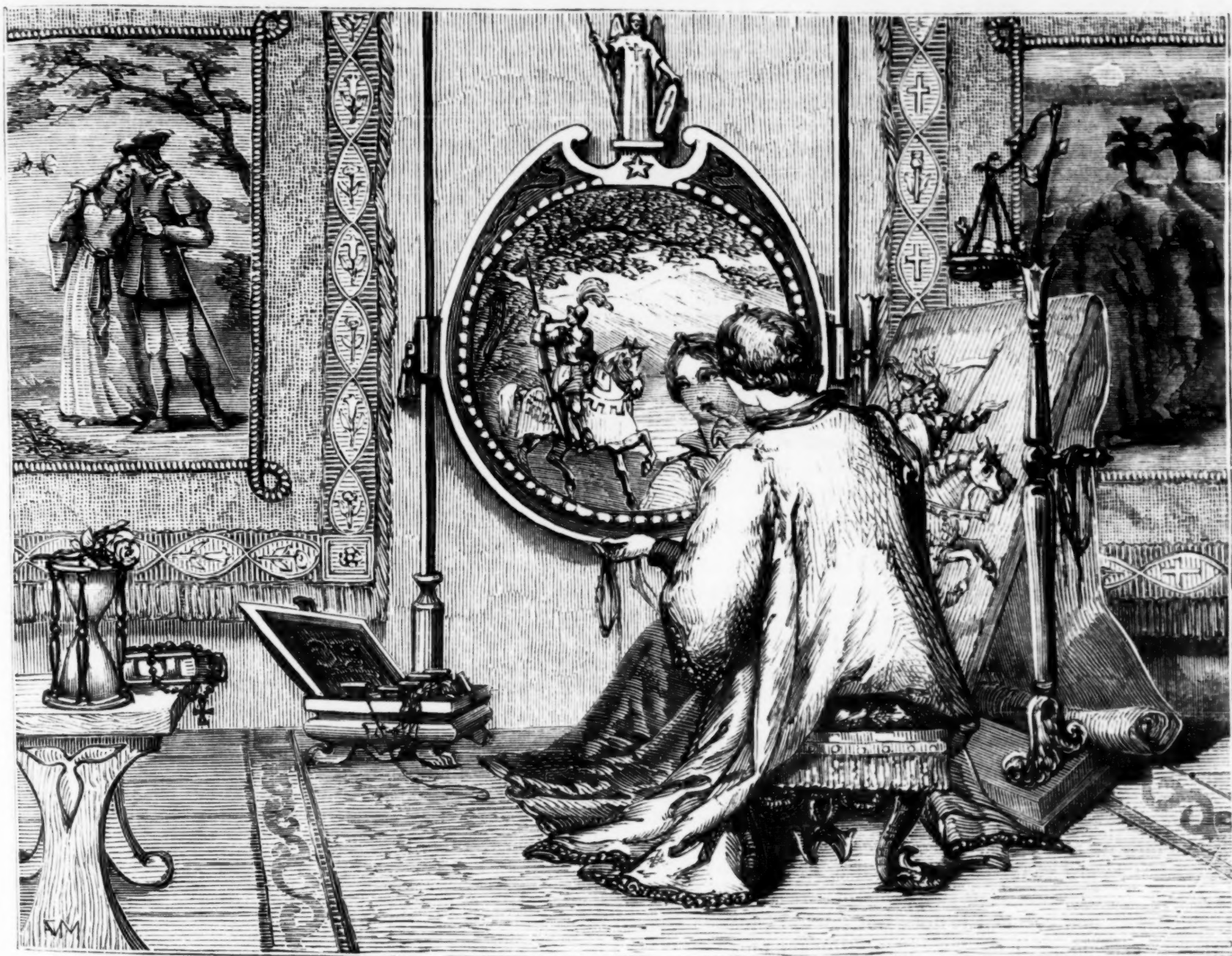
for *vraisemblance*; No. 63, "The New Doll," may be matched with this. So remarkable for the qualities thus commended are most of the *genre* pictures here, that really our own painters of this class of subject might well study them with advantage; more particularly those above named, wherein the artists have chosen subjects very different from, and far more interesting than the toys with which our exhibitions are overloaded. The pictures by Victor Chavet, Nos. 25 to 28, may almost take a place with those of Meissonier for finish, brilliancy, and characteristic truth; especially No. 25, "The Duet."

The great name of Horace Vernet is represented by a small picture, No. 162, "The Combat," two knights in armour fighting; which, at first unpleasing, grows upon the observer by his recognising the truth of touch, the careful drawing, and the vigorous action it exhibits. The even greater name of Ary Scheffer has a place in the catalogue by his "Christ crowned with Thorns," No. 142, which may be called a new reading of the subject. The Redeemer stands disrobed to the waist, and crowned with the sorrowful crown; while a slave holds back some drapery, revealing the dishonour to the mocking bitterness of the tormentors. The whole colour of this picture, although faint and pale, is masterly and good in quality, yet not comparable with many of the artist's better works. The face has an admirable expression of resignation, as of a man overcome with exhaustion; but, we think, needs dignity, and something of the Godlike supremacy of the Saviour.

A portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur will be interesting to every admirer of her great picture, "The Horse-Fair," exhibited in this gallery last year. There is one here by Dubufe, No. 40, which is singularly in keeping with what the public know of the lady herself, and not a little characteristic of the vigorous tone which pervades her works. The clear, penetrating, almost masculine head, without a shade of coarseness, and the whole self-dependent and decisive attitude of the figure, allow one to recognise a woman who has, by force of talent and indomitable labour, made for herself a name in the world. Of all Dubufe's portraits we have seen, this is the most striking, being strenuously executed, with so thorough an appreciation of the *physique* to be dealt with, that it will be as valuable as a work of art as it is interesting from its subject. The lady herself is a contributor to this exhibition of two pictures, Nos. 11 and 12. The former, "Denizens of the Highlands," some stots, or dwarf northern cattle, is far in advance in a quality which was almost the only one wanting in "The Horse-Fair,"—truthful imitation of nature. The rough shaggy hide of the beasts is here so faithfully rendered, that almost the only equal to it in our knowledge is the long, silky, opalescent lustre of the "Scapegoat" in Holman Hunt's picture; an odd comparison, doubtless, but one perfectly justifiable. The fierce wilfulness of the brutes' expression, and their little fiery eyes, will strike the observer as perfectly natural. Some poultry, Nos. 9 and 10, by Juliette Bonheur, will be found worthy of observation; and a landscape, "Going to Market," No. 8, by Auguste Bonheur, shows some excellent painting in the French taste.

"The Simoom in the Desert," No. 138, J. F. Portales, represents the fearful scene with great force: some travellers overtaken by the sand-storm crouch in front, others hasten to them, while behind the threatening waft of sand which the deadly wind has lifted up sweeps luridly forward.

Eight landscapes by Emile Lambinet, Nos. 96 to 103, are peculiarly bright and full of clear tone; that is, with the before-mentioned reservation of grayness and dead-colour which so pervades the mass of works here, and, as we have said, marks so wide a distinction between the English and French schools. In other respects, they are carefully and truthfully executed. The celebrated French landscape-painter Constant Troyon has five works here, Nos. 156 to 160; of which No. 159, "Road on the Cliffs near Quimper," has a pearlish pallidity of sunlight effect which is both curious and beautiful.



A SCULPTOR'S PICTORIAL MUSINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

No. I. THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

"THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web, with colours gay.

And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights;

For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Launcelot.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
Sang Sir Launcelot."

TENNYSON.

"The Watering Pool," No. 157, is a striking work. All are excellent. A large landscape, No. 2, by Baudit, "Coast of Normandy," a piece of rough coast-land, is deficient in nothing but colour, being, like many others here, almost monochromatic; how an artist can see so little variety of tint is to us incomprehensible. All the forms of shadow are perfectly rendered and effectively painted; but every shadow is of the same colour, irrespective of the angle to the sky which the surface upon which it is thrown makes, and the native colour of such surface itself. The sky in this picture is very truly given, with its heavy masses of flying cloud. "Going to the Fields," by Jules Adolphe Breton, No. 13, is powerfully painted, but black and heavy.

Curiously sustaining the character of weakness of colour, upon which we have commented, are those views in the East, by Theodore C. Frere: Nos. 64 to 69, and others unnamed in the catalogue. Simmering and dusky with intense heat is the atmospheric effect of all of these, and very powerfully is it rendered. Nothing can be more striking

than the lurid haze which fills the air in No. 66, "The Simoom," which is in every respect a most effective sketch. We cannot call these works more than sketches, as, the drawing of every part which has determinate form is, if we can trust all other renderings of the same objects (as "The Colossi at Thebes"), very careless and imperfect; even the chiaro-scuro would be all the better for more consideration.

Three pictures by François Biard are full of character, as his works always are. Students and admirers of French art will find paintings by Phillibert L. Couturier, Duverger, J. Leon Gerome, Theodore Gudin, Guillemin, Louis Loire, Henri Schlesinger, and some miniatures by Madame Herbelin, which altogether form a most interesting exhibition.

The plan (unique in London) which prevails at this exhibition, of occasionally transposing the pictures, and also removing some to make room for fresh arrivals, renders it impossible to supply a criticism which shall be perfectly current with the display at the date of publication. The most remarkable of the novelties is by Mdle. Rosa Bon-

hour, 12a, entitled "*Bouricairos* crossing the Pyrenees;" these appear to be a class of men who traverse the French and Spanish frontier, acting, scandal says, as contrabandists, but ostensibly as carriers of country produce. They climb the rough mountain-paths with mixed droves of laden mules and asses. The whole picture is full of effect and vigour, and the improvement in execution just referred to is very manifest. One of the men slouches along chanting a monotonous drone—some old legend of the hills, perhaps; his companion lazily rides. The animals huddle together in the narrow path, and are full of characteristic and varied action; the distant snow-covered mountains behind are contrasted with the dark red earth and vivid green of the vegetation of the foreground, while the deep blue sky makes both clear and prominent. This is the most interesting picture by the artist we have seen, and on many grounds we prefer it to the ever-memorable "*Horse-Fair*."



GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "*SUSAN HOPELEY*," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

THE sun rose bright and clear on the 3d of April 18—. In those good old times April was April, and spring was spring; now, as the French say, *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and they are things that poets sing of; but when the inhabitants of Doncaster exclaimed, "What a beautiful day for Emmeline Larpent's wedding!" not a few hinted that it would perhaps prove true April weather, and that the smiles of the morning might be turned to tears before night.

Weddings are awful things, and if people deliberated as so solemn an occasion seems to demand, I really think there would not be many. But it does not do "to consider these things too seriously;" the world would never move on if we all stopped short in a brown study, weighing the *pros* and *cons* of vital questions. However, there is no danger on this side; nature has provided us with impulses and passions to urge us forward; and it is wonderful, considering how little we look before us, that things are not much worse than they are.

It must be admitted that Emmeline had not erred on the side of too much reflection; but when she woke that morning, and remembered that it was her wedding-day, something like a pang shot through her breast; probably the first she had ever felt in her life. There lay the bridal dress in fascinating array; the title and the carriage would be hers in a few hours, and she would be one of the great ladies of the county, instead of the obscure inhabitant of a country-town. But this husband that she did not know, and that must be taken into the bargain,—there was the dark spot in this splendid panorama; and now that his actual presence impended, and she could not put him aside from her thoughts, she felt quite depressed. If he had been young and handsome; but she knew that he was old and ugly, like the grave papas that sat at the whist-table, whilst she and her companions danced and flirted with their sons.

However, there was no retreating now, even if she had wished it; and probably, had the opportunity been offered her, she would not have availed herself of it. The bridal costume was exceedingly elegant, and there stood the dress-maker who had fashioned it to superintend the toilette. So, on, Emmeline, there's no time to pause! On, on to your destiny, whatever it be!

The ceremony was to be performed at noon, after which Mr. Larpent was to have the honour of entertaining his son-in-law, not at a *déjeuner*, but at a dinner; for at that period of history the world did not dine so late as they do now. The house, therefore, was in a great flurry and bustle, and there was a strong smell of roast mutton and potatoes

as early as half-past eleven; when the bride, in her bridal array, was sitting in the drawing-room waiting for her bridegroom, and her father was superintending the drawing of the corks and the spreading of the table, assisted by a lad hired for the occasion, the lawyer's establishment being but on a humble scale; and Arthur, poor Arthur, who had declined an invitation to the wedding, lending a helping but unwilling hand wherever he was required. At last the door of the room where Emmeline was sitting opened, and Arthur peeped in.

"Alone?" he said, taking a seat beside her. "Every thing is ready now, and your father is gone to dress. I suppose he will be here presently, and then I must not speak to you, or even approach you,—never again, Emmeline, never again!" and the poor boy, who had been restraining his feelings all the morning before Mr. Larpent, fairly burst into tears. "You will despise me for crying like a woman,—I know it's very weak,—but O, Emmeline!"

"No I don't," said the girl, crying too; for, being in a very depressed state of spirits, her tears were ready enough. "I'm sure I'm not too happy. Now the time's come, I wish I wasn't going to be married at all. If he's as cross as you say, I shall certainly come back to papa; you see if I don't."

"Sir Theobald Maxwell and Mr. Moneypenny!" cried the extempore footman, suddenly opening the door.

The young people rose in confusion, Emmeline wiping her eyes; whilst Arthur, with an utter want of presence of mind, hastily quitted the room.

"What's that?" asked Sir Theobald, slowly turning round to look after him.

"That is young Lupton," replied Mr. Moneypenny, who was the baronet's agent. "He is in Mr. Larpent's office."

Sir Theobald continued looking at the door for a second or two, and then he turned to Emmeline, who, confused and shy, stood trembling by the sofa from which she had risen.

"I'll go and see where Mr. Larpent is, and if the deed's ready," said Mr. Moneypenny, with a delicate consideration for the bride and bridegroom.

"Is yon laddie son to Mr. Lupton of Greenhill Hall?" inquired the latter.

"Yes, sir," answered Emmeline. His brow was overcast; however, he said no more on the subject, but surveying her from head to foot as a man would look at a horse, he told her she was a braw lassie, and that he had brought her a braw present from London; whereupon he drew a gold chain from his pocket, which awkwardly, with his great heavy hands, he clasped round her fair neck; and then, suiting the action to the word, told her to gie him a buss.

It is not necessary to describe the young lady's feelings on the occasion of this first salute of love; and not being in the habit of controlling their manifestations, she evinced too plainly the disgust it inspired. A quarrel, which might have happily stopped further proceedings, would have probably ensued, but that some friends who were invited to the wedding at that moment arrived, and she, taking advantage of their entering the room, rushed out of it, and flew upstairs to her father.

Mr. Larpent was just finishing his toilet, when his daughter suddenly entered, and flinging herself into his arms, declared that she could not and would not marry Sir Theobald. Here was the dreadful crisis that he secretly dreaded, but had hoped to avoid. Nevertheless, he affected the greatest astonishment and horror; asked her what, in Heaven's name, she meant; if she was gone out of her mind, and if she intended to cover him with eternal disgrace, and make herself the laughing-stock of the whole town. Emmeline answered that she hated him, that she should break her heart, and that she should die. To which her father responded that these were the notions of a silly child; that she would be very happy when she got accustomed to Sir Theobald and knew him a little better; that he had made a handsome settlement upon her, and that, if she took pains to manage him well, she might entirely have her own

way; finally, that to give such mortal offence to the baronet would be the ruin of himself, for he should lose his business and perhaps every body else's; and that to draw back now, when the settlements were all but signed, and the clergyman waiting in the church, was simply impossible. Then he coaxed her and kissed her, entreated her not to disgrace her family, and, taking advantage of his prematurely gray hairs, conjured her not to bring them with sorrow to the grave.

What could a girl of sixteen, with the bridal wreath round her head and the bridal veil over her shoulders, say to all this? With nobody to help her, nobody to advise, nobody to sustain, what could she do but weep? Then he rang the bell, and desired the servant to request Mrs. Money Penny to walk upstairs; and when she came, he committed his daughter to her management, his own presence being urgently required below. Mr. Money Penny was a Glasgow W.S., and the agent for the Glengree property, who, having business about that, and other matters in the south, happened to be upon the spot at this critical period. It would be useless to detail the lady's treatment of her patient, which chiefly consisted in magnifying the greatness and antiquity of the Maxwell family, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, expressing her profound amazement at any body's undervaluing *sic* an honour!

While this scene was acting above, the settlements were produced and read below, Mr. Larpent taking an opportunity of whispering to the baronet that he hoped he would excuse the shyness and timidity of his daughter, who was a mere child, fondly attached to her father, and not unnaturally overcome at the impending separation.

"Now, Emmeline, my love," said Mr. Larpent, hastily opening the door, "you are wanted below to sign the settlements. Wipe your eyes, you silly girl, and come along."

"Stop," cried Mrs. Money Penny; "let me bathe them with a little cold water."

But it was of no use, the hot tears would flow; and, trusting to the apology he had made for her, he hurried his daughter down-stairs, aware that the greatest danger he had to encounter was delay.

"Come, cheer up, Emmeline, there's a good girl; cheer up, for my sake," said Mr. Larpent as he opened the door, and in they went.

Every body advanced and shook hands with the bride, those who really pitied her putting on smiling faces, as well as those who did not; for there were some there who, having daughters of their own, though they loudly condemned Mr. Larpent, were secretly jealous that the chance had not fallen to them. They congratulated her, and remarked how pretty her dress was; then whispered to each other that she had been crying, adding, "that it was no wonder." In the meanwhile Mr. Larpent led Emmeline up to the table, put a pen in her hand, and pointing with his finger to a pencil-mark on the parchment, told her to sign her name there. Without raising her eyes, only wiping away the tears that blinded them, she obeyed.

"Now, if you please, Sir Theobald, the carriages are at the door, I believe; I'll take my daughter." And he hurried her down-stairs and into the carriage, Sir Theobald following with Mrs. Money Penny.

Emmeline never said a word, but wept on in silence; whilst her father expostulated and consoled by turns, assuring her that she would be very happy by and by, and that whilst she was crying her eyes out on her wedding-day all the girls in the place were ready to do the same with envy at her good luck. Emmeline made no further remonstrance, —she felt the time for it was past,—and passively she submitted to be handed out of the carriage and led up the aisle to the altar, and passively she underwent the ceremony that made her Sir Theobald Maxwell's wife. She never raised her head, and appeared more like a nun taking the veil than a bride. She returned alone with her husband; and people who stood in the street, watching the procession, observed that she sat in a corner of the carriage with her

handkerchief to her eyes, and that Sir Theobald was not seen to speak to her.

The moment the carriage stopped at her father's house and the door was opened, she jumped out, and rushed upstairs to her own bedroom. Her thoughts were desperate. A child who had never known sorrow, who was utterly ignorant of life as it is, who had never reflected and never been taught to reflect, who had lived upon the surface of things, and had not once lifted a corner of the veil to see what was beneath,—now, suddenly her eyes were opened, the veil was lifted, and she saw deep down into that dark cavern of woe into which she was sinking. If she had had laudanum she would have swallowed it then. She looked round the room for some means of speedy death; there was only the window; she threw it up, and measured the height with a glance, but her courage failed her. Many a woman could put a vial of laudanum to her lips who could not dare such a leap. Then the sun shone, the early flowers glittered in his beams, and a blackbird perched on a spray was singing a sweet strain to his mate hatching her eggs hard by. It was hard to leave such a smiling world, to go "into cold obstruction and to rot;" her heart softened, and she fell on her knees by the bedside and prayed to God to help her.

Presently her father missed her, and becoming alarmed, he ascended to her bedroom. She promised him, if he would give her a few minutes, she would come down when summoned to dinner, and try to behave herself better; and she exerted herself to keep her word. Her eyes were cast down and swollen with weeping; her cheek was pale; she only answered in monosyllables when spoken to; but she laboured hard to suppress her tears and to give no further offence. The dinner was tedious: they drank toasts; and when the healths of the bride and bridegroom were given, Mr. Money Penny made a long speech, in which he dilated largely on the beauties of Scotland, and the peculiar qualities with which it has pleased Providence to endow its people, giving them thereby an evident superiority over other nations; for "weel ye ken," he said, "whar a Scotsman is h'll thrive." Then he entered at length into the history of Glengree, and the antiquity and merits of the Maxwell family in general, concluding with a glowing eulogium on Sir Theobald in particular.

As the baronet—either because he was out of temper, which he certainly looked, or because, as some of the company who had heard him at public meetings suggested, "he was no dab at a speech"—showed no intention of acknowledging this eloquent oration, but sat silently and moodily sipping the toddy that had been carefully provided for him and Mr. Money Penny, Mr. Larpent himself rose; and, after welcoming every body, and thanking every body, and saying it was the proudest day of his life, and expatiating on his own insignificance and the unexpected honour of forming an alliance with the ancient and distinguished family of Glengree, he took occasion to hint jocularly that, since it was the month of April, showers must be expected; that they were natural to the season; and he hoped he was not going too far in saying that they were becoming to the season; ay, and he would say beneficial,—he was going to say, *to the season*; but he saw he was losing sight of his metaphor, and he repeated, "ay, beneficial, I say;" and then, thumping his breast in a significant manner, added, "and shows that all's right here."

The company applauded with their voices and their glasses; and then the ladies rose, and left the gentlemen to their potations. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Money Penny, who was a great talker, entertained the ladies with various anecdotes of the Glengree family and their "forbears;" whilst Emmeline took an early opportunity of slipping out of the room. Since Arthur's hasty disappearance from the drawing-room, she had not seen him. He had been invited to make one of the wedding-party, but he was unequal to the ordeal; and Mr. Larpent was not sorry, for he felt that it would be more prudent to confine his invitations to a few of his elderly friends,—those amongst them whose worldly

position was the most advantageous,—and avoid the unfavourable comparisons that might be suggested by the proximity of youth and good looks.

Emmeline had wept out her tears; the sluices were dry now; but the hard fixed despair was upon her, and the imminence of death was so present to her,—she that had never before remembered she was mortal,—that she felt as a nun must have felt of old when summoned to walk into her living tomb. What manner of death it was to be she knew not; but life was impossible, the future a blank; die she must.

But she wished to see Arthur before she was entombed; her heart yearned to the one friend that pitied and would have saved her. She understood all his hints, all his warnings now; she could not go without bidding him farewell. She thought he would be in the office, and he was; he had been shut up there ever since the sudden arrival of Sir Theobald; and from the window he had watched her when she was handed into the carriage to go to church, and when she returned.

"Arthur," she said, as she opened the door, "I am come to say good-by."

Her voice was low and solemn, her face white as a corpse, as she held out her hand to him.

"Emmeline," he said,—"*O God!*—Emmeline, you'll die;" and he fell on his knees before her as he seized her hand.

"Yes, Arthur," she said, "yes, I shall die; that's why I came to take leave of you;" then, with a wild smile, she added, "Don't go on your knees to me, sir, I am Lady Maxwell."

She laughed hysterically; and her nerves being utterly unstrung, having once begun, she could not stop, but went on laughing and crying till the walls resounded with the echo. The sound of her voice reaching the company above stairs and below, they naturally rushed to the spot to see what was the matter.

Arthur had placed her in a chair, and, quite oblivious of every thing but the situation in which he saw her, was again on his knees, passionately kissing her hands, and conjuring her to calm herself.

"I'll fetch Mr. Larpent," he said; "he can never have the heart to condemn you to this misery. Something must be done."

At that moment the door opened, and the father, the husband, and the whole of the guests, followed by the servants, entered the room.

Mr. Moneypenny rushed to the window, and pulled down the blind; for he saw that a crowd was assembling in the street. Arthur, confused and frightened, slunk out of the room in an agony of grief, conscious that appearances were much against them; and, while Mr. Larpent and the ladies called for cold water and hartshorn, and busied themselves about the bride, Sir Theobald stood silently by, sternly surveying the scene. One of the ladies now recommended that the gentlemen should retire, and leave them alone with the patient. This advice was followed; and in due time their assiduous ministrations were rewarded with success, and Emmeline was restored to her previous state of passive suffering, an occasional irrepressible sob alone testifying to the spasm that was past.

During this interval, the post-horses, which had been previously ordered, had trotted up to the door, and wheeled round their heads towards the road that led to the Grange; behind them was, not the carriage with armorial bearings which had dazzled poor Emmeline's girlish imagination, but a postchaise from the Bull. Sir Theobald had an old chariot in his coach-house, which the late Lady Maxwell used when she came to Doncaster to shop; but it was out of repair, and his new wife never having been accustomed to such a luxury, he did not think it necessary to replace it. However, chariot or chaise were alike to Emmeline now.

Mr. Larpent came down, and said that all was ready. The ladies bustled about the bride, attended her to her room, bathed her face once more, arranged her disturbed toilet,

threw a shawl over her shoulders, and hurried her down-stairs. Sir Theobald and the gentlemen were waiting below. Every body shook hands and said good-by, her father embraced her and handed her into the carriage, the bridegroom stepped in after her, the door was clapped to, the postboy smacked his whip, and away they drove, with a crowd cheering them, and expecting a gratuity, which they did not get. Every window in the town was occupied with eager faces, but curiosity remained ungratified; for they had not got many paces from the door, when Sir Theobald was observed abruptly to pull down the blinds.

This was the last that was seen of them, but they left their characters behind them; and from kitchen to garret, Miss Emmy Larpent and Sir Theobald Maxwell, and what sort of *ménage* they would make of it, were the subjects that chiefly engrossed conversation. The old women cried, "God help her!" and the young ones remarked, that to drive off on her wedding-day in that old postchaise "must have let her ladyship's pride down a peg or two."

NEWSPAPERS IN INDIA.

WHEREVER the Anglo-Saxons go, they deem it incumbent to set up a newspaper, whether there be any special necessity for it or not. Indeed, very often, it is not so much the news which produces the paper as it is the paper which produces the news. They do not feel that they are doing their duty to themselves and to the universe unless they have one of those "instruments of civilisation." Then, whenever one journal is set up, an opposition journal rises to denounce it. A solitary newspaper, monarch of all it surveys, is a curiosity seldom found. Adventurous travellers have met with it; but the generality of mankind must take its existence on trust. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;" but what is that to the pleasure of editing the *Teheran Gazette*, which has no rival within a thousand miles? But is the editor of it a happy man? Must he not rather wither in his awful solitude?

This mania for having newspapers may be seen in all our colonies and in the United States of America. We even insist on sharing our advantages with men under our rule, but speaking strange tongues, who, if left to themselves, would not trouble their heads about newspapers for some time at least. Of the Maltese papers, half the columns are in English, half in Italian; and the English reader turns away from the *Avviso interessante* with a distinct feeling that he pays for that also, but that he must make the sacrifice for the spread of intelligence. Spanish finds an entrance into the little paperkins of Gibraltar. Columns of heavy Dutch alternate with columns of English in the journals of South Africa. In Canada we have French and English. And in India, no sooner is an English paper set up, than some enterprising native clerk or compositor starts a small edition of it in some Eastern language.

The English in India are not considered to be a particularly active "go-a-head" people, yet the press prospers among them. Calcutta has about five or six English dailies, and even Bombay, where the European population numbers only a few thousands, has no less than three. Nor are these papers cheap, like those of America. Half a rupee, or about one shilling of our currency, is the usual price for a single number, and the annual subscription for a daily paper is about 6*l.* exclusive of postage. Advertisements are charged at a moderate rate, and the circulation of all the papers is very limited, so that it is necessary to charge the subscribers heavily. The *Friend of India*, a weekly paper published at Serampore near Calcutta, is thought to have the largest circulation of any Eastern journal, and a short time ago, at least, it only printed about two thousand copies. No Calcutta paper sells more than a thousand, while in Bombay six or seven hundred may be set down as the maximum; if we except the *Overland Summary* of the *Bombay Times*, which is sent to a large number of readers in England.

Few of the papers out of the presidencies have a good circulation, except the *Mofussilite* and the *Delhi Gazette*; but somehow they contrive, not only to prolong their own existence, but also to provoke the birth of opposition journals. The intelligent reader will believe us when we assert that half of the newspaper property, all over the world, does not pay. It is not for profit alone that the press is kept working. Moreover, nothing dies so hard as a newspaper: however low it may be sunk, there is always some infatuated person to be found who believes that he can make it pay, or that it is worth his while to keep it up to serve his own purposes.

Anglo-Indian society has a pleasant tone, and much ease about it. The constant changes, which are unfavourable to the formation of close friendships, have the effect of making mere acquaintanceship a much more cordial relation than it is in this country. There is, except in the very large towns, no class of Europeans except those who are admitted into society; and every man's income is pretty well known. Newspapers having such subscribers, and in such small communities, might naturally be expected to be of rather high character; but in India, unfortunately, such is not altogether the case. In certain respects the papers there are superior to those in England, and their tone is steadily improving; yet, still a large number of them indulge in the grossest personalities, and have little respect to truth in their attacks upon individuals. It might weary our readers to enter into the causes of this state of matters. They will readily understand that it arises in part from the gossiping tendencies of small communities, the necessity of strong excitement in that enfeebling climate, and the difficulty of obtaining editors other than men of adventurous and reckless spirit, who have small respect for either the moralities or the amenities of life. Moreover, when the press first obtained independent position in that portion of the globe, Indian officialdom was undoubtedly in a very corrupt state, and attacks upon it in general were quite thrown away. It was necessary, though a very disagreeable business, to single out individuals, to narrate their actions, expose their character, and, in a word, make an example of them for the benefit of others. Naturally, the persons so sacrificed did not undergo the process very quietly; and, being themselves trammelled by their official position, had recourse to the expedient of setting up, or at least employing other journals to blacken the characters of the more honest and independent of the editors. One unfortunate effort of this was to cast a certain discredit over all the statements of the press, and another was increased straightforward violence of speech. An independent honest editor had to put up with a great deal of abuse; and the hardest thing of all was the publication of entirely fabulous accounts of his character and history. "Our notorious rather than respectable contemporary," one opponent would write, "appears, from the character of his late articles, to have had recourse to even more than his ordinary use, or (shall we say?) abuse of the dram-bottle." "That infamous blackguard," another would break out, "who edits the *Bopaulgurgh Gazette*, who has been repeatedly kicked out of decent society, and who, before his arrival in this country, was flogged out of two European armies,—he, we say, has had the unparalleled audacity to apply language to this paper of the most libellous kind. Of course it would be beneath us to dream of condescending to take him before the Supreme Court. Our subscribers, who comprise the respectability and intelligence of the entire presidency, know what value is to be attached to his statements, and will readily give credit to our assertion, that only a desire to maintain the purity and dignity of the press has influenced our remarks on this nauseous subject." As if such attacks were not enough, the unfortunate editor would find himself appearing in the local intelligence thus: "The dead body of the wife of a Hindu merchant was found a few days ago at the bottom of a well at Chinch-pooglie. On examination it was found that the woman had been stripped of her ornaments, and that her hands had been

secured behind her back; so that there could be no doubt that this was *not* one of those cases of suicide which are so lamentably common. Immediately on being informed of the circumstances by the police-peons, our active inspector began to institute a searching inquiry. Of the probable results of that inquiry it would be premature to speak; but we have been sorry to hear the name of Mr. A. B., editor of one of our local prints, mixed up with the affair; not exactly as principal in it, but still in a way certain to lower European character in the eyes of the natives, and to lessen the influence in India of Christian England." This style of controversy has not yet entirely passed away, and some of its most violent instances belong to late years. Less than three years ago, the editor of a Bombay paper printed and posted up bills, denouncing one of his contemporaries as an "infamous liar;" but the proceeding excited only disgust, and had a good influence in promoting a reaction against that style of controversy. Some papers still retain their bad pre-eminence, being unable to keep up even their small circulation by legitimate means; but they are rapidly going down, while their place is being supplied by more respectable and conscientious journals.

Let it not be imagined, however, that Indian newspapers are in all respects inferior to their contemporaries in England. On the contrary, their editorial columns display more variety, spirit, and originality than do the lucubrations of English editors. So far from being limited in the range of subjects, there is nothing in heaven or earth on which an Eastern editor would scruple to write an article. British politics do not excite much interest; local subjects of importance are rare; and so a large number of the articles must be devoted to subjects of intrinsic, and not of mere temporary or factitious interest. This want of a definite line of subject often results in amusing extravagancies, as dissertations on philosophical problems, or on Hindu mythology, and hot arguments in the China papers on the exact meaning of the Hebrew word *Jehovah*, as bearing on the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese; but, on the other hand, it allows the free use of interesting material taken from the literature, history, and statistics of all countries. Each editor, having chiefly himself to depend on for contributions, gives play to his own individuality; and so, if he has any strength of mind, geniality, or humour, forms, to a certain extent, the taste of his readers. The dullest writing in the world, is that written with a view to suit fancied opinions and feelings of the public. The merest dullard—Pepys, an English clown, or a Hindu coolie—becomes instructive and amusing when he really speaks out his own thoughts and feelings, giving us *his* view of the universe and of his relation to it; for when he does so, he keeps within the limits of his own judgment and experience. Very high qualities, possessed by few, being required to perceive the structural action of the mind of a mass of men, most deliberate attempts at suiting the public taste are just more or less successful failures; such success as they sometimes do obtain being in no way necessarily connected with their deliberate aim. Hardly one in a thousand of the articles which appear in English papers could find readers six weeks after its publication; while a considerable proportion of those which appear in the Indian journals could bear reading years after their first appearance. The one class of articles presents the latest items of interesting news as judged of by the floating sentiment of the day,—which sentiment is too often false,—and that with but little regard to those general principles into which knowledge must run for its own preservation, or to those deep feelings which give knowledge its chief interest; the other pay more regard to lasting interests, and are compelled to do so by the feebleness of the excitement caused by more transitory themes; not that many newspaper articles in any clime are of a superior class. All we remark is, that such frequently appear in the journals of India; while hardly by any chance do they ever do so in those of England, however superior the latter may be in collection of news and dead level of style.

After leaving Malta, the traveller will meet with no indigenous paper until he reaches Bombay; for though Mohammed Ali determined to start a newspaper as an instrument of civilisation, and actually docked the salaries of the officials in order to support it, the first number of that paper never appeared; and there is no prospect as yet either of its appearing or of the salaries being restored to their former integrity. Sailing down the Red Sea, past the shores of the Hejjaz, he may perhaps remember the name of the *Mecca Gazette*, a journal which is supposed to review the writings of Mr. Thomas Carlyle with great severity; but he will find to his astonishment that it is not published at the Holy City. As we have mentioned, he will meet in Bombay with three dailies, and the *Bombay Times* will be the only one of them not a stranger to him. This paper was started by some Bombay merchants in 1838, and in 1840 was committed to the editorship of Dr. Buist, who has acquired some celebrity as a scientific man. It gained considerable notoriety by its disapproval of the Afghan war, and by its attacks on the conduct of Sir Charles Napier in Sind. Up to 1847 its circulation and influence stood high; but from that year began to decline. It is one of the few Indian papers which are known in this country; but on its own peculiar territory it has been distanced by the *Bombay Gazette*, which, under the proprietorship and vigorous editorship of Mr. John Connor, gained a remarkable reputation. This gentleman had the boldness to take up an entirely independent position, to treat subjects on considerations of abstract right, and to assail and ridicule individuals of the highest position. Consequently he brought down upon himself, and upon his paper, an amount of abuse quite unparalleled, and more than sufficient to frighten timid respectability. Only the just penetration which his judgments usually evinced could have enabled him to struggle through, and finally obtain the reputation of being "an upright able public writer, and a large-hearted friend." To his efforts were owing the removal of two Sudder judges, who had obtained an evil notoriety, and also an increased feeling of honour and responsibility among all classes of Government officials. Of the other Bombay daily we need only say, that the editor is a man of the Bennett stamp, and makes the *New York Herald* his ignoble model.

Passing to Calcutta, we find in the *Englishman* a paper somewhat resembling the *Bombay Gazette*, but with rather less scrupulosity and a greater disposition to find fault with the Government of India. Its editor, Mr. Hurry, writes with great point and cleverness, and appears to command all intelligence in reference to the follies and slips of individuals. Many things which are done in secret find their way into the columns of his paper, and make it a great favourite at the messes of the Bengal presidency, and of the north-west provinces. The *Hurkaru* is the very opposite of the *Englishman*, being extremely decorous and inclined to support the Government. Its reputation as a Government organ, however, is not so great as that of the *Friend of India*, which is published weekly at Serampore. This paper was originally started as a missionary organ, from a press superintended by the celebrated Dr. Marshman; but under the management of his son, Mr. John Marshman, it became a secular journal devoted to the discussion of Indian politics and statistics. Rarely or never containing any thing brilliant, and it commands a good position from the access which its editors have to the records of Government, and from the fact that the interesting material of many of its articles is contributed by members of the Civil Service, who have peculiar advantages for collecting valuable information. The other three Calcutta dailies are not very important, and the weeklies are for the most part issued from the same presses. Some of the papers, edited by natives, and specially addressed to natives, are published in English of a peculiar kind, and convey the notion that Young India is a genial but rather foolish fellow.

In Madras, the *Athenæum* has won its reputation by exposing the defects and errors of the rule of the East India

Company; but it pushes English theoretical notions of government to excess. Some of the papers published in the north-west provinces and the Punjab are of high character. At Agra, the *Mofussilite* was distinguished for more cleverness than character. Latterly it has obtained a higher standing under the editorship of Mr. Blanchard, a son of the late Laman Blanchard, who makes it very entertaining by his squibs and clever articles, but is more cautious and decent than his predecessor was. The *Delhi Gazette* is also largely circulated, chiefly on account of its abundance of news, having even correspondents in Afghanistan. We have before us a little lithographed sheet, with the figure of a Sindian on a camel, by way of heading, which was started in Sind shortly after Napier's conquest of that province, and was edited at one time by Captain Burton, who has since so greatly distinguished himself as a traveller in Arabia and Africa. This lithograph was supplanted a few years ago by two printed papers, the *Sindian* and the *Sinde Kossid*, which contrive to sustain their existence on the very outskirts of civilisation. There are many more journals scattered over India, and new ones are yearly springing up. The evident tendency of the newspaper press of India is to become more English in tone, to take a greater interest in English politics and literature; but still its general character remains very different from that of the English Press.

SINDBAD.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.—It happens too often that "Wedlock rides in the saddle, and repentance on the croupe" (French).—*Fiançailles vont en selle, et repentailles en croupe*. "Marriage is a desperate thing," says Selden: "the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."

W. K. KELLY.



VENTILATION: ITS VITAL IMPORTANCE AND EFFICIENT APPLICATION.

[Completed from p. 272.]

BUT "since the ventilators were introduced, three years ago, not a single instance has occurred." In another weaving shed, "though various means of ventilation had been tried, there were fully five per cent on the sick-club list, in consequence of inhaling the hot and impure atmosphere; but since Mr. Watson's method has been adopted, there has not been a single case." One member of a firm that has extensively introduced the ventilators, remarks, "Were the question one only of expense, and not of humanity, I believe we shall soon be repaid in the improved health and strength of our work-people."

Domestic animals, like man himself, have profited by the introduction of this system of ventilation, in the recovery and improvement of health, and in the exemption from many diseases to which they are liable from close confinement. The premature blindness to which the horse is subject, and which is said to be occasioned by the ammoniacal gas that is always abundant in stables, may be greatly alleviated, or altogether prevented, by proper ventilation.

In stoves or rooms for the drying of cloth, white-lead, wool, paper, &c., and fancy leather dressing-stoves, &c., not

only is a saving of time and fuel effected, but a great improvement in the colour and softness of various kinds of goods. In warehouses, drapers'-shops, &c., "the heavy smell of the goods has given place to bracing sweet air, while the moisture that used to collect on the glass, at the risk of damaging the goods, is entirely prevented."

When applied to gentlemen's residences, all smells of cooking, the effluvia from gas, water-closets, and bedrooms, are entirely removed, and the air throughout the whole house is sweet, pure, and bracing.

In hospitals it has been found to be invaluable, as experienced at Wakefield, and at Benrhydding, near Otley, Yorkshire, where perfect freedom from smells, without draught, attests the efficiency of the ventilation, and promotes the recovery of the afflicted.

At Westminster Chapel (the Rev. Samuel Martin's), and at the Royal Academy of Arts, Trafalgar Square, London, visitors may perceive that Watson's Ventilators keep these large and crowded buildings cool and sweet and refreshing during the hot days of summer, without any perceptible draught.

But perhaps the greatest feat yet accomplished by Mr. Watson's "spontaneous double currents" is that of the complete ventilation of emigrant-vessels, an object that has hitherto been attained but very imperfectly, and only by unremitting attention on the part of the commander and his officers.

The condition of our seamen in maritime expeditions undertaken about a century ago affords a striking illustration of the evils resulting from a protracted sojourn in ill-ventilated apartments, and shows also that these evils are the more aggravated when their origin is not rightly understood. Anson set sail from England on the 13th September 1740, in the *Centurion*, of 60 guns and 400 men; accompanied by the *Gloucester*, of 50 guns and 300 men; the *Pearl*, of 40 guns and 250 men; the *Wager*, of 28 guns and 160 men; the *Tryal* sloop, of 8 guns and 100 men; and two victuallers, one of 400 and the other of 200 tons. They had a long run to Madeira, and thence to the coast of Brazil, where they arrived on the 18th December; but by this time, though they had suffered no privations, or unusual hardships, except from contrary winds, the crew were remarkably sickly; so that many died, and great numbers were confined to their hammocks. The commodore now ordered six air-scuttles to be cut in each ship, to admit more air between decks; but such was the prevalence of disease, that on arriving at St. Catherine's, 80 patients were sent ashore from the *Centurion* alone, of whom 28 soon died; and the number of sick soon increased to 90. After a stormy and tedious navigation of three months round Cape Horn, scurvy carried off 43 more, in the month of April, and double that number in May, 1741. Those who remained alive now became more dispirited and melancholy than ever, and the mortality increased to a frightful extent. On 9th June, when in sight of Juan Fernandez, the debility of the people was so great, that 200 being already dead, the lieutenant could muster only two quartermasters and six foremast men able for duty in the middle watch, to such a condition was a crew of 400 men reduced in the course of a few months. The commodore's attention was now devoted to getting the sick on shore, as they were dying fast on board, "the distemper being doubtless considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay; for few could be spared to look after them, which rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks." Within a year, out of upwards of 1200 men, composing the crews of the squadron that had sailed from England, only 335 remained alive. The fate of the Spanish squadron which sailed nearly at the same time, was still more horrible. The *Esperanza*, of 50 guns, lost 392 out of 450 men, and the other ships almost as large a proportion.

That these sufferings were occasioned chiefly by deficient ventilation is clearly evinced by the improved condition of the seamen in the expeditions of Cook and other

commanders. By the admirable care and unwearied watchfulness on the part of this able navigator, the *Resolution* performed a voyage of three years and eighteen days, through all climates, from 52° N. to 71° S., with the loss of only one man by disease out of 112. This exemption from sickness is attributed by Dr. Kippis, in his *Life of Cook*, "to the salutary effects of certain articles of provision, and especially to the frequent airings and sweetenings of the ships."

The maladies to which the crews of Anson's squadron were subjected would seem to have drawn the attention of the scientific men of that period to ventilation as a means of preventing the recurrence of such calamities. Samuel Sutton, in 1749, proposed a plan for ventilating ships by leading tubes from the parts of the vessel requiring to be ventilated, to the ash-pit of the galley-fire, that the draught might carry off the foul air. This method, though it can scarcely be said to have ever been adopted on board ship, has occasionally, under favourable circumstances, been employed with considerable effect. Dr. Desaguliers proposed a modification of his fan-wheel. Dr. Hales invented a machine, which in its construction and action resembled a pair of bellows of a clumsy kind, and which he termed the "ship's lungs." This apparatus was at first extensively introduced in ships, public buildings, &c., but was soon abandoned, chiefly on account of the cost in labour to work it. Dr. Arnott has made several improvements on this pump, by which a great saving of labour has been effected. This mode of ventilation, however, has the great disadvantage of requiring constant attendance, and there is reason to fear that when the working of the machinery is left entirely to the judgment or the caprice of inexperienced persons, the duty will too often be imperfectly performed, and that, in some cases, during stormy weather, when ventilation is most required, it may be altogether neglected.

Windsails are often applied in fine weather, but they cause a very strong and injurious draught. To insure the greatest amount of benefit, it is obvious, that the ventilators must be *self-acting*, and capable of effecting the desired purpose with unerring certainty, in all states of the weather.

In these respects, the ventilators furnished to emigrant-vessels by Mr. Watson, have been found eminently serviceable; maintaining, in all latitudes, the purity and salubrity of the atmosphere, even though in some instances the passengers have been kept under close hatches for several days. The opinion of those, who, from their experience and scientific knowledge, are best qualified to judge, has uniformly been expressed in favour of this system of ventilation. The surgeon-superintendent of the ship *John and Lucy*, that on her last voyage to Geelong carried out 400 passengers, *eight of whom were born on the passage*, makes the following remarks in a report to the Land and Emigration Commissioners:

"The atmosphere in the 'tween-decks, whether in a breeze or in a calm, was perfectly pure; . . . the ventilated current was diffused throughout the different apartments of the ship. Whether the skylights, stern-ports, or scuttles were closed, the current of air was as pure as when open. The only perceptible difference in the range of the thermometer was in the immediate locality of the ventilator. The passengers berthed under the poop were ventilated by three air-holes, at the suggestion of Captain S. These, in fine weather, were found insufficient; and in consequence of complaints of the impure state of the air, I had affixed perpendicular pieces of wood to them, which was a modification of the patent ventilator. This gave immediate satisfaction, and the emigrants were most thankful. I would observe, that I had no sickness to contend with on board the *John and Lucy*, which I in a great measure attribute to Mr. Watson's admirable scheme of ventilation, by the adoption of which the comfort and health of the passengers had been in every way promoted."

If applied to ships freighted with coolie emigrants, the mortality so frequently brought under public notice would cease. If to ships freighted with sugar and fruit, the constant withdrawal of the heat and moisture would permit of the cargoes being discharged in a dry and more valuable condition. If to ships freighted with cargoes that cause

spontaneous combustion, the constant discharge of the dangerous gases would effect a great saving of property and life.

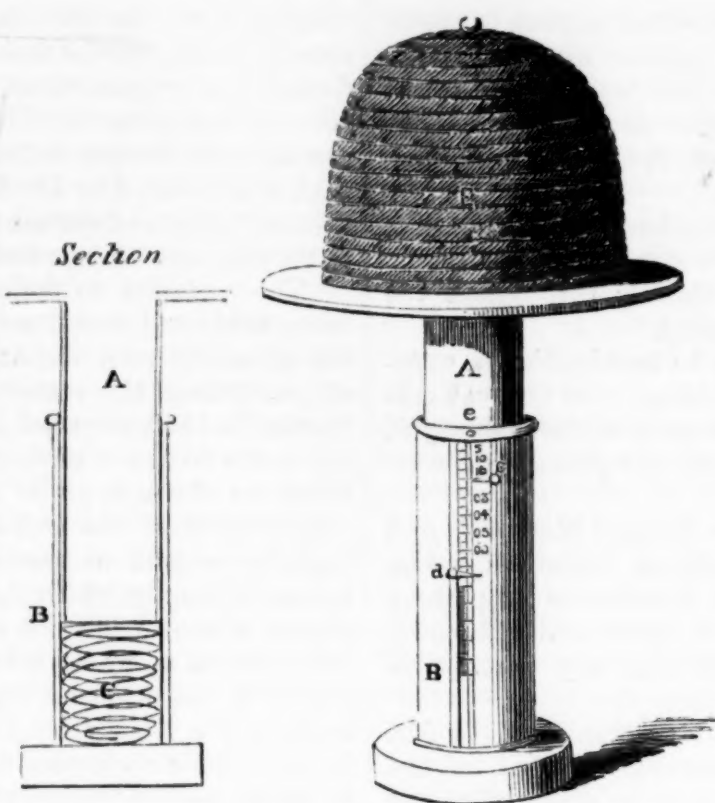
The steam navy of the world is rapidly increasing; and to the stokers and engineers of these vessels, Watson's Ventilators would be an invaluable boon. In warm latitudes the rains are very heavy and of long continuance; when the present openings are closed to keep out the rain, and in rough weather, the sea-water, the heat at the furnaces and in the engine-room is most debilitating; only a few years is sufficient to unfit the stoker for further service. In warm latitudes, and with little wind, the heat at the furnaces is almost unendurable, and then it is difficult, with extra fuel, to keep up the steam. With the patent Ventilators, the sickly, steamy, and oily smell that usually pervades steam-ships is now replaced by a pure, cool, and invigorating atmosphere; and this will be enjoyed in all latitudes, and in all states of the weather, without rain or sea-water being admitted by the ventilators or other openings. The steam also will be kept up with less fuel and greater ease.

The *Niagara* United States steam-frigate is so badly ventilated that the smell between decks in the morning is most offensive.

In the *Lancet* of May 30th last, it is reported that Watson's Ventilators were applied to the fever-hospitals at Sinope during the late war, and so successfully, that fever which was thought to be malignant soon disappeared with good ventilation and cleanliness. The most of the fever cases originated in ill-ventilated ships of the Turks.

As the introduction of great improvements almost invariably meets with opposition from an ignorant prejudice on the one hand, and from unscrupulous plagiarism on the other, Mr. Watson's invention has not been altogether exempted from such attacks. While some, discrediting even the testimony of their own senses, would not admit that any current was produced by the ventilators, because, as they alleged, the action could not be accounted for by any satisfactory theory; others, more clear sighted, perceived at once the marketable value of the invention, and by the exercise of a little ingenuity brought out modifications of this system, which they passed off as original. To the former of these, if still sceptical on the subject, we would recommend the perusal of a paper read before the Royal Society a few months ago by Dr. Chowne, in which he demonstrates from the results of a series of experiments, conducted with extraordinary care, that when a tube open at both ends is placed in a vertical position, every precaution being taken to exclude all extraneous causes of movement in the surrounding atmosphere, an upward current of air is almost immediately established, and continued so long as these conditions are maintained. As Dr. Chowne, however, "leaves the explanation of these phenomena to those who are more accustomed to deal with similar researches," the want of a *theory* may still, we are afraid, be urged as an insuperable objection. With regard to the latter class of opponents, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that their various modifications of Mr. Watson's system, so far from being improvements, only render the apparatus more complicated and expensive, without in any degree increasing its efficiency. All controversy with these parties, however, we leave to Mr. Watson himself, trusting that the specifications of his patent are sufficiently clear to protect him against any piratical encroachment on his invention.

R.



SELF-ACTING INDICATOR BEE-STAND.

NUMEROUS as are the contrivances for facilitating the study of the honey-bee, we have not one which enables the bee-keeper to note the daily progress of a colony in the accumulation of a store. To know the weight of a hive, we must bring out a tripod and steelyard, and move the hive from its site; and even then we cannot judge accurately as to daily or weekly progress; in fact, we only learn the gross weight when we weigh it, and compare one weighing with another. In order to judge of what has been accomplished in the interim, I have lately thought of a plan by which the daily, even hourly progress of a hive may be known, by a self-acting

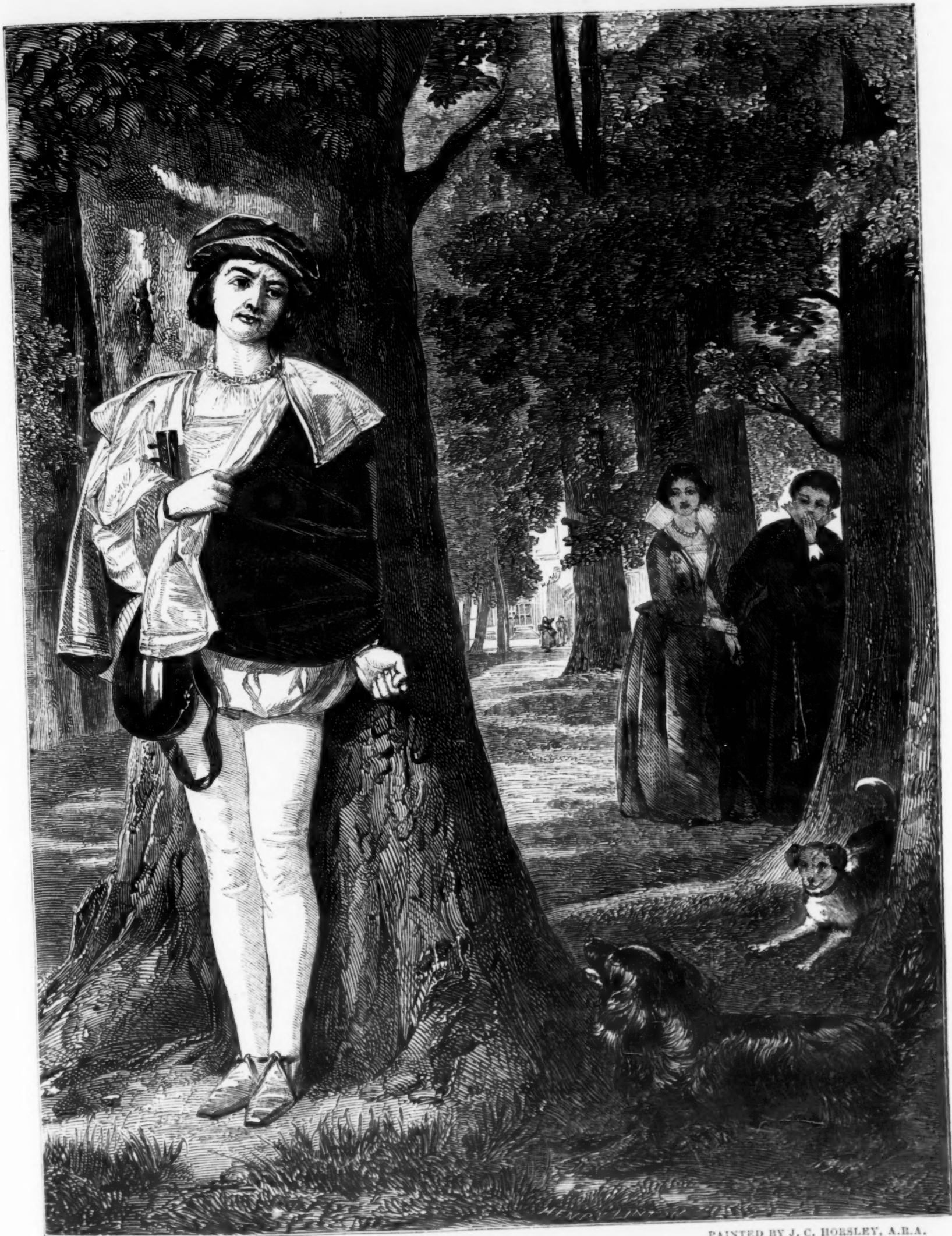
apparatus of most simple construction; and as this is the time to determine whether a new appliance shall be tried or not, I venture to submit my plan to your apianian readers. If I wait till I have put it into practice, the communication may appear too late to be of use to others during the present season.

Construct a pedestal for a hive on the plan represented in the diagram. Let it be formed telescope fashion: a turned pillar, A, working in the manner of a piston inside a brass or copper cylinder, B. Inside B, and beneath the pillar A, is a spiral spring of brass or steel; and on this spring the pillar A presses, more or less, according to the weight superincumbent upon it. In the front of the cylinder B are two open slits, and between them an index, marked in accordance with the strength of the spring. The right-hand slit is simply a groove, in which a finger, c, works freely up and down, when moved by the hand, and a screw fixes it wherever it may be required to remain. The finger d is attached to the base of the pillar A, and the slit in which it works is quite open; so that as A presses down the spiral spring the finger d marks the gross weight of hive, hive-board, sufers, bees, and honey. At e, a thumbscrew passes through the rim of the cylinder B, to press against the pillar A, and retain it in its position. This is to prevent any jerking upward of the hive on the removal of a cap or sufer.

The use of the contrivance can need but little explaining. The hive, with its swarm and floor-board, is placed on the pillar, and its gross weight is immediately marked by the finger d. Suppose the gross weight on the afternoon of the swarm being hived to be 10 lbs., fix the finger c at 10 lbs., and the finger d will the next evening show the actual amount of work accomplished in the formation of comb, &c. If a sufer is put on, let the additional weight noted by d be added to the former weight of the hive, as indicated by c; so that whenever you desire to know the total weight of the contents, you have but to deduct the weight registered by c from that indicated by d, and the product is the answer required.

By such a plan we might compare hives, swarms, and localities with each other, the index showing the daily, even hourly progress of each. The effect of a few fine days in May would be pleasingly evident; and it is likely enough that, with the help afforded by the thermometer, the time for putting on sufers, or opening the partitions in collateral boxes would be very definitely noted. But such, and other uses that may arise, I leave to the consideration of those who may care to adopt my invention.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD, *Tottenham.*



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVI.

PAINTED BY J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

HIDE AND SEEK.

2 SE 57

HIDE AND SEEK.

By J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

THE gallant before us has come out in this summer's afternoon, ostensibly for musical recreation, but, as we may surmise, really in order to obtain a sight of the lady of his love; who herself, by that strange instinct, or rather fortune, which guides lovers to a meeting, also ventures on a promenade with a fair cousin, for such we surmise the second lady to be. Hearing footsteps, and dreading discovery, he hastily conceals himself behind one of the huge elms which form an avenue in her father's park, and lead down, through sunlight and shadow, directly to the ancient manorial house itself.

The impertinent little dog, detecting the stranger, and not daunted by his menaces, calls attention, with canine pertinacity, to the intruder. Some glimpses of his gay garments half solve the mystery to the damsels, who cautiously, and yet half-amusedly, approach the troubadour's hiding-place, evidently not without suspicion of the precise character of the individual.

Far down the varied avenue is the stately lady of the manor, attended by gorgeous footmen, whose yellow liveries glitter in the sun till one might almost take them for huge canary-birds. Grandly she has paced through the great hall, out by the great porch; servitors bowing before her, complacently she looks round upon the broad lands, the old manorial demesne, and with ancient dignity comes a few steps down the noble avenue, planted before *she* was a girl, now little dreaming who stands within its shade. (Something tells us that she would not be precisely pleased, if aware of the gay youth's presence, and its object.) The barking of the dog, borne to her by the lazy summer breeze, gives notice of something unusual under the great boughs, so she peers out with the utmost power of her aged eyes, shading them with the ring-laden and trembling hand from the glare of the sun, which, although the hour is late in the afternoon, has not sunk so low in this pride of summer as to disperse the shadows that cling about the tree-trunks, and checker the sward with diamond spaces of dark and light.

Doubtless she is too far off to discern the true cause of the alarm; and by the time of her nearer approach, the involuntary game of "hide and seek" will have terminated by a meeting of the lovers. Short interview there will be; for, aged as the lady is, yet even her weak steps will traverse the avenue long before half the sweet things are said, which he has conned over hour by hour, or her delighted ear have drunk them in. The stately lady's near approach will necessitate the hasty exit of the gallant, and force the damsel to assume the most unconcerned appearance she can command. It is not impossible, however, that both the fair one and the lover may know where they may meet again at a more convenient opportunity.

L. L.

AN AMATEUR PLUM-PUDDING.

PART I.

AT about twelve o'clock one dark night in December,—this is not a ghost-story, my dear madam, as you might suppose from such an ominous commencement,—three persons were assembled in solemn conclave on the right bank of the Indus, about half-way between its junction with the Che-naub and the sea. I will not insult the reader's geographical knowledge by specifying more particularly the locality of this meeting; and I shall put him quite at his ease on the score of chronology if I say, without naming the exact year of the occurrence, that the Marquis of Dalhousie reigned over India at the time, and Lord Frederick Fitz-clarence was satrap at Bombay.

The trio I have mentioned were sitting in a small tent that was pitched within a few yards of the river, whose muddy waters, resembling pea-soup, both in colour and con-

sistency, boiled and bubbled like that comfortable compound before its removal to the tureen. Opposite the tent, and close into the bank, was moored the gray and weather-beaten bark that carried them and their fortunes. It belonged to the flat-bottomed order of naval architecture,—genus, budgerow,—and had a pointed stem and stern like a cocked-hat. A little thatched house, that formed their temporary residence, was built in the centre, or, to speak nautically, "amidships;" and the whole structure was an exact resemblance, minus the animals, of those ingenious playthings called by the imaginative toy-manufacturers of Great Britain Noah's arks, and blindly believed by Young England to be correct models, zoologically and otherwise, of the great floating menagerie that formed that patriarch's first essay in ship-building. The ark in question, however, from constant collisions, moving accidents by flood and sand-bank, occasional collapse, and hair-breadth escapes of every description incidental to navigation on the Indus, had lost some portion of its original symmetry, and assumed more the form and lineaments of a crushed bonnet. A large fleet of tumble-down edifices, built on equally antediluvian lines, and bearing a strong family likeness to the leaky old rattle-trap I have described, extended along the shore for more than a mile. Each boat, or, more properly speaking, each tub, contained on an average some ten or a dozen sleeping soldiers, who, having lost their health and strength in the service of the Company, were on their way home to be discharged and spend the remainder of their days in ease and comfort on sixpence a-day. The three individuals I have mentioned were subalterns, doing duty with this detachment of broken-down warriors, technically termed "invalids."

As I said before, the scene of their conference was a small tent; and from the solemn silence that prevailed, and the clouds of smoke that enveloped each person, an acute observer would have concluded that a matter of no small importance occupied their attention. A solitary candle, stuck in a bottle, struggled feebly to illuminate the dense and fragrant atmosphere that filled their canvas apartment; but without its assistance, the deep red glow of three cheroots, brightening at intervals like revolving beacons, sufficiently indicated the respective whereabouts of their silent proprietors.

One of them, a lean and sallow individual in a drab great-coat and wide-awake hat, lolled comfortably back in a rickety arm-chair, with his long legs planted firmly against the pole of the tent, according to the American idea of sedentary comfort, and gazed sternly at his boots that loomed through the smoke, high up above his head, like a couple of crows in a fog. Another, who was plump and rosy, and wore a forage-cap, and a red padded garment called a "Meerzy," rested his arms lazily on the table, and, with closed eyes, nodded gravely at the bottle that formed their impromptu candlestick; but whether this motion was the result of sleep or sagacity, or a union of both, the chronicler of this history is not in a position to determine. The third, an exceedingly good-looking well-proportioned person, dressed in a London-made shooting-jacket, and Cashmere smoking-cap, reclined gracefully on a couple of chairs, and assisted the approach of his thick-coming fancies by occasionally raising to his lips, in moments of abstraction, the tumbler of amber-coloured liquid that reposed on the table beside him. With a view of satisfying the pardonable curiosity of the reader, I may as well say that the prepossessing individual I have just described was no other than the present writer.

In the absence of a mess, and following the example of Boz's immortal hero, we had formed ourselves into a club, of which, in consideration of my age and spectacles, and an almost imperceptible deficiency of that said to exist on the top of my head, I had been elected president, and sur-named Pickwick. The lanky gentleman whom I have represented taking his ease in the form of the letter V, and drawing inspiration from his boots, had received the sobriquet of Winkle; while the "stout party" engaged in holding

an imaginary conversation with the candle, and nodding the while like a Chinese automaton, made a capital prototype of the corpulent Tupman. Mr. Snodgrass was not represented in our little coterie. His counterpart had originally joined us, but being somewhat of a melancholy temperament, and finding that an atmosphere consisting entirely of smoke did not altogether agree with him, he had the bad taste to prefer pure air and solitude to tobacco and conversation, and seceded from our society. Of the convivial qualities of the remaining members, I need only say that the mahogany-coloured one, whose real name was Cockle, was afflicted with a liver-complaint, which gave him a right that no one disputed, of being occasionally snappish and disagreeable. Lambert, the plump one, was, like the generality of plump people, good-humoured and apoplectic; while I, it was almost needless to say, was mild and gentlemanly. *My name is Velvet.*

I have already observed that we were all three buried in the densest smoke and the most profound reflection. The subject under consideration was one that has occupied at various times, and at one time in particular, the undivided attention of the most distinguished characters in English history. The time I allude to is dinner-time, and the subject of our meditation was plum-pudding. Our heads were full of it. We had formed ourselves into a committee of ways and means, with a view of ascertaining the possibility of organising a Christmas-dinner in the most desolate part of Scinde. The difficulties that lay in our road were enough to awe the strongest minds. We had expected to arrive at Hyderabad before Christmas-day, but had been delayed by a strong head-wind, against which our light and keelless vessels could make no way, and consequently found ourselves, within a few days of that festive anniversary, totally unprovided with the numerous groceries necessary for its suitable commemoration. We were a hundred miles from any town; and, with the exception of a few poverty-stricken villages, the country through which we were passing was totally uninhabited, except by buffaloes, tigers, and other uncivilised animals. As the Laureate would say, "there was jungle to the right of us, jungle to the left of us, jungle behind us," the river in front, and a desert all round. Boats containing flour, cattle, rum, and such-like raw material, accompanied the detachment; but how we were to procure the hundred-and-one delicious little condiments that constitute that perfect *tout ensemble*, a plum-pudding, was the gigantic difficulty that was sorely perplexing three anxious British subalterns at about twelve o'clock on the dark night in December with which my tale opens.

"You know," said I, in my position as chairman of the committee,—*"you know—"*

"Hear, hear!" cried Cockle encouragingly.

"A Christmas-day without plum-pudding," I continued, "is perfectly preposterous."

"It's worse," exclaimed Cockle, striking the table an emphatic blow, that made the candle jump clean out of the bottle, and hit Lambert on the nose. "It's heathenish, absolutely heathenish. Isn't it, Daniel?"

"What's heathenish?" asked Lambert, waking up, and trying to look as if he had never been to sleep,—*"what's heathenish?"*

"No plum-pudding on Christmas-day," returned his long friend.

"Wicked!" said Lambert, replacing the candle, and rubbing his nose; *"downright wicked."*

"It's as bad," I exclaimed, lighting another cheroot, "as a hot season without ice."

"Or an overland mail without a letter," added Cockle, who was one of those *rare aves*, good correspondents.

"Or no rupees on a pay-day," chimed in our corpulent member, who had often experienced the uncomfortable sensation of being on the wrong side of the paymaster's books on that eventful day.

After which burst of feeling we relapsed into silence, and smoked like so many chimneys for the space of ten minutes.

"How are we off for beef?" suddenly exclaimed Lambert, who looked as if he had been fed exclusively upon that commodity from his youth up, and had thrived upon it.

"Ay," said Cockle, looking anxiously at me. "Is the butcher propitious? Let the chairman report progress."

"The beef's all right," I answered complacently. "I was orderly-officer this morning, and intercepted a lovely bit of the sirloin on its way to the commanding-officer's boat. I told the butcher I thought the colonel rather preferred the ribs."

"Making away with the commanding-officer's beef," said Cockle gravely, "is a breach of the articles of war."

"The articles of war be hanged!" valiantly exclaimed Lambert.

"We must only make the *amende honorable*," I said, "by asking the colonel to dinner."

"O, I hope it's a prime piece," said Lambert, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Let's send for it, and see if there's a nice under-cut."

"I second the proposition of the stout gentleman opposite," said Cockle, "and move that the joint be laid upon the table."

"No, no," I cried authoritatively, "that would never do; it would soon be smoked beef if it was brought here. It is as good as we can get in this famishing country; and it's safe under lock and key."

"Then," said Cockle solemnly, dropping his legs and drawing his chair up to the table, "let us concentrate our energies solely on the pudding. In the first place, what's it made of?"

"Plums, of course," exclaimed Lambert promptly.

"Yes, we know that, Daniel," said I, laughing; "but what else?"

"I haven't an idea," replied the other.

"We know that too," said Cockle, who made rather a butt of his fat friend; "you never had."

"But I've got a cookery-book," continued Daniel, not heeding the insinuation. "My mother gave it me as a parting present when I was leaving England."

"Your mother's a sensible woman," said Cockle. "Produce the volume."

"*'Modern Cookery, in all its branches,'*" I read, when Lambert had fetched the well-thumbed copy from the boat. "*'Dedicated to the Young Housekeepers of England.'*"

"And India," added Cockle parenthetically.

"Now then," said Lambert, throwing away his cheroot in the intensity of his interest.

"Hush, Daniel!" cried Cockle, putting his tumbler on one side, and assuming an attitude of the closest attention.

"Here we are," I said, turning over the pages—*"the Ingoldsby Christmas Pudding."*

"If his pudding is only as good as his poetry," said Cockle, "we can't have a better."

"Who was he?" asked Lambert innocently.

"A cook, of course," replied Cockle gravely. "Go on, Pickwick. Read out the items, and let's see what we've got. Make yourself useful, Daniel, and take them down on a piece of paper."

"*'Mix very thoroughly one pound of finely-grated bread with the same quantity of flour,'*" I read.

"That's easily done," said Cockle cheerfully. "Put it down, Daniel."

"*'Two pounds of raisins.'*"

"Have we any raisins?" asked the long subaltern.

"I'm afraid not," I said, shaking my head. "I've tried the whole fleet, and could only get a few figs."

"O, they're better than nothing," replied he hopefully. "Put the figs down, Daniel; we're getting on famously."

"*'Two of currants.'*"

"I'm afraid that's a poser," said Cockle, looking ruefully at me.

"I don't believe," I replied, "there's a single currant in the whole of Scinde."

"There are plenty in the Indus," said Lambert, with a

fat chuckle, alluding to the under-currents for which that river is famous.

"If you do that again, Daniel," said Cockle sternly, "I'll send for a file of the guard, and have you marched off a prisoner. Go on, Pickwick," he added in disgust; "we must only leave out the currants."

"Two of suet, minced small." We shall have to mince it uncommonly small, I expect," said I. "These wretched little country bullocks haven't got such an article about them."

"Very well; we must do without suet," said Cockle, with an air of resignation. "Go on."

"One of sugar."

"That we have, at all events," he exclaimed joyfully.

"No we haven't," I replied; "we finished the last this morning. Lambert empties a sugar-basin every day. I dare say he has got half-a-dozen lumps in his pocket now."

"We'll, search him," cried Cockle, starting up, and collaring the delinquent on the spot.

"I haven't, upon my honour," screamed the culprit, struggling with his tormentor. "I haven't touched any for the last three days."

"Daniel," said Cockle reproachfully, as he extracted a large lump of sugar-candy from the stout gentleman's pocket, "what's this?"

"My servant bought it at Ferozepore," cried Lambert appealingly.

"Has he got any more?" the inquisitor sternly demanded.

"Yes, lots," answered his victim eagerly.

"Then," said Cockle, releasing his hold, "put it down as one of the items of our pudding. The sugar's all right, Pickwick. What's the next article?"

"Half-a-pound of candied peel," I answered.

"The plot thickens," said Cockle. "Candied-peel I look upon as an impossibility. I don't suppose there's any nearer than Gunter's."

"Or, at all events, Bombay," I added.

"Wouldn't a pot of marmalade do as well?" cautiously suggested Lambert. "The label says it's an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast."

"And if for butter," joyfully exclaimed Cockle, slapping the corpulent individual on the back, and nearly knocking him off his chair, "why not for candied peel? Of course. Daniel, you're an honour to human nature. A second Daniel. Score it down. O, what a pudding we'll have!" exclaimed our lanky friend, quite elated. "Fire away, Pickwick."

"Half-an-ounce of mixed spice."

"We've got some cloves, I know," said Cockle.

"And some curry-powder," added Lambert.

"Put it down, Daniel," cried the former gentleman.

"Why we've got every thing."

"Not quite," I answered. "Now comes the tug of war."

"Mix the whole with sixteen eggs, well beaten, and strained."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cockle hysterically. "The Scinde fowls don't lay 'em. Are there many more things wanted?" he asked in despair.

"Only four glasses of brandy," I replied.

"I wish it had been four eggs and sixteen glasses of brandy," said Lambert.

"Is that all?" asked Cockle.

"Boil six hours," I returned; "and even that we can't do, as we don't halt till four, and musn't cook on board the boat."

"We must only boil by instalments," said Cockle. "Two hours a-day for three days will just do it."

"Nonsense," said I; "boiling's a secondary consideration. First make your pudding. Read out your list, Lambert, and see what we have to work upon."

"Bread," said Daniel reading, while Cockle checked each item on his fingers, "flour, figs, sugar-candy, marmalade, cloves, curry-powder, brandy."

"All very good things in their way," I said; "but I'm afraid they won't make a pudding."

"Then what are we to do?" moaned Lambert, who seemed half inclined to cry.

"Do?" replied Cockle, shrugging his shoulders, "we must only do without one, I suppose."

"I vote we go to bed," said I, rising and leaving the chair.

"Well, as Daniel has finished the bottle and emptied the cheroot-box," said Cockle mournfully, "I think it's the best thing we can do."

This motion was carried unanimously, and to bed we went.

PART II.

A Briton's attachment to the plum-pudding of his ancestors is, I think, one of the most pleasing traits in his character. He looks upon it as one of the bulwarks of the constitution, and would as soon think of doing away with it as with the House of Commons, or trial by jury. On Christmas-day especially, it is an article of his national faith to have it smoking on his table. Wherever he may be on the 25th of December,—and Englishmen, like sparrows, are found in all parts of the globe,—whether he be travelling for pleasure or profit; exploring the interior of Africa, or toiling across the steppes of Russia; a digger in the gold-fields of New South Wales, or a squatter in the backwoods of America; becalmed on the line, laying-to in a gale, scudding before a hurricane, or frozen-up in the Arctic regions,—the true Briton will suffer any privation, and brave any danger, to procure on that day the time-honoured pudding of old England, and drink a loving cup in the best liquor at his command to the health of the friends he has left behind him.

Animated by patriotic sentiments of a similar description, and nothing daunted by the unfavourable report of our committee, the 23d of December found us busily engaged in the manufacture of our pudding. We had discovered, on a further consultation of Lambert's *vade mecum*, that half the quantity of each ingredient would be sufficient for a small party, and had amassed a considerable amount of *matériel* for our praiseworthy purpose. During one of our numerous foraging excursions into the interior, we had made a seizure, in a small village, of some half-dried Cabool raisins, which, when extricated from the thick coating of bazaar-dirt that enveloped them, looked tolerably plump and juicy. Currants we had conveniently voted a ridiculous superfluity, and the butcher had accumulated for us a large heap of skin, from which we had succeeded in scraping a pretty good imitation of suet. These, with bread, sugar-candy, cloves, marmalade, and cognac, formed a very good foundation to work upon; but, alas, one element in the composition was wanting, without which all the rest would be flat, stale, and unprofitable. What is a ship without a rudder? What is a lawyer without his wig? What is a beadle without his staff? What is a pudding without eggs? Here lay our great difficulty. We had scoured the country in every direction; but not an egg was to be obtained for love or money. Either the Scindian peasantry despised wealth, or the Scindian fowls had retired from business. As a last resource, we determined on a grand military demonstration. The detachment being without arms, we were accompanied by a party of sepoys, who acted as our guard. Directly we halted, two of these black warriors were despatched to a distant village, with instructions to beg, borrow, or steal every egg they could lay their hands on. They were fully armed and equipped, with a view of striking terror into the hearts of the natives, and were ordered to secure their booty, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet. In case of failure, they were threatened with a court-martial for disobedience of orders.

Having thus done all that human sagacity and foresight could, we tucked up our sleeves, and manfully set to work. We determined that our servants should have nothing to do with so noble an undertaking. It was not to be expected that an uneducated Mussulman could enter into the beauties of such a magnificent composition; so we "concluded," as the Yankees say, both to make it and eat it ourselves. I chopped the suet, Cockle crumbled the bread, and Lambert

undertook to prepare the raisins. From this office, however, he was soon ignominiously expelled. We noticed that the heap of stoned and unstoned ones did not by any means increase and decrease in equal proportions. The paradox was soon explained. Our stout friend was detected stealthily cramming a large bunch into his mouth. As a punishment for his offence, he was immediately sentenced to sit in a corner and pound spice. In vain he entreated to be allowed to mince the marmalade, or reduce the sugar-candy to powder. We were inflexible; and the sweet-toothed malefactor was set to work to pulverise cloves, with a pestle and mortar borrowed from the hospital-boat, and sternly forbidden to approach the table under any pretence whatever.

In about two hours every thing was ready. The marmalade formed capital candied peel, a double allowance of raisins made up for the absence of currants, and we flattered ourselves that the mixture looked, smelt, and tasted exactly as a plum-pudding in an abnormal state should. But still it was only as the block of marble before the sculptor's chisel has given it form and beauty. It wanted the vivifying principle, without which the unleavened mass before us would be a

"Monstrum horrendum informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum;"

which, being interpreted, means "a great, ugly, horrid thing, as heavy as lead."* On what trifles does human happiness depend—we only required eight eggs to lighten both our hearts and our pudding!

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the agony of suspense we endured for four mortal hours. The torture was becoming insupportable, and we were on the point of going to bed in despair, when a breathless post arrived with the joyful intelligence that our hunters were on the track of a poultry-fancier. Presently a frantic jemadar rushed in to say that they were approaching, and could be seen in the moonlight gesticulating furiously, from which he imagined—Allah be praised!—that they had been successful. Next it was announced that one of them carried a light-coloured object at the end of his musket; and then the dusky heroes themselves made their appearance, grinning with delight, and bearing a basket, in which reposed—O, joy beyond expression!—twelve fine eggs.

The sepoy declared that they had given prices that were purely fabulous, but we paid without a murmur. Lambert, in a transport of gratitude, presented each of them with a rupee, as "bucksheesh," and the delighted darkies retired to their boat invoking blessings on his lordship's head for his liberality. With a large washing-basin before us, we joyfully proceeded to put the finishing stroke to our work. Each member seized an egg. The impetuous Lambert led the attack. Carefully cracking the shell, he poured the contents into the basin. "O, by Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, beating a rapid retreat from the table.

"What's the matter?" we both cried, alarmed at his horror-stricken countenance.

"Matter?" he screamed, pointing to the basin with one hand, and holding his nose with the other—"it's a BAD one!"

I draw a veil over the scene that ensued. It is not in the power of words to picture our disgust and indignation. Our feelings may be imagined, but *not* described. My pen falters as I proceed. One by one the whole dozen were tried, and—horrible, most horrible!—with the same result. All, all had gone the way eggs occasionally go. We stared at each other in blank dismay. Lambert burst into tears.

"Those rascally sepoy," growled Cockle, grinding his teeth; "I wish we could flog them."

"O, it wasn't their faults," I said. "Their caste won't allow them to touch eggs; so they were obliged to take the villager's word."

"Then," replied Cockle viciously, "I should like to set fire to the village."

* "Cui lumen ademptum," from which the light has been taken away, i. e. wanting lightness.

"What's to be done now?" asked Lambert through his tears.

"I vote we pitch it into the river," cried Cockle in disgust, taking up the dish to suit the action to the word.

"No, no," said Lambert, "wait a bit; I've read somewhere or other of a substitute for eggs."

"Marmalade, perhaps," sneered Cockle.

"No," replied the other, searching through the cookery-book—"Snow."

"Well, you great owl," returned the bilious gentleman, whose temper was a good deal ruffled by our misfortune, "where are we to find snow in Scinde?"

"Ah, I forgot that," said Lambert. "If we had been in the Himalayas now—Stop—here's something else; 'where eggs cannot be procured, beer may be used.'"

"Does it say that?" asked Cockle quickly.

Lambert nodded.

"Here, Nubby Bux," shouted Cockle to his servant, "a bottle of beer and a corkscrew,—sharp!"

The beer was brought, the cork was drawn, the preliminary gurgle had commenced; in another moment our unfortunate pudding would have been drenched with a flood of Allsop's bitter ale, when a stout non-commissioned officer, carrying a parcel tied up in a red cotton pocket-hankerchief, made his appearance at the door of the tent.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, saluting.

"Now what on earth do you want here at this time of night, Sergeant Rumble?" snarled Cockle, angry at having been discovered in the middle of such an undignified operation as deluging a pudding with malt-liquor.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," answered the sergeant, gazing with astonishment at our culinary display, "but my missis,—that is, Mrs. Rumble, gentlemen,—hearing that you wanted some eggs, sent me to beg your acceptance of half-a-dozen."

"Six eggs!" exclaimed Cockle incredulously.

"You don't mean to say, Sergeant Rumble," I asked, in the kind of tone that a barrister reminds a witness that he is on oath,—“you don't mean to say that you possess six eggs?"

"Yes, sir, I do," he answered, without the slightest prevarication.

"Ah, but not fresh?" said Cockle, whose faith on the subject of eggs had been a good deal shaken.

"New-laid, sir," replied Rumble, untying his pocket-hankerchief, and disclosing a forage-cap that formed a kind of nest for six snowy eggs. "There they are, gentlemen, and if they will be of any service to you—"

"Service!" cried Cockle tragically; "they'll save our pudding."

"You're a regular trump, Sergeant Rumble," said Lambert, heedless of military propriety.

"It's very good of you to say so, sir," returned the gratified sergeant.

"But," I asked, "where did you find such a treasure, Rumble? We've been scouring the country for eggs."

"Why, sir, my wife brought some pet fowls all the way from Peshawur; and lately they've taken to laying. I don't believe there is another egg in the whole fleet."

"Your wife's an angel," cried the enthusiastic Lambert.

"Well, I don't know about that, sir," said the sergeant doubtfully, not liking to differ in opinion with an officer. "You see, Mrs. Rumble's figure's not what it was."

"But," said I, "you'll want these eggs for your own pudding."

"Not a bit, sir," answered the sergeant. "You'll oblige my wife by accepting them. She'd be angry with me, gentlemen," he added, rather nervously, "if I were to take them back."

"Well, then," I said, "I tell you what we'll do; we'll send you a slice of ours."

"And a bottle of wine," added Lambert.

"And a bundle of cheroots," said Cockle graciously. "I know you like a good cheroot, Rumble."

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said the sergeant, quite overpowered, and backing out of the tent; "and so will Mrs. Rumble be, I'm sure."

"Bless her!" ejaculated Lambert.

"And," added Cockle, recorking the bottle of beer, "as we've no occasion for this now, you'd better take it with you."

And the worthy non-commissioned officer departed, carrying with him our substitute for eggs; while we relieved our pent-up feelings by giving three loud hurrahs for no one in particular, with one cheer more for Mrs. Rumble.

Here my narrative should end. All the *dramatis personæ* are pleased and happy; and the curtain should fall on the above affecting *tableau*, with Cockle on the right, myself on the left, and Lambert executing a clumsy *pas de joie* in the centre; but as there is one character in whose fate the fair reader may still feel some interest, I shall briefly complete the veracious history of the real hero of my tale, viz. our pudding. After Sergeant Rumble's departure, it was soon finished. Although two eggs short of the number enjoined by Mr. Ingoldsby, we managed, by reducing the other proportions a little, to preserve that "balance of power" on which the excellence of a pudding, as well as the peace of Europe, so essentially depends. After cautiously securing our treasure in the camel-trunk that formed our temporary larder, we went to bed; and though our bilious friend was busily engaged in inflicting imaginary vengeance on the dishonest villagers for their shameful conduct in the matter of the eggs, there were not three happier subalterns in the Company's dominions that night than the president and members of our little club on the Indus.

The next day, after dinner, our culinary *chef-d'œuvre*, tied up in a new towel of Lambert's, properly floured, was deposited with much ceremony in our only saucepan, and "advanced a stage" on the road to perfection, while we sat round the fire, on the bank of the river, enjoying our cheroots, and watching the operation. This was on Christmas-eve. At the expiration of three hours, and when our bantling had arrived at a semi-boiled condition, it was taken out, and locked up again as carefully as a Derby favourite the night before the great Epsom field-day. On the morrow, directly we halted, the object of our solicitude was taken for the last time from its nocturnal resting-place, and subjected to a like mollifying process for the remainder of the time prescribed by the cookery-book.

My story draws to a close. The colonel dined with us, and pronounced the sirloin excellent. As for the pudding—the pudding that had caused us so much anxiety, the pudding of our hopes and fears, the pudding we had created, the pudding—I could linger on the subject for ever, but printers have no sentiment, and I must conclude,—the pudding was *delicious*! What more need be said? Except that we sent a large slice to Mrs. Rumble, and that poor Lambert was exceedingly unwell the next day.

J. H. L.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

In treating of modern preachers, we deplored the separation which they too often make of religious influence from man's daily affairs, and the disunion which thence ensues between the ideas of Worship and the interests of Life. The complaint, if just, applies, not only to many Christian teachers, but to society in general, and especially to the more intellectual portion of it.

If it must be admitted, on the one hand, that the preacher's message is often so phrased as to exclude from

its bearings the pursuits which engage men of thought, taste, and science, it must also be granted that intellectual workers, in their turn, are frequently content to accept the distinction which the pulpit suggests, and to regard their labours as matters apart from religious uses and responsibilities. The poet or the novelist, who pens his tale of human emotion; the artist, who depicts human life, or that of nature; the philosopher, who interprets the laws of mind; the man of science, who garners material facts—are no less apt to consider their callings beyond the pale of religion, than the preacher is reluctant to bring them within its range.

Yet, is it possible that religion,—a central life informing the whole being,—can be cut off from any of its manifestations? Can the heart beat only for itself, instead of quickening every member and nerve of the system? Can any intellectual force be exerted bearing no relation to the conscience which links us to that Personal Deity in whom and by whom we are? To come to details, can the man of imagination compose his poem or romance, utter his experience of human life and feeling, and omit all reference to those spiritual truths which, whether obeyed or resisted, preside over our nature?

The attempt, if made, would be futile. The writer gives the record of human struggles. How are they passed through? meekly, courageously, with pious faith and submission, or with rebellious complaint, or cowardly bewailing? He inscribes on his page the tale of human wrong. Is the Divine pattern kept in view? Is the wrong conquered by the nobleness and forgiven by the magnanimity of the sufferer; or does it embitter the heart, and issue in revenge? In the latter case, which it is of course quite legitimate to paint, is internal retribution—the self-torture and remorse of the avenger—shown as the natural product of his sin? Love, too, has its chronicle. Is it that love, hallowed by religion, which, receiving the highest human bliss, looks upward in grateful aspiration, and deems the best bond between itself and its object is that of ennobling faith and duty? Or is it the mere reckless passion born of hot blood, or the caprice of a pleased eye; or, worse than all, is it the base contract which springs from interest, and which should mumble its sordid vows over the settlement rather than the Prayer-Book? Again, we have the story of death and bereavement. Do we rise from it with the sense expressed or implied of dull and hopeless pain, or with the instinct of an immortal future, and with affections attracted thither by the very blessings that take flight before us?

Art, in another way, and under different limitations, presents and solves the same problems. All glimpses of our human story, whether reflected on the page or the canvas, tend either to raise and purify the heart or to degrade it. The delineation even of unconscious nature has a similar, though less direct influence. The sunset and the mountain-pass speak of Him whose words are in His works, and solemnise our feelings in the precise degree that they are reverently and conscientiously portrayed.

Systems of mental philosophy, again, deal with questions of vital moment to our spiritual being. They represent man either as the creature of chance and circumstance; show him "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the gross walls of matter; or exhibit him as the victor over circumstance, leaving on every obstacle the impress of his ascendancy, shaping, as it were, from the very granite of fortune a monument to his immortality.

Finally, the scientific man finds in his facts new illustrations of material laws, and either derives from them fresh proofs of a Divine Lawgiver, or with strange fatuity wrests the very testimony of orderly effects into a denial of an intelligent cause.

Now if imagination, thought, and knowledge thus influence the very essentials of our nature, how incomplete must be the theology which, instead of using these powers as religious instruments, neglects or decries them; which despises imagination because, forsooth, it deals in fiction,

and does not perceive that such fictions touch upon the realities of our inner life, and can never go home to the heart of man unless they utter some truth from it; which holds it of little moment whether philosophy represent the mind as "a blank sheet of paper," or as endowed with innate faculties of moral judgment, although the whole doctrine of man's responsibility be involved in the issue of the question!

It may be said, perhaps, that even the noblest imagination and philosophy bear only upon morals, not upon religion. We do not overlook the distinction between them. Religion is the aspiration of the whole being towards a personal God; morals may be simply the expression of our natural and acquired sense of right towards man. Still such must always be the inter-dependence between the two sentiments, that the best affections of the soul can scarcely be fostered without conducting it to worship; nor can any genuine and enlightened worship exist which does not tend to exalt and purify every faculty of the heart and the mind. Granting that there are specialities in the Christian plan which belong exclusively to the pulpit, we cannot think its mission accomplished until it seeks to inform, with the Christian spirit, the whole sphere of man's capacities and interests. Let the Christian minister regard thought and imagination as powers to be consecrated, not to be proscribed or neglected. Let religion flow into the teachings of art, poetry, philosophy, and science, and let the workers in these departments recognise in Christianity an ideal to be expressed and illustrated. To some extent this is already done; but often accidentally and vaguely, rather than with distinct purpose and apprehension. The union of intellectual forces with religious truth is perhaps the great reconciliation needed by the age. The noblest ideals of pagan thought embodied the highest views of religion then current. Why should Christianity alone be regarded as distinct from, or opposed to, the inspirations of genius? May we not look for a time when belief shall no longer ignore the intellectual faculties, as if they had been given in vain, and when those faculties shall find their best claim to man's homage in that which they pay to the Creator?



GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. V.

THE marriage had taken place on Tuesday, the 3d of April. The following day, Wednesday, passed without any intelligence; but the interest and curiosity remaining in full force, it would be difficult to say how many times in the course of it the exclamation of "I wonder how they are getting on" was repeated by men and women, young and old, in the good town of Doncaster.

Towards noon on Thursday, a baker who lived opposite to Mr. Larpent, but did not enjoy the advantage of his custom, observed to his wife that Mr. Larpent's blinds were all down, and that he had not seen that great man since the wedding; adding, that, "now he was allied to nobility, and his daughter 'my lady,' he supposed he meant to shut up shop." But his wife answered, that she thought he was gone somewhere into the country, as she had yesterday seen Bob, the ostler at the Bull, standing at the door with a saddle-horse, and Mr. Larpent presently came out and mounted it.

"What o'clock was that?" asked the baker.

"Well, I suppose it might be one, nearly; it was while you were out about that flour."

Here a lad they had in the shop spoke up, and said that he had seen Mr. Larpent come home last night about ten o'clock; and that young Mr. Lupton came out to the door to meet him, and they went in together, while the maid led the horse to the Bull.

All the day the blinds remained down; and as nobody was seen, and the maid answered to all inquirers that her master was out of town, and there was no business doing, many were the conjectures formed to account for so unusual a circumstance. But on Friday, a report spread through Doncaster that Mr. Simmons, the undertaker, was sent for to the Grange, and that young Lady Maxwell was dead. *How* she had died no one could tell; there was a murmur of many things, a *sough*, as the Scotch call it, but nothing known. The less was known, however, the more was suspected. All sorts of rumours prevailed; and, with ominous faces and significant shakes of the head, the words, "murder, poison, suicide," were whispered and passed from mouth to mouth.

The undertaker's people knew nothing, or would tell nothing; even the fact of Mr. Simmons being summoned to the Grange they refused to confirm, and how the report got wind nobody could find out. Mrs. Simmons received numerous visits that morning from friends anxious to ascertain the state of her health; but where her husband was gone she did not know, as she never liked to hear about "them things, and therefore never asked no questions." She thought, indeed, if she had known Mr. S. meant to take to the black business, she would never have married him, as it was not pleasant for a person with her delicate health, &c. When Mrs. Simmons got upon that subject, the case was hopeless, and her visitors took their leaves.

One or two people got hold of a story about a pedlar, who was said to have seen something, but what, nobody knew; nor could they get at any particulars, or find the pedlar. Arthur Lupton had utterly disappeared; and what was stranger, the postboy who had driven the bride and bridegroom on their wedding-day from Doncaster to the Grange had disappeared also.

One thing, however, was certain, and it was impossible longer to conceal it; Emmeline Larpent was dead; for, on the eighth day after the wedding, the great gates at the Grange were thrown open; the last time was to admit the carriage that brought her to her temporary home, now it was to admit the hearse that was to bear her to her long one. Presently the hearse reappeared, followed by a single mourning coach; they took the way to the nearest churchyard, where a coffin was lifted out, and deposited in the grave of the late Lady Maxwell.

In the coach sat Sir Theobald, Mr. Larpent, and Mr. Moneypenny; and behind it followed the old chariot, with its faded linings, scratched panels, and ominous device of, *Dinna wauken sleeping dogs*.

The churchyard-gate was closed when the funeral entered; but outside were a few stragglers, as also along the road the procession passed, who were evidently brought there by a curiosity which they were afraid openly to manifest. There was also a young man, with his hat over his eyes and his chin muffled, as if he did not wish to be recognised, who had apparently concealed himself in the churchyard before the arrival of the parties concerned. He kept his handkerchief to his eyes all the time the clergyman was reading the service, and stood in the rear behind Sir Theobald. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, he suddenly, as by an irrepressible impulse, darted forward to snatch a last glance at it; when he could see it no more, he retreated and disappeared behind an angle of the church. During the ceremony Mr. Larpent appeared absorbed in grief; Mr. Moneypenny looked very grave, and as sorrowful as his dour features would permit; Sir Theobald looked, as those who caught a sight of his face said, awful! His complexion, which was naturally of a rusty red, was now streaked with white, as if the pallor of death was struggling to overcome the ruddy hue of life; and the hard features, that could not fashion themselves into an expression of human sorrow, seemed crushed and distorted by the effort into a wild portrait of horror. His stalwart figure was bent, and he seemed suddenly shrunk from a height of six feet three to less than an ordinary-sized man. He appeared



LANDSCAPE. BY S. P. JACKSON.

almost insensible to every thing that was passing, and stood motionless, with his two hands crossed on the nob of a heavy stick, which alone seemed to prevent his falling forwards into the grave, on which he vacantly glared.

When the ceremony was concluded, they departed as they came. The stragglers got into the churchyard, together with several spectators who had been concealed behind trees and hedges, and advanced towards the grave, where, with expressive gestures and bated breaths, they whispered their comments on what they had seen, and what they suspected.

The young man also reappeared, but kept himself apart till the others dispersed; and then he came forward and spoke to the sexton, who thereupon closed the gate, and left him alone with the grave-digger and the dead.

From that day forth the mourners that attended young Lady Maxwell's funeral were no more seen. Mr. Larpent's house was shut up; his head-clerk, an elderly man, in whom he had great confidence, wound up his affairs; and after a short interval a distant relative arrived, and succeeded to his business. Mr. and Mrs. Moneypenny returned to their native land. Arthur wholly disappeared; and for some weeks Mr. and Mrs. Lupton also; and it was understood that they were gone to London to place him in an attorney's office there. The Grange was shut up; the servants dispersed; and Sir Theobald gone, no one knew whither.

In those days, coroners, registrars, and newspapers were not what they are now. There were no paragraphs headed "Extraordinary Story," "Suspected Murder," "Mysterious Death of a Lady," &c. Rumours were not conveyed, as by magic, from one end of the island to the other; and every body did not know what every body did. Within an area of a certain number of miles, the report of these strange events spread, and created considerable comment and discussion; but beyond that circle little or nothing was known; indeed, it can scarcely be said that, within it, any thing

was known. There were only vague suspicions; and nobody chose to risk bringing themselves into trouble by seeking to penetrate the mystery, or by meddling with matters with which they had no concern; so, gradually, the impression faded. Other wonders succeeded to occupy men's thoughts; the busy world worked on; and in a few years the lamentable fate of young Lady Maxwell of the Grange was well-nigh forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

But there is often a germ of life in things that seem dead; and suddenly, after a lapse of six years, the memory of this mournful tragedy was revived, by a report that the Grange, which had been shut up from the period of Sir Theobald's disappearance, was about to be occupied by a stranger. The tenant was a Scotsman; the place had been let to him at a very low rent by Mr. Moneypenny; and after the necessary airing and repairing, he was conducted into it by Mr. Larpent's successor. The new-comer was judged to be in narrow circumstances; and nobody saw much of him or his family. But shortly after their arrival, a report spread abroad that the house was haunted. The servants said they could not live in it; and a girl, who had been engaged as housemaid, actually relinquished her place on account of the noises she heard, especially the sound of a woman weeping. Probably, however, the principals did not care for ghosts; and the subordinates, if ghost there was, became accustomed to it; for though the house retained an ill reputation, the stir died away, and things went on there in the ordinary fashion.

Not long after this, a woman who had formerly been laundress at the Bull Inn, but had left it for some years, reappeared at Doncaster. Of course she had her old acquaintance, her cronies, and her gossips; and when it was found that the cause of her leaving was, that she had been secretly married to a postboy, and that that postboy was

the very same who had driven Sir Theobald and Lady Maxwell from Doncaster to the Grange on their wedding-day, that he had good reason given him for relinquishing his situation, and that she had followed his fortunes,—she, as may be well imagined, became an object of extraordinary interest; and the little she had to tell,—for it was not much,—was eagerly listened to, and speedily conveyed from the kitchens to the drawing-rooms, and disseminated from mouth to mouth through the town and neighbourhood.

She had now returned to her native place, because her husband was dead; but she said he had often and often talked to her about that poor young thing Miss Emmy Larpent, and that awful man Sir Theobald. It was not, however, till some time after they had quitted Doncaster that she was made aware of the cause of their removal. All she knew was, that two days after the wedding, her husband suddenly told her they were to leave; that they went off that night by the mail; and she saw that Jem had plenty of money to pay their way. He got a place as coachman in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, through a letter he brought with him to a lawyer there; and they had done very well ever since. Jem said, that once, when he was going through a large city called Glasgow, he was certain that he had seen Mr. Larpent, Miss Emmy's father, in the street.

But what of the wedding drive?

"Well, Jem said, that as they drove from Mr. Larpent's house he heard the blinds drawn down with a whack; and as the young lady had looked very sorrowful when she got into the carriage, he supposed she was crying, and Sir Theobald did not like her to be seen. As it was a very long stage, of course he stopped to give his horses a feed, and Sir Theobald put out his head, and asked for a glass of water; but the blinds were not drawn up, and he saw nothing of them till they arrived at the end of their journey. The moment the carriage stopped, the servants, who were expecting them, opened the door, and handed out Miss Emmy, who was sitting on that side. He did not see how she looked, for she had her veil down; besides, she went straight in at the door, without turning her head. Sir Theobald paid him, and went in also, leaving him and the servants to unload the carriage. While he was doing so, happening to look up to the first-floor windows, he saw Miss Emmy standing there, looking dreadful-like; that she observed he was looking at her, and he thought she wanted to say something to him; but perhaps," as Mrs. Jem suggested, "she was only taking a last look at the chaise that was going back to her home, where she was never to go more. Presently, Sir Theobald came out to fetch a paper that he had left in one of the pockets of the chaise; after which Jem mounted his horse, and drove to the village, where he put up at the Admiral Keppel to feed and rest his cattle. As he drove away he looked up at the windows, but he saw nothing of Miss Emmy.

"He remained at the Admiral till near eleven o'clock, and then set off on his journey home; but he had not gone far, before what should he see but Miss Emmy walking along the path by the roadside. It was a bright night; and at first, seeing a figure all in white, he could not think what it was, and felt queer-like; but when he got a little nearer, he saw that it was Miss Emmy. She had no bonnet or cloak on; but her veil was thrown over head and shoulders, and she was walking very fast. As he came up to her, she held up her hand to him to stop.

"Get off your horse, and open the door," says she. "Quick, quick!" And Jem said she spoke fierce-like, and desperate.

"By the time he was off his horse she had opened the door herself, and was letting down the steps; Jem helped her in, thinking that she wanted to go back to her papa, poor lamb. But instead of that, she told him to drive to Greenhill Hall; 'Mrs. Lupton's,' she said,—'Mrs. Lupton, at Greenhill Hall.'

"Well, Jem said he felt quite taken aback-like, and he

could not tell whether he ought to do it or no; for it was his opinion she was out of her mind; but while he was holding the door open, considering about it, she put her two hands together, and said, 'O, take me to Mrs. Lupton! Do, do take me to Mrs. Lupton!' And then she put her hand in her pocket and drew out her purse, and gave him two golden guineas; and Jem said, 'Well, I will, miss.' And then he bethought himself, and called her 'my lady,' as, indeed, he was bound to do; but little she cared about her title then.

"So Jem got on his horse, and away they drove, as fast as they could go, to the Hall.

"It's an old place, you know, and there's a long avenue leads up to it; and when they got nearly to the top, she let down the front glass, and before Jem could get to the door of the chaise, she had opened it herself, and jumped out.

"Shall I wait, miss?" said Jem.

"No," says she, "and never say a word of this to any body." And with that she gave him another golden guinea that she'd got ready in her hand, and walked away straight up to the door. So Jem mounted his horse, and away he drove; but before he'd got three hundred yards, who should he see galloping up the avenue but Sir Theobald on horseback. Jem did not know who it was till he was quite close, and then you may be sure he whipped up his horses to get past him, for he was afraid he'd have him up for taking away Miss Emmy. So away went Sir Theobald, and away went Jem the contrary way; and when he got home that night his beasts were ready to drop; and as for himself, he wasn't his own man again till we left Doncaster, especially after he heard that Miss Emmy was dead.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Jem, "I couldn't think what had come over the lad, for he never said a word to me of what had happened; but the next afternoon he says to me, 'Molly, old woman, you must pack up your duds; I'm a-going to cut, and we must be off to-night.' God forgive me, but my mind misgived me that he had done something wrong; but he laughed, and told me I was a fool, and that he had promise of a good place, and that we should be better off than ever we'd been before; and so we was, sure enough, as long as Jem lived, poor fellow! But he was always of opinion that Miss Emmy had gone out of her mind that night."

Shortly after this, a woman, who had been in Mr. Larpent's service at the period of that ill-starred wedding, and had since filled other situations, happened to be engaged by a family at Wakefield; and, in a letter she shortly afterwards wrote to her friends, she mentioned that on going into a little haberdasher's shop to buy some ribbons, she had recognised the man as an old acquaintance. He was the pedlar, or travelling merchant—at that time a more respectable and profitable trade than now—of whom she used to purchase her gowns and ribbons when he came to Doncaster. Naturally they fell into conversation; and on her relating how she came to leave the situation she had occupied when they had dealings together, and how her young mistress, Miss Emmy, had died directly after her marriage, and was supposed to have come to a lamentable end, the man seemed very much struck, and asked the day of the month, and a great many other questions. But when she told him that Sir Theobald had never been seen in that part of the country since, and was supposed to be gone to a far foreign land, he opened out, and told her what he declared he had never mentioned to any one but his wife, fearing to bring himself into trouble, or at the least to be had up as a witness, which might have interfered seriously with his business.

He said that on the day in question, having made his usual tour in the north, he was travelling southwards, and was making for the Admiral Benbow, where he meant to put up for the night. He was later than usual on the road, and every thing was still, when he heard a horse's foot galloping, and in a minute more it passed him, with the bridle trailing and nobody on his back. The animal had evidently taken fright, and was running away; and he expected to

find his rider, dead or alive, on the road. But he saw nothing of him; and walked on till he came within half-a-mile of the avenue that leads to Greenhill Hall; and then he was startled by seeing a large object coming towards him on the footpath that at first he could not make out, although there was a bright moonlight. It was partly white and partly black, and he could not distinguish whether it was an animal or a man; so, as there was a gate leading into a field hard by, he jumped over it, and watched it over the hedge. When it came nearer he saw it was an exceedingly tall man, carrying a lady on his back. The lady, who was very small, was all in white, and appeared to be either dead or in a faint; for her two arms hung over his shoulders instead of clasping his neck, and he supported the body by holding one in each hand. He could not see the man's face from where he stood, for the head of the lady rested on his shoulder and hid it; but he saw hers, and he was almost sure it was a corpse. He was very much astonished and alarmed; and his surprise was the greater, because he felt convinced, from the height, that the man was Sir Theobald Maxwell, whom he had caught a glimpse of when he was in that part of the country the year before. Whether the baronet had observed him he could not tell; he strode on wonderfully fast, considering the burden he carried, and never looked to the right or the left.

"I waited till he was out of sight," said the pedlar, "and then, instead of going to the Admiral Benbow, where my wife was waiting for me, I took another road; and when she joined me the next day, we went off to another part of the country; for if there was any thing ugly, I thought it safer to know naught about it; and afore next year I'd taken this here business, and have never been in that neighbourhood since."

This was the substance of what Sir Thomas Maxwell had to tell, with the addition, that when Sir Theobald reached the Grange with his awful burden, the door was wide open, and his bride stood in the doorway. He was so struck with horror at the sight, that he dropped the corpse from his shoulders; but with desperate resolution, he lifted it from the ground, and carried it upstairs, where he laid it on a bed. He then called up one of the maids, and desired her to bring some cold water and burnt feathers, as my lady had fainted. She did so; after which he told her she might go to bed, and he would attend to her ladyship himself. The next morning he was found sitting by the bedside watching her. He said he thought she was asleep; but she proved to be dead. Mr. and Mrs. Money Penny were immediately sent for, and remained in the house till after the funeral, when they all departed together. Mrs. Money Penny performed all the needful ministrations about the body with her own hands, and nobody was allowed to enter the room till the undertakers placed it in the coffin and screwed it down.

She was dead; her body was in the coffin; but when he woke from his disturbed sleep in the morning, her head lay on the pillow beside him; and when he sat at meat, she confronted him; he met her on the stairs; in the drawing-room young Lady Maxwell kept her state. She was the real mistress of the house, for he cowered and fled before her; and the power she never would have had alive, now she was dead was hers. She drove him from the country, and he took refuge in India with his sons, whom he had sent there before him. New ideas took possession of him; and, with the natural instinct and thrift of a Scotsman, he made a large fortune, which he entailed on his sons and their heirs, upon the condition that they did not return to the Grange before a certain period, which period had now expired.

When Sir Thomas had finished his narrative, Mr. Lupton related the circumstances of the strange visit which had caused him and his wife so much perplexity several years earlier; and then, and often afterwards, they discussed the question, which the reader will perhaps have asked himself before this, whether it was possible that the latter event

could have any connection with the mysterious death of young Lady Maxwell, which had taken place a hundred years before; and whether her presence at the Grange, during the awful week that preceded the funeral, had been a real spiritual appearance, or the mere phantom of Sir Theobald's reproving conscience and excited brain.

Be it which it might, from that day to this no other explanation has ever presented itself of the appearance of the White Lady at Greenhill Hall, which appearance, I beg to assure my readers, is a perfectly authenticated fact that occurred in the present century.

NEW BOOKS.

WITH what feelings would that poor shoemaker, who, with an infirm frame, worked away at his craft in a garret some sixty years ago, have looked upon the edition of his poem—actually his—that now lies before us? Is it possible that all this luxury of binding, with thick and bevelled boards, rich cream-tinted and hot-pressed paper, with its gilt edges,—and, far more important, with all this artistic decoration, which has been brought into use solely for the loving adornment of his chief poem,—is it possible, he would ask, scarcely trusting the evidence of his own senses, this is in honour of *my* work? Yet so it is; and while no one professes to believe the *Farmer's Boy* a poem of a high order, or as marked by the exhibition of that almost divine insight into the grand and beautiful mysteries of nature which is the poet's gift, it is still a work the world will not willingly let die; and we think the world quite right in so feeling. It is truthful, and it deals with that subject which ever lies near to the heart, as well as to the necessities and interest of man,—country life and the culture of the soil.

No less than thirty exquisite engravings are found in these pages, from designs by Birket Foster, who is fast taking rank as the most poetical of English landscape illustrators; Harrison Weir, who has the animal subjects under his charge, and does them thorough justice; and G. E. Hicks, who contributes the figure-pieces,—some of them charming and graceful, others not quite so successful.

In looking over such a book as this, while engaged perhaps in uncongenial places and pursuits, one feels the longing for natural sights and sounds grow strongly over us. Mr. Dendy's work† will suggest pleasantly to us the question, Why not pack up our baggage and decamp in quest of some of those "beautiful islets of Britaine" of which the author speaks? This is the kind of medicine we like to be told of by such men. Mr. Dendy, who adds the artist's eye to the author's pen, takes us in his work through the Isles of Wight, Scilly, Lundy, Caldy, Ramsay, &c.; Bardsey, Holy Isle, Coquet, Anglesey, Man, Ailsa, Bass, Arran, and Bute. How many of our readers knew that the one great isle—world-famous—was so rich in lesser isles, lying like satellites about it? Some of them are certainly less known to our countrymen than places in foreign parts, scarcely, if at all, more interesting. As the author observes,

"The islets may not challenge the loftier magnificence of Continental scenery, but the green and golden leafage of their woods, and their rich variety of rock, are as perfect of their kind as the cinnamon-groves of Ceylon or the peaks of the Himalayas. In one element of the beautiful England is almost pre-eminent; the pure rich green of its blossomed meadows, and its leaf-loaded forests, and the changeable tints that cloud and sunbeam fling over the island atmosphere, may well compensate for the silvery gleam that floats over Switzerland, or the flood of rosy light that, while it illuminates, is burning the flower and the leaf in Spain and Italy."

What could be more delightful than, with the aid of such a guide, to determine to see with our own eyes, and know

* *The Farmer's Boy*. By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1857.

† *The Beautiful Islets of Britaine*. By WALTER COOPER DENDY, late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. London: Longman, Brown, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857.

all about, these beautiful islets of Britaine, and the peculiarly interesting science they illustrate—geology?

And if, as we travel, we would have that other enjoyment, which to the poet Gray was the summit of earthly happiness—to lie on a sofa and read novels—and which, at all events, to the tired wanderer's life, forms a very capital episode now and then,—what can be more considerate than the policy of our nineteenth-century publishers, who not only succeed in giving us, amid much trash, many capital fictions, but give them almost on our own terms. Miss Pardoe's *Popular Tales Abroad and at Home*,* and Miss Sedgwick's *Married and Single*,† represent fairly enough the flood of popular literature that must be now pouring into every nook and corner of the land, and leaving rich material of thought, knowledge, and aspiration behind. We have read Miss Pardoe's tales through, and with interest; one of them—"The Father and Son," for instance—contains powerful dramatic elements, which the authoress has known how to use.

Miss Sedgwick's book suggests many serious and hopeful speculations. It belongs to that class of books which Miss Bremer, Miss Martineau (in *Deerbrook*), and the author of the *Head of the Family*, *Lord Erlistoun*, &c., have made so popular; books in which there are no melo-dramatic mysteries, and little physical excitement, but which trust to faithful portraiture of the hearts and minds of men and women as their chief attraction, and which, above all, make *Home* their great theme. It is not too much to say, that family-life, in the more civilised parts of the world, must have been raised bodily, as it were, at once some stages higher in moral and spiritual experience by the admirable lessons of these books. In them duty is the first law; and the yielding to erring or selfish impulse, the first step in the downward path. In them marriage assumes its true position as a holy ordinance, for the holiest of purposes; and is not treated as a lottery, where every one hopes to be lucky enough to catch a prize, and need then care naught for the blanks, or those who are to receive them. In these books the *beauty* of family-life comes like a revelation before the eyes of the many who, alas, have never tasted and never conceived what home may be when guided by duty, filled with love, earned by self-sacrifice, and graced by the thousand nameless social habits and courtesies which our civilisation—poor enough in many respects—has taught. Can we overrate the importance of the diffusion of such books by countless thousands yearly? can we be too grateful to the authors who have with such materials—of old thought to be good only for sermons, bad for novels and romances—beaten the writers of the excitement school upon their own ground, by positively making their books more interesting? *Married and Single* is a book of this class; one that after a few pages are read, which are not particularly interesting, becomes engrossing, irresistible in its interest, not to be laid down till at least we know what will be the result of that long problem which Grace Herbert has had to solve—whether her better or her worse qualities would finally fix her destiny.

While the spirit that should rule over our domestic relations is thus nurtured, it is worthy of note how all the appliances are becoming more and more familiar to us. Foremost among these is Art; we do not here refer to it in its higher manifestations, but in its loving condescension to the wishes and wants and necessities of daily life. We have been lately reading Mr. Redgrave's *Report on the Present State of Design as applied to Manufactures*,‡ and have been struck with the evidences it affords, directly or indirectly, of the progress we are making in this direction. The *thoroughness*, to put in one word all we would say of this Report, is not merely an evidence of the profound knowledge of or love for the subject evinced by Mr. Red-

grave, or of the importance attached to it by the government which commissioned him to visit and study the late Paris Universal Exhibition, but of the persistent, however gradual, growth of tastes and habits in the people of France and England, which must, under intelligent guidance and efficient organisation—such, for instance, as the Schools of Design afford—lead sooner or later to a state of things when even the poor workman in his humble cottage shall have his eyes refreshed and instructed wherever they turn by graceful forms, harmonious colours, suggestions of fair scenes, noble men who have lived and struggled and borne, glorious actions which have illumined the path of history. These are the things that, habitually around us, must tend to mould our own, and still more our children's, characters, and that help to equalise, as regards some of the most precious of God's gifts, the otherwise unequal condition of men.

In this Report Mr. Redgrave, taking France mainly as the fittest country to illustrate his theme, shows how national tastes arise out of national habits, the advantages France gives to her people, by making its chief public buildings and its art-collections so universally accessible, and how and why national tastes are most likely to go astray. He also deals with the very first principles of the matter, in discussing the sources of style as developed in Greece and Rome, in mediæval art, and in the Renaissance; suggests what are the elements of style, and shows the influence upon it of scientific discoveries. The remarks on an ideal or realistic rendering of nature—on the difference between pictorial and ornamental art—the relations of use, utility, structure, material, to artistic adornment, are among the most interesting and valuable parts of the publication.

The aids to art-instruction in France and in England lead to a noticeable comparison, not very flattering to our self-love, and will, we trust, quicken the many influences at work to remove this scandal from us. These, and a great number of kindred topics, are illustrated by examples drawn from the manufactures of both countries. We cannot perhaps better illustrate Mr. Redgrave's general tone and particular treatment of this interesting subject than by a passage from his paper on "Carpets:"

"It has been held, by those who have best considered the subject, that a flat treatment should be observed for that which covers the ground we tread on; and that the imitation of mouldings in relief, or even the pictorial imitation of flowers, is improper in decorating such fabrics; while the representation of landscapes, sky, and water must be monstrous and out of place. Violent contrasts of form and colour have also been objected to as attracting the eye to the carpet, which should be entirely subordinate to the other furniture of the apartment. Therefore colour in rich low-toned masses, enlivened by abstract ornamental forms, or natural forms distributed equally over the surface, and subdued as to contrast, would appear to be the true law for the designer.

This is entirely in accordance with the decorative principles observed in those beautiful fabrics from India, which in the present, as well as in the former Exhibition, were the object of such universal admiration for the richness and propriety they displayed. But in France, it is quite evident that any principles are wholly disregarded, and that, in spite of difficulties of manufacture, and of inappropriateness when manufactured—regardless of the intrusive and showy character which is sure to result from the neglect of the law of subordination,—there is, on the contrary, in nine-tenths of the works exhibited, an effort to force the carpet into more than usual prominence, and to attract the eye to it by every possible strength of colour, boldness of relief, force of contrast, and extravagance in scale. In one work, a carpet woven in breadth, roses and poppies were measured two feet across the flower, which will serve to give some idea of the bold pretentiousness of such designs.

It must not be inferred that, when the imitative treatment of flowers is objected to, the objection is intended in any degree to extend to the use of the forms and colours of flowers in the decoration of these or other fabrics, but simply to the pictorial rendering instead of the ornamental treatment which is required. In a late discussion on this subject at the Society of Arts, an eloquent speaker advocated the natural and 'complete imitation of flowers,' and, in objecting to their conventional treatment as ornament, said, 'He knew a most respectable and long-established firm engaged in carpet manufacture on an extensive scale, which conducted its business on the opposite prin-

* *Abroad and at Home: Tales here and there.* By Miss PARDOE. London: Lambert and Co. 1857.

† *Married and Single.* By Miss SEDGWICK. The Author's Edition. London: Knight and Son.

‡ *Paris Universal Exhibition: Report on the Present State of Design as applied to Manufacture.* By Mr. REDGRAVE, R.A. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1857.

ciple. He referred to the firm whose head partners—the months of April and May—supplied a large part of the world with green carpets, in which floral design was largely introduced, and he believed generally to the satisfaction of the public.*

It might, however, be urged in reply, that the meadow-carpet of April and May would be but a dark and tangled maze for any but the rough foot of the labourer to tread did not art step in to render it truly a greensward carpet, to mow down its redundancy into the true velvet-pile of our shaven lawns, from out of which the buttercups and the daisies, as they spring up to spangle it with fair and goodly ornament, are as much displayed as the most rigid conventionalist would require; for the ornamental law goes no farther than to desire that the mode of representing the flower should be that which gives its truest form, its fairest colours unblotted by shade, and its most characteristic appearance,—that, indeed, which it ever turns to the warm sun and the spectator's eye as he looks down upon it. A treatment the more to be observed, that it permits of the easiest reproduction by the weaver's shuttle or the printer's block, while at the same time it also agrees with nature's great laws of growth and development."

We shall only add to this batch of new books a word or two on the new *Handbook for the Oratorios*,* which is indeed a miracle of cheapness. There is in No. I. the *Messiah* complete, arranged from Mozart's score by John Bishop of Cheltenham, beautifully printed in large octavo, containing two hundred pages, for two shillings. No. II. gives us Haydn's *Creation*, in the same style and price, and under the same direction.

THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A POPULAR AUTHOR.

By DR. DORAN.

Is the middle of the month of July 1757, and consequently just a hundred years ago, old Morgan, the oldest actor then alive in England, walked slowly into the Dunciad's Head, a dull-looking house in Paternoster Row. It was the residence of Griffiths the publisher; and that celebrated personage might be then seen in the parlour behind the shop, seated without his wig, while his wife wiped his head with a cotton handkerchief. In a closet beyond the parlour was visible a young man at a desk, busily engaged in writing. He was ill-dressed, awkwardly made, and coarse of feature. He had even a heavy stupid look, as he sat intent on his labour. It was only his side-face that could be seen; but as he now and then had occasion to turn full round to Mr. Griffiths in the parlour, or as he did so, from time to time, when some remark attracted his attention, there was an expression on his features and a light in his eye which seemed to give promise of no common man. Still, his slovenly, wearied, and plodding appearance was decidedly against him. As Morgan entered the parlour, the literary drudge,—for that was evidently his office,—blushed slightly; for Mrs. Griffiths, ceasing to polish the skull of her husband, looked sharply round, and with a voice sharper than her look, bade him "get on with the article in hand, and let her have it for approval and correction when finished." The young man did not answer, although he was evidently irritated. Around his mouth there was an expression as if he had swallowed vinegar. He sat for a moment biting the end of his pen as vigorously as the great Coligny, when in deep wrath or reflection, used to champ his toothpick. He smiled at last with mournful resignation; and then passing the not-very-clean sleeve of his poor coat over a rather begrimed face, he addressed himself to his toil, with a remark which sounded as if it had reference to the intense heat.

"Why don't you take off your coat," said Griffiths, "as I do?" But this suggestion only made the scribe button that vestment more closely round his throat. The vulgar wife of the bibliopole laughed vulgarly, and made an allusion to the person's linen, or the lack of it. The writer did not look up; but the very tips of his ears were scarlet, and he could be heard, lowly but distinctly, as though he were reading to himself rather than addressing others, uttering these words: "Ego cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile

appareret me, hâc notâ litteratum esse, quos odisse divites solent."

"My stars!" said Mrs. Griffiths; "is that a part of your review of Mr. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*?"

"No, madam," answered the young man, with a slight Irish accent; "it is a passage in Petronius Arbiter, a gentleman who was consul in Bithynia, and who also was an officer in the house of Nero, where he lived luxuriously, and died laughing." And the speaker sighed, as if he envied the destiny of the finest gentleman and the greatest scamp of those gay yet dangerous times.

"I dare say he was a lazy fellow," said Griffiths, at the same time signing to the young writer to go on with his vocation. "And now, Mr. Morgan," added he, turning to the old actor, "what news with you?"

"Well enough with me," said the hearty old man, whose memory went back to the days of Mrs. Aphra Behn, "but ill with Garrick, ill with Barry, ill with that exquisite hussey Bellamy, and worst of all with Mrs. Woffington."

"I hate both the women," exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, sinking into a low chair the while, and putting on an expression of very pretty horror. "But what ails them all?"

The young writer in the inner room looked round, for he was possessed with a taste for theatricals, and had at that moment in his pocket the draft of a tragedy, with fragments of scenes, the whole wrapped up in several sheets of Dublin ballads, of which he was also the author, and which, could they be recovered now, would probably prove to be as well worth reading as half the palimpsests found or forged by the clever Simonides.

"Why you see," said Morgan, "David is annoyed because he turned away Mr. Home's *Douglas*. Barry is annoyed because all the tavern-critics continue to laugh at him for dressing young Norval in a suit of white satin. Mrs. Bellamy is in distress because she could only play Almeria once throughout the whole of last season. And finally, poor Peg is ill for a score of reasons, some of which make Bellamy glad: she is ill because she produced so small an effect in *Lady Randolph*; because she produced even less in *Lothario* (at which two circumstances her rival dances with delight); and is dying at the thought that the shriek with which she finished *Rosalind* last May, when seized with her fit, is the last sound which the public will ever hear from her on the stage."

"All these susceptible ladies and gentlemen," remarked the bookseller, "may recover their healths and their tempers before next season begins. And that reminds me," he rejoined, looking into the inner room. "Pray, sir, where is your promised article on the Scotch parson's play?"

"Sir," said the pale writer, rising, and advancing to the door, "it is nearly finished. But it is not so easy to review a play as it is to read, digest, and judge a few quarto volumes of travels or biography. To enjoy and to judge poetry demands a mind akin to the poet's. Genius lights its flambeau at the skies; and mere men of earth must not be over-hasty in pronouncing upon the purity of the fire."

"O, stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, turning her fat back on the last speaker, and showing above her low dress, worn in summer-weather, a series of cupping-marks, that seemed to designate a patient with a tendency to the head of more blood than judgment. "You might as well say that it is more difficult to make a cribbage-peg than a walking-stick."

"Not so, madam," civilly rejoined the young man, standing in the doorway; "and yet you would find it more difficult to make a watch than a warming-pan."

"I never found it difficult to do any thing," said the lady, whose conceit was notorious.

"Except to write poetry, Polly," observed her husband.

"And why should I not write verses, if I tried?" asked the lady, rather more shrilly than usual. Her husband shook his head, smiled, and was silent. "I ask," she said, "why a woman, why I, should not write verses as well as any other rhymers?"

* London: Robert Cocks and Co.

Her flashing eye rested on the shabby young man in the doorway. And he, fancying himself peremptorily addressed, looked slightly embarrassed for an instant, and then replied:

"Indeed, madam, I believe only for this reason. Poetesses are generally indifferent housewives. Rhyme does not, in their case, always accord with reason." Having said which, he slowly returned to his work; while the lady looked at him with a puzzled expression, as if she could not very well make out whether he had intended to be caustic or complimentary.

"You doubtless fancy yourself," she said tartly, "as famous as the authors we have hired you to review."

He looked round, with a flush on his face made up of hope and conviction of present power to be worked to further ends. "Who knows?" he asked, not of them, but of himself. "Who knows?" he repeated; and old Morgan, looking in, and gazing at that strange face with interest, saw the tears in his eyes. "Who knows?" he asked for a third time. "There is something *there*," he added, placing his podgy finger on his pallid brow. "Patience. God does not let the tide run up to high-water in an instant. I can wait." And he resumed his task, with this final remark, murmured low to himself, "I can wait. The spring will yet bloom for me. I know that he who cuts the balsam in the winter gets no juice. I can wait; I can wait."

Morgan resumed his seat; and talking in a subdued voice to Griffiths, said: "That young fellow puzzles me. I could almost swear that he was an actor in Tinselrouge and Whytlight's itinerant company, with whom I was starring last year. Did you pick him up at Dunstable?"

"The gentleman is a physician," said Griffiths, with mock dignity; "a physician in reduced circumstances; that is, he was so when I found him. He is now a literary man, and has just finished his first article. Poor devil! he fancies he may purchase fame by his pen; but who will know any thing of him a hundred years to come, in 1857? He will no more be known then than he is now. And the droll creature is a physician too! Not many months since he was practising in Southwark. That patch which you see on his elbow was then a hole in his sleeve, which he dexterously hid from his patients by covering it with his hat. Things have improved with him since he has been in my service; for, as you see, his coat is mended. Where did I pick him up? O, at Dr. Milner's, at Peckham. I have a nephew at school there, where my reviewer was usher. He dined at table with us. Just fancy, an usher! But Milner declares his father was a gentleman; and that we should not demean ourselves by allowing him to eat with us. And I am not sorry for it, seeing that it was a remark of his which first induced me to believe that I should find in him a capital reviewer, at a very small cost."

"What was the remark?" asked the old player.

"Why, I and Milner had been talking of our mutual regard, when the usher said, 'Modern attachments are often maintained by the same bond which united the first twin-brothers, Jacob and Esau, of whom the one loved the other because he did eat of his venison.' Pretty, wasn't it?"

"Sharp, certainly," answered the actor; "but I should not have thought that you would altogether have admired it." He looked towards the room where sat the poor hireling, and saw very well that though he was not listening, he could hear perfectly all that was passing. There was a smile on his face that made it look beaming with intellect. Morgan was benevolently determined to sustain that smile; and he did so by asking the publisher if the usher had made any other remark that was 'pretty'?"

"O, ay," replied Griffiths. "His master and I were discussing the difference between ancient banquets with their guests, and modern feasts and those who are invited to them. Well, what do you think that dog said? 'Sir,' said he, 'it is the remark of Pliny, that the dinner-givers of his day always served up poppy-seed at dessert. So do many of the hosts of our own time, and long before dessert,—to

say nothing of the quantity taken to table by the diners-out.' Now, sir," added Griffiths, "that observation was made in the spirit of a reviewer not unworthy to be of the brotherhood of the *Whig-Monthly*. All that is wanted by him we supply. I make suggestions, and Mrs. Griffiths corrects his articles. She will add some beauties to his first article on Mallet."

"Does he like that?" whispered Morgan.

"O, bless you," exclaimed the publisher, "if the fellow were to grow obstinate against it, Polly would keep him to cold meat and potatoes four times a-week, and not much of either. If that were to fail, he may pack off to beggary again."

Morgan looked towards the worker, from whose face a smile was just fading. "Mr. What's-your-name," said he, with an impudent familiarity characteristic of the times, "allow me to congratulate you upon the auspices under which you have commenced your literary life. You are in this much like Midas, gifted, no doubt, in being able to turn all you touch into gold."

"I believe," said the poor scribe, "that I am much more like that royal personage in this respect, that touch what I may, I starve."

"Starve!" said Mrs. Griffiths, who piqued herself on her liberality; "starve, with above a pound a-week, bed and board!"

"Starve!" echoed her husband. "Sir, you lack truth, and want a contented mind. Sir, I fear you did not hear the last discourse of the Rev. Eli Synnamist, at St. Benet Fink. Sir, he told us that content is such a duty, that were a man to be cast into the bottomless pit, his first word on coming to himself should be, 'I am satisfied.'"

"Mr. Griffiths," said that gentleman's retainer, respectfully but firmly, "the Rev. Eli Synnamist is no guide for me to follow. You call him a shining light. Yes; he is like one of our roadside lights, which makes a little shining on earth, but leaves heaven all the darker. I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Synnamist is a hypocrite."

"A hypocrite!" shouted Griffiths, and screamed his wife; "he is white as driven snow."

"My dear madam," said the undaunted reviewer to the lady, who snorted off the compliment as if there was something nasty in it, "he reminds me of those sheep at the altars of the ancients, which were whitened with chalk, in order to imitate the purity of the beloved lambs of the gods, which were only to be found on the banks of the Clitumnus. Do you know, sir," he asked, turning to Griffiths, "that Mr. Synnamist edits a review which professes to be independent by purchasing every book it notices, and which condemns every work which is not supplied to it *gratis*?"

Griffiths was a knave; but his dirty ideas never reached to this heroic height of soaring rascality. He fairly screamed with indignation; and his wife heightened the din by a few notes peculiar to herself. Morgan added to the tumult; and it was at its very height, when a lady appeared at the door, whose coming appeased the uproar in an instant.

She was one of those bright creatures who can scarcely be described, and who defy criticism, except, of course, from a sister. If it be true that Lycurgus set up a graceful statue representing Laughter, and that he bade his Spartans worship the new goddess, this was the deity herself. Eye, lip, cheek, nay, as the poet says, her foot smiled. Praxiteles might have thought himself happy to have had her for a model. Had she been by when Paris had to give away the apple, it would not have fallen into the bosom of Helen. Semele was only a dairymaid in comparison with her; and, then, she wore a saucy look,—inexpressible, seductive, subduing, inimitable,—such as the son of Semele might have worn before he took to ferment his grapes and drink deeply of the liquor. The voice sounded sweet, silvery, and saucy too, as she said:

"Good folks, when your breath comes back, be kind enough to inform me if you have in the house a gentleman of the name of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith?" Before reply was

given, she had shaken hands with Morgan, tapped Mrs. Griffiths on the cheek, and after kissing her husband, clapped his wig on him wrong side before, and broke into melodious peals of laughter, in which every one present would have joined, had they not of one accord kept silent to listen to the silvery intonations of her own mirth.

"My dear Mrs. Bellamy," said Griffiths, "I am glad to find you well enough to be out. As to Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, there he stands; but may I be bold enough to ask what you want with my servant?"

"Don't be impertinent, Griffiths, nor use false terms. Mrs. Griffiths, you should teach your husband better manners. You can't? Don't I know it, my dear? Mr. Goldsmith, I have read the specimens you have sent me of your intended tragedy, and they will not do. Now don't look downhearted. I commend to you the maxim of our German trumpeter in the orchestra—'Time brings roses.'"

"Alas, madam," said Goldsmith timidly, "even if it be so, shall I ever reach them without pricking my fingers with the thorns?"

"Of course not! Why should you? Who does? As long as we can pluck the roses, never mind a scratch or two. Every body has a thorn. Even wealthy Griffiths here feels the smart of it. Who is Griffiths' thorn, eh, Mrs. Griffiths?"

"Madam," said that lady, who hated Mrs. Bellamy, "I hope she is not."

"I hope so, too, my dear," answered the actress; "and I did not say she was. I only asked a question. And, then, we have all got our pleasant little faults, which we must strive to amend—some day." (This was said with a saucy look.) "Have we any thing else that is objectionable, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"Well, madam," said Oliver, "I dare say we all have,—our vices, which we surrender, as *Lais* the courtesan did her mirror, when she grew old, and found no more pleasure in employing it. Our hopes, I trust, we may always retain. Do you bid me keep mine?"

"Bid you! Young man, there is stuff in you that shall make people talk of you centuries to come."

"And love me?"

"And love you. Some of us will be despised, and some forgotten, when you, sir, will be honoured; but you must not write tragedies. You have the most charming style possible, but no more suited to tragedy than my muslin slip to—to—to Titus Andronicus. What have you done besides making these attempts on stilts?"

"I have only written a trifle," said the author modestly. "It's my first article,—a review of Mr. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*."

Mrs. Bellamy made a comically wry face, shook her head, and then remarked, "I dare say it is as bad as your tragedy."

"Probably," replied the perplexed author.

"And perhaps not," good-naturedly exclaimed the actress.

"Will you come and take a dish of tea with a queen, and read this article to her majesty?"

"Queen!" cried the two Griffithses. "What queen? We have no queen since the demise of her most gracious majesty Queen Caroline. *He* take tea with a queen?"

"Ah, dear stupid old folks, Mr. Goldsmith has more wit than both of you; and old Morgan here, I see, knows of a queen in England not yet defunct. Now, sir," she added, "put your manuscript in your pocket, and come along."

She glanced rapidly at his coat, slightly curled her charming and ineffably impertinent nose; and then, with a "pshaw," and a stamp of her little foot, as if annoyed with herself, she exclaimed, "My chariot waits; let us go."

She swept through the shop like a graceful vision; and as Goldsmith, his hour for labour having expired, prepared to follow her, Griffiths put his hand on his sleeve, and asked with great simplicity, "Mr. Goldsmith, who is the queen you are going to take tea with, and to read to her your first article?"

"Queen Roxalana," said Goldsmith, with a smile.

"O," exclaimed the publisher and his wife, "the cha-

racter she plays in *Alexander the Great*! It is only herself."

"Only herself!" returned Goldsmith. "She, *herself*, is worth to me a throne-room full of queens. She has encouraged me with a hope of fame and the love of a generation to come. The promise is an inducement to labour, and I will endure much for the great recompense."

"Ah, sir, I see, from the company you keep, you will be a miserable writer of comedies, or some such trash. Sir, you will die in the Mint, and be forgotten a fortnight afterwards."

"I have faith in her promise, and in my own perseverance to make reality of it. This is 1757, and I have written nothing but an article for a review. Perhaps, in 1857, sovereigns may have my collected works in their libraries, and I may be affectionately known beyond the ocean. Perhaps—"

"Now, Mr. Goldsmith," called the sweet voice from the coach at the door.

"You are stark staring mad," said Griffiths; but remember, sir, I expect you here early to-night, and at work by nine to-morrow. There is the article on *Douglas* to be concluded, and a second is to follow on Mr. Jonas Hanway's book; and I fear that this rantipole company will unfit you for steady labour."

"Cease to fear it, sir. What I have undertaken to perform shall be accomplished;" and he hurried off to the impatient sovereign lady in the glittering vehicle at the door. She kissed the tips of her rosy fingers to the trio who had followed Goldsmith to the threshold; and many a queen would have given her ears—or, at least, her earrings—to have looked half so imperiously and saucily handsome.

"Humph," said Griffiths, as the carriage drove off with its well-contrasted freight, "Beauty and the Beast."

"Beauty!" cried his lady; "why she's crooked! They look like what they are—an impudent hussey and a mastiff puppy. What do you say, Mr. Morgan?"

"Well, I was going to say, Hebe and Hercules; but I would rather call them Intellectual and Material Beauty."

"Good gracious," cried Mrs. Griffiths, "what nonsense! Mrs. Bellamy, I tell you, is crooked; and Goldsmith is ninny enough to think people will talk of him in 1857. I really shall die of laughing. Dr. Hawsworth may be the darling of ages to come; but a half-starved drudge like Oliver Goldsmith—Pshaw!"

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

AT ROME DO AS ROME DOES. "Wherever you are, do as you see done" (Spanish),—*Por donde fueres, haz como vieres*.—A very terse German proverb, *Ländlich, settlich*, which can only be paraphrased in English, means that what is customary in any country is proper there; or, as we might say, "After the land's manner is mannerly." The Livonians say, "In the land of the naked, people are ashamed of clothes." "So many countries, so many customs" (French),—*Tant de gens, tant de guises*. In a Palais-Royal farce, a captain's wife is deploring her husband, who has been eaten by the Caffres. Her servant consoles her with *Mais, madame, que voulez-vous? Chaque peuple a ses usages*,—"Well, well, madam, after all, you know every people has its own manners and customs."

SMOOTH WATERS RUN DEEP, OR "Still waters are deep" (Dutch),—*Stille waters hebben diepe gronden*.—As still waters are not running waters, the title of a favourite play at the Olympic, *Still Waters run deep*, is a little absurd. "There is no worse water than that which sleeps" (French),—*Il n'y a pire eau que l'eau qui dort*; i. e. there is none more dangerous. These proverbs have descended to us from the ancients. We read in Quintus Curtius (lib. vii.) that it was a saying among the Bactrians, "The deepest rivers flow with the least sound,"—*Altissima flumina minimo sono labuntur*.

W. K. KELLY.

FAMILY COIN-CABINET.

SIEGE-PIECES.

So great is the increase of popular taste for matters of antiquity since the formation of our various archæological institutes and associations, both local and metropolitan, that few houses are without some collection or other connected with antiquarian pursuits. My appearance among my friends, even for a short morning-visit, is generally the signal for the production of the box of old coins,—the hobby of some member of the family,—and in my character of numismatist, to which I have but slight title, I am called upon to name and "tell all about" certain acquisitions added to the store since my last visit.

On a recent occasion, a silver-piece, of rude workmanship, was shown to me by an enthusiastic young tyro, who hoped that its rudeness, and apparently unintelligible inscription, might prove to be indications of high antiquity and great rarity. He fancied that it might belong even to a period near that of those first specimens of coined money which I had recently described to him.

The form of the piece was that of an irregular circle, and a line of raised purling, intended to extend all round the coin, was only successfully placed on the face of the metal on one side. On the reverse were the letters O·B·S·C·A·R·L· and the numerals 1·6·4·5, with a small star above and below the inscription. On the obverse, the principal device was a rudely executed crown, under which were the letters C·R· placed between three dots, and separated by two; while beneath were the Roman numerals XII. (See figs. 1, 2.)

My young friend thought these cabalistic signs mysterious enough, and was at first incredulous when I pointed out that the 1645 on the obverse was evidently enough the date, and wondered at his not perceiving it, young numismatist as he was. Its vast antiquity was thus very obviously reduced to the comparatively short space of two hundred years. But, then, it was asked, how account for the rudeness of workmanship? That too was easily accounted for. It was a siege-piece; a specimen of that "money of necessity," as it has been termed, which princes and their deputies have occasionally struck in times of difficulty, during the vicissitudes of war, or when besieged for a lengthened period in some beleaguered town.

The piece in question was one of those struck by the unfortunate Charles I. during the civil war. The O·B·S on the reverse, to any one but slightly acquainted with the curiosities of the British coinage, is merely an abbreviation of the Latin word *obsessa*, that is, "besieged;" and the mysterious C·A·R·L· resolves itself into a similar curtailment of the name of the city of Carlisle, which was besieged by the republican forces, as the date records, in the year 1645. Beneath the crown on the obverse, are the initials of the name and title of the king; and the seemingly unintelligible numeral XII. simply and plainly denotes the value of the piece, that is, twelve-pence, or one shilling.

A great variety of pieces of a similar character were struck by this unfortunate prince or his adherents; many of them much more rude than the present, as the proper means of even decent mintage were seldom available on



such occasions. The money struck in the king's name, about the same time, by the Lords of the Council in Dublin Castle consisted of rough pieces of metal, stamped with numerals denoting their weight, those of 3 dwt. 21 grs. being the most common; and they had no other device or legend. Others, however, struck after the king's consent had been obtained, bore a roughly executed device of the crown, and C·R.

The best known siege-pieces of this reign are those of Newark. They are lozenge-shaped, and, comparatively speaking, well-finished, bearing the inscription OBS·NEWARK· 1645 on the reverse; and for the obverse, the same device as that on fig. 2. There are many interesting anecdotes connected with the siege-pieces struck by Charles or his adherents during the sieges of castles, and even private

mansions; but space will not allow me to dilate upon them at present. It will be more profitable to describe briefly a few specimens of the siege-money of other countries.

At a time when a new interest has been added to the great struggle which preceded the foundation of the Dutch republic by Prescott's brilliant *Life of Philip II.*, and Mr. Motley's remarkable history of the gallant struggle for independence, headed by William the Silent, specimens of some of the money of necessity, then issued in various parts of that country, would be very interesting. I have, however, only room for one,—that of the coinage issued by the people of Campen, under pressure from the Spanish troops that held the place against the Dutch commander, Count Nunningberg. The wealth of the inhabitants had been entirely exhausted in forced subsidies, when a further supply was demanded, which the oppressed burghers furnished by coining their jewels and other articles of gold and silver. The rude pieces then produced bear the date 1578, and the name of the place, CAMPEN, with a legend expressing the extremity to which they were reduced, EXTREMVM SVBSIDIVM. (See fig. 3.)

The next engraving, fig. 4, is a copy of one of the pieces of hastily-struck money issued during the famous siege of Vienna by the Turks. It bears on the obverse the portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand, and on the reverse the arms of Austria. The piece under description is gold; but others of silver, and also of lead, were issued at the same time. Some of the leaden ones bear the German inscription, TVRK BELEGERT WIEN, in allusion to the siege of the city by the Turks.

Among pieces of obsessional, or siege, money issued by private individuals, that coined from the private plate of Marshal Turenne is remarkable. One of these pieces will be found engraved above, fig. 5. It is stamped with the royal *fleur-de-lis* of France, and bears the legend, POVR 30 SOLS DE LA VAISSELLE DV MAR. DE TVRENNE ASSIEGEANT ST VENANT 1667; in allusion to the patriotic devotion of the renowned soldier, who coined his own private plate to pay the ill-supplied troops, rather than abandon the siege of St. Venant just as it was about to fall into his power. These pieces are much sought after by French collectors.

H. N. H.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XV.

PAINTED BY JOHN GILBERT.

SHAKSPERE.

2 SE 57

SHAKSPERE.

By JOHN GILBERT.

Does it not seem, if we pause a moment to consider it freshly, a wondrous thing,—this incessant reproduction of new editions of Shakspeare that the papers tell us of,—this continual enlistment of mind after mind, eager to throw new light on all that is doubtful in his meaning, or to make us feel more vividly the genius which we already so deeply venerate in his works?

Within the last few years we have had (to enumerate expensive publications only) Mr. Payne Collier's handsome and scholarly edition, the one illustrated by Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. C. Knight's Pictorial, branching out into we know not how many other forms, Mr. Singer's, and lastly, Mr. Halliwell has one now in course of issue at an almost fabulous price, and of which only some one hundred and fifty copies, we think, are printed. Of all these, we hold Mr. Knight's as beyond comparison the best. To labour sufficient to exhaust the learning of the subject he adds the poetical feeling and insight that can alone guide Shaksperian commentators through the difficulties and responsibilities of the task. Even Mr. Knight's complete edition of the poet might, we think, be improved by a freer use of the corrections of the folio discovered a few years since by Mr. Collier, and which is now so widely known. In the text itself, or in notes, an immense number of these corrections appear to us to be worthy of embodiment.

Messrs. Routledge's new edition has the advantage of coming into the field after all these numerous, and for the most part able, labourers have increased, by their independent activities, the common wealth of Shaksperian knowledge and speculation. It is edited by Mr. Howard Staunton, who has won his spurs in a very different field,—that of the chess-board,—but who has long been known as an earnest and accomplished student of the poet. To collect and compare other men's views, rather than to aim at putting forth original ones of his own, and to publish a text corrected by all existing knowledge, rather than one lighted up by brilliant flashes of adventurous supposition, appear to be Mr. Staunton's views; probably all that the nature of the case admits of. We may note, in passing, that Mr. Staunton adheres to the old form of spelling the name *Shakespeare*. We prefer *Shakspeare*, believing it—with Mr. Knight—to be the correct one.

It will be seen from the preceding observations that the publishers' desire is to produce, not so much a literary as a pictorial edition of the poet; we may say, therefore, in few words, Mr. Gilbert is the tutelary genius of the work, and he is its sole artistic illustrator. When a man is really able to grapple with his author—to sympathise with him in all his moods—there can be no doubt the result is infinitely better, because more harmonious, than when various minds contribute to the same end. Mr. Harvey's illustrated *Arabian Nights* was a case in point. Never, perhaps, was there a book issued from the press so full of all that can realise to the eye the romance of Eastern life. We can as yet only judge Mr. Gilbert's *Shakspeare* by a few parts; and subsequent issues may modify our impressions. But we incline to think he will give us an edition of the poet where any one may look from the text to the illustrations with a fair chance of being delighted with the embodiment of the poet, and of whom we can say, This is Shaksperian. No higher praise can be desired. Of course we do not intend to say this of all the designs; some are better than others; doubtless we could even point out some we do not like at all; but on the whole, we think Mr. Gilbert may be congratulated on the achievement of a new success, where each fresh attempt becomes more and more difficult.

In all labours of love it will be found that men improve as they advance. Other incentives soon die under the inevitable wear and tear of production; but this naturally increases by what it feeds on. Tested by this standard,

Mr. Gilbert's work clearly springs from the right motive. In the three parts last published the eye pauses more frequently than in any of the preceding ones to dwell on noble groupings, delicious effects of light and shade, rich traits of humour, and vigorous revelations of character. Mr. Gilbert's poetical genius, for instance, nowhere shines out more strongly than in his designs for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the elves are full of fun, frolic, and ugliness,—not unpleasing, because not vulgar or commonplace,—and where Bottom rules in all his asinine glory. One gem we must individually refer to,—the moonlight meeting in the fields, under the shade of a wood, of Bottom and his fellow-actors to rehearse their play.

The picture from which our engraving is taken was painted some years ago; and we are not aware that it is intended to reproduce it in the new edition. But it is, we think, the very noblest production of the artist. He has here combined in one grand tableau the whole of the more important characters of the plays. In these few square inches of space he has managed to individualise all those wondrous creations who are ever moving about before the intellectual eye, no matter what may be its other occupations: a word—a phrase—will spring up even in the driest business haunts and hours that belong to him, and revive his spells over us. We shall not be guilty of the impertinence of offering help to our readers in following out the artist's thoughts, and identifying the characters represented: there can be no mistaking either. But we should like to draw attention to the consummate art with which the whole is reduced into pictorial order, beauty, and grandeur, leaving behind not a trace of incongruity, such as must have appeared from such material in any less skilful hands.

A DAY'S SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY.

It was a clear bracing morning, in the latter end of February, about seven o'clock, when my good friend Mr. H—, as previously arranged, drove up to the front door of my quiet and rural manse, that he might take me with him to enjoy a day's fishing on the Tay. Hastily finishing the toilet in which I was engaged, and seizing my rods and other equipments, I descended to the dining-room, and attacked with vigour the breakfast which had been prepared for me, while my friend, as he warmed himself before the fire, discussed the promising nature of the morning, and the probabilities of success in our sport.

In a few minutes our rods, landing-nets, clips, and all other requisite tackle, were safely packed on the dog-cart, and we started for the scene of operations.

We had a drive of ten or twelve miles through a rich and varied country. As we ascended the Sidlaw hills, which separate the fertile Carse of Gowrie from Strathmore, the view which opened upon us was beautiful in the extreme. The sun, surrounded with glorious cumuli of crimson-coloured clouds, had just risen over the hills of Fife, the ruby and golden-coloured light of which reflected from the broad estuary of the Tay made that noble river seem one living mass of molten gold. The craft upon its surface assumed a deep purple hue, and were seen even at the distance of three or four miles with the utmost sharpness and clearness. The splendid champaign country which constitutes the Carse of Gowrie, and which stretches from the vicinity of Dundee to the gates of Perth,—a distance of twenty miles,—lay beneath us in all its tranquil loveliness, its level surface finely variegated and broken by the castles and richly wooded parks of the nobility and gentry. As we continued to ascend we began to enter the mist, which in the early morning still enveloped the upper country. Wrapping our plaids around us to defend ourselves from the close, cold, and foggy atmosphere, we whirled rapidly onward; nothing being seen but an occasional cottage by the wayside, or a labourer plodding along to his daily toil. Having driven three or four miles, the mist began to arise in grand and curling masses,

and speedily the last wreath of it took its departure from the lofty peak of the King's Seat, leaving us an uninterrupted view of the wild country, into which we had now penetrated.

We were in the bottom of a valley, with a lofty and precipitous range of hills on the right, and undulating and wooded hills on the left. We had reached a well-known point on the road called "The Long Man's Grave." It consists of a huge boulder of trap-rock, about ten feet in length by three feet in breadth, and eighteen inches in thickness, and bears a rude resemblance to the flat gravestones common in Scottish churchyards. It lies at right angles to the road, with a dry stone dike or wall built across it. Popular tradition has made it the burial-place of the odious usurper Macbeth, simply in consequence of its vicinity to his castle. Veracious history, however, declares it the last resting-place of a tall highlander, who fell in a clan-fight in the great annual fair which used to be held at this place, but which has been for nearly a century removed to Falkirk. As we ascended a gentle eminence on the road, the far-famed hill of Dunsinane came in sight. Apart from the associations with which the genius of Shakspeare has surrounded it, by his inimitable tragedy of *Macbeth*, it is a hill which would at once attract the traveller's notice. It is entirely detached from the range of hills in which it stands by a deep gorge, or gully, on either side, and is of the form of a nearly regular cone. The hills on either side are superior in height, and their summits are covered with heather and furze; while Dunsinane is clad almost to the base with a smooth and thick sward of beautiful grass. In the gorge, which separates it from the hill to the east, in the precipitous face of the cliff, there is a striking profile of the late Duke of Wellington, formed by the different masses of trap,—a suitable monument of nature's own rearing to that illustrious man. On the summit of the hill the remains of "Great Dunsinane" have been recently excavated by the spirited proprietor. The walls laid bare showed that the fortifications, though of considerable extent, could only have been of the rudest and most primitive kind. They were composed of undressed blocks, which had been formed, without cement or mortar, into a curtain, which entirely surrounded the elliptical platform which constitutes the apex of the hill. From the quantity of charcoal found among the ruins, the fortification, or castle, seems to have been chiefly composed of wood. No remains of any special interest were found during the excavations. The view from the summit of the hill is exceedingly fine. Birnam Hill, from which the invading army marched bearing the prophetic branches, is seen distinctly at the distance of ten or twelve miles. It is a spur of the great Grampian range, which, like a gigantic wall, intersects the island. Strathmore, or the great Strath, is seen stretching from Sheriff-Muir, where

"A chield lost his faither and his mither,
And a gude braid bannet worth them baith,"

onward to the eastern coast, a distance of at least sixty miles. We drove onward through the battle-ground on which the youthful Malcolm, by the help of the English prince, and that of his faithful nobles, regained his kingdom, and the vengeful sword of Macduff made the odious usurper bite the dust; and, after half-an-hour's drive through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, reached the portion of the Tay where our piscatory operations were to be undertaken.

As we drove down the approach to the quaint old mansion-house, under the battlements of which our boatmen were appointed to meet us, we caught a glimpse of a reach in the noble river, and, to our delight, saw that it was in capital condition for our sport.

How picturesque and beautiful the old castle, into the courtyard of which we now rattled! How trim and neat its quaint old garden, with its tall cypresses and yews! What a fine aristocratic air in the old house, with its high stepped gables, and its little turrets, and its old-fashioned

windows! Its little chapel in the inner court, and the grand old trees around, impressed one with a feeling of solemnity, and made the echoing footsteps of my companion and myself sound harsh and dissonant. The site of the mansion has been chosen by the ancient architect with consummate skill. It is perched on the top of a precipitous bank, by the side of a deep gorge, through which runs a little brawling stream, and at a bend in the river; so that from its windows the broad and sweeping Tay, with its finely wooded banks, can be seen for more than a couple of miles.

Issuing from the castle by a small postern gate, we descended by a winding path to the brink of the river, and found our boatmen awaiting us. A council of war against the salmon having been held, it was determined to begin about a mile above the point where we now were, in order that we might fish downward. Depositing our heavier traps in the boat, and each taking a rod in our hand, my companion and myself walked by a beautiful path among trees and shrubs to our station, in order that we might have a few casts while the men were towing the boat up the rapid stream. The rods were speedily mounted, the lines quickly run through the ample rings, or *mylies*, the cast-lines affixed, and the most tempting hooks attached. A few initiatory swirls and casts to see that all was right gone through, when the hooks were delicately deposited on different parts of the deep and eddying pool before us; but, notwithstanding the delicacy of the casts, and the fact that the one hook was a "black dog" of Mrs. Hogg's own manufacture, and the other a "wasp" of the right mottling and colour, nothing arose. Again and again the supple rods bent, and the whizzing line was stretched far across the stream, depositing the hooks over the spots where the lordly fish were lying; but "the monarch of the tide," as Smollet designates the noble fish, as yet, would not be enticed. Stepping upon a ledge of rocks which projected a little way into the river, my companion, by a dexterous cast, made his hook alight on the farthest edge of the broken water. In an instant whirr went his line, and up went his rod; with one dash the hooked fish ran completely across the river, and leaped a couple of feet from its surface, discovering his clear and silvery side to our enraptured gaze. From the run and the glance we were persuaded it was a clean fish, and therefore prepared ourselves for a protracted contest. The salmon rapidly recrossed the river, and my companion as quickly as possible regained his line. Feeling himself encumbered, the fish appeared to lie sullenly at the bottom, till another twitch made him take another dash up the stream. The distance run was, however, much shorter, and again he sullenly laid himself upon the ground, resisting the steady strain which was kept upon him. Again a sudden twitch from the line set him in motion; but now he seemed to feel it necessary to husband his strength. Still the remorseless hook continued to goad; and the now wearied fish began to sink and rise alternately, without moving much from the spot where he had lain down, seeming to hold his ground chiefly by presenting his side to the action of the stream. The struggle lasted for a few minutes; but the steady strain from the elastic rod at length overcame the exhausted muscular energy of the sickening fish, and he was gradually drawn towards the shore. As we were without a clip (which is a large steel hook fastened to the end of a stout handle about three feet long, for striking the fish) or landing-net, I prepared myself to get, so soon as it should touch the beach, between the fish and the river, and pitch it high and dry. As it neared the shore, we saw it was a beautiful fish of twenty pounds weight. In my eagerness I moved too soon; when the salmon, catching a sight of his enemy, suddenly turned, and made a last despairing rush into the river for life and liberty. But it was all in vain; the steady strain again brought him rolling and twisting feebly to the same spot, and he was at length pitched a couple of yards from the river upon the grassy bank. And so we killed our first fish.

On the arrival of the boatmen with the boat, we rigged out

another couple of rods, having resolved to "harl" the water. It may be necessary to explain to those not initiated into the mysteries of angling, that "harling" is a peculiar method of fishing a large stream. It is thus accomplished: three or four rods are projected over the stern of the boat, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. About fifteen or twenty yards of line are allowed to depend from the points of the rods, with the hooks or minnows attached. The boat is then rowed from side to side of the stream, allowing it at each crossing to drop a little with the current. Great skill and judgment are necessary in working the boat, so as to make the hooks play properly as they cross the best parts of the stream. The anglers sit with the butts of the rods at their feet, and their faces to the hooks, ready, on the striking of a fish, to seize the rod and work it. Our boatmen were thoroughly acquainted with their work, one of them having fished the river almost daily for upwards of half a century. Old Willie knew well every pool and eddy and head where there was the slightest prospect of a fish. The day was beautiful, the river in splendid condition; so we began with every prospect of success. It is necessary, however, to remark, that in the month of February, although there is plenty of fish in the rivers frequented by the salmon, comparatively few are clean; the great majority are what are called in this district *kelts* or *kippers*, the former being the female fish, which, having spawned in the upper part of the river, are on their return to the sea. From having been so long in the river, they are generally in a lean and miserable condition, their flesh being white and unpalatable, while their gills are filled with worms. The latter are the male fish, which, having shed their milt, are also on their way to the ocean. Their condition is generally a little better than that of the female fish.

Having fished a considerable time without any success, we approached a head, on which the water was somewhat troubled, when the point of one of my rods was suddenly bent, and the line dragged outward with considerable velocity. A fish had struck, and I was in great excitement; but Old Willie's practised eye at once detected his genus, and his judgment considerably damped my expectations. "Only a yellow trout, sir," exclaimed he. The slowness of the strain upon my tackle convinced me that Old Willie was correct; so the trout, struggling and spluttering, was hauled in by main force. It was a trout, in tolerable condition, of a couple of pounds weight.

The tackle being again put right, we zigzagged down the noble stream, admiring its steep and beautifully wooded banks, amid the tall deciduous trees of which the wood-pigeons were cooing and fluttering from tree to tree, scarcely disturbed by our proximity. Whirr went the reels of a couple of rods almost at the same instant, and we sprang to our feet, elevating at the same time our rods, which were bending as if they would snap with the strain. After the first run, my companion and myself were put on shore, that we might work our fish from the bank, the only alternative in such a case, as the one fish might seek up the river, while the other might make downward, when of course the boat could be of use to neither fisher. A certain tugging of the line made me suspicious of the character of my fish; and in a little time his large fins and dun and yellow back, as he rose lazily above the surface, made the matter certain. It was a *kelt*, beyond all doubt; so putting on as heavy a strain as my tackle would endure, he was dragged to the edge and netted. As Old Willie extricated the hook, and denuded him of his dorsal fin, he pronounced him "the poorest brute" he had seen. Being thrown into the river, he glided lazily into his native depths, to find his way to the great feeding-ground in the German Ocean, and to return in prime condition in a few months, and show better fight the next time he encounters a hook. My companion was obliged to follow his fish a considerable way down the river, but at length secured him, and found to his chagrin he also was a *kelt*. Again we were afloat, and speedily had fish attached. But it would

far exceed our limits to relate all our adventures and misadventures during that long and pleasant day. We had abundance of exciting sport; and when, in the dusk of the evening, we landed under the battlements of the old place, we found we had taken eighteen *kelts*, which of course were turned into the river, besides having a run with six or eight which had broken away from us, carrying with them some excellent cast-lines, and sundry precious hooks; but what was best of all, we had each secured a clean fish, the one weighing twenty and the other twelve pounds.

Thanking our men for their excellent conduct of affairs, and handing over to them the residue of the flask, we ascended with our spoil and apparatus to the old castle, found the horse quite fresh after his long rest and his corn, and drove home by the gentle light of the lady-moon.

THE WICKED OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

A CHILD'S STORY.

A FROWNING fortress, and two or three narrow streets gathered into its shadow; a moated castle, cold and cruel, and a few miserable huts clustered around it,—these were the towns and villages of England in the days we tell of. Many people went into the woods. They were not more comfortless there than in their wretched dwellings; and if the rain dripped on them from the green boughs, it was at least bright and clean as it fell from heaven, and they had there the soft sunshine and the pure light that never entered their dark homes.

Some went into the woods from love to God, and some from hate to man. These last, perhaps, were men who found themselves grasped in the coils of some strong injustice, from which there was no other escape save this. It was hard to lose an eye or a hand because a cruel lord was angry, or a sour priest offended; better be in the woods a sound man, than rest in the town a maimed one.

So in the forest lived these two, the outlaw and the hermit; but the wicked old woman was neither of these. The hermit crossed himself when he met her, and the outlaws cursed her as she passed.

There was a beautiful wood in Devonshire, far enough from the sea to be sheltered from its gales, and near enough to give glimpses of its blue waters between the leafy glades and green arches of the forest. It was here the wicked old woman lived, in a little natural grotto formed by an overhanging rock of dusky Devonshire marble. A stream, like a silver thread, ran along at its base; glancing and leaping from rock to rock, it seemed to play and sing as it went on its way to the blue sea.

The little wicked old woman never looked at it, save when she wanted water for her breakfast or her supper. And though the rock, her dwelling, was clustered with wild roses, and the tendrils of the honeysuckle hung down before the entrance, she never heeded them, save to thrust them aside with a curse for strewing her path or obstructing her way.

She had long hands, bony and unearthly to look at. They never did any gentle or kind office for human being, those hands. She dug up roots with them out of the earth. Every day, with her long nails and a rusty bit of iron, she might be seen digging wearily into the hard ground, searching for roots.

There were thousands of violets in the wood, and she often knelt on them, or trampled rudely on the delicate white and purple flowers in her weary diggings into the stony ground; but she never gathered one, nor felt her heart grow tender at the sight of them.

The birds sang in vain for her. She snared them when she could; and when she could not, she cursed them. In the spring, when the soft green leaves came out on the trees, she only thought of the time when they would be lying dead and withered on the ground, and she could gather them up to make a dry bed for herself.

It was beautiful in the summer-time to wander in that wood, when the air was filled with summer whisperings, and every leaf was fluttering with life, and between the tall trees came glimpses of the still sea, glittering in the sunshine or calmly blue in the shadow of the sky.

In the winter-time,—when the slender grass was bent by the hoar-frost, or the boughs laden with white snow were glistening and sparkling in the faint sun, and the sullen dash of the angry sea as it lashed the distant shore mingled with the wistful sound of the dead leaves as the wind scattered them in the path,—the wood was beautiful still.

But it was all nothing to the wicked old woman. With her long bony hands she clutched at the winter-berries, or dug after roots, and gathered up broken sticks for her fire. She snared the little singing-birds, and the timid hare and rabbit. She took all the blessings the wood gave, and never rendered it back a thankful word or a happy look.

There is a *why* for every wickedness; but it would be too long to tell the story of her outraged life. The sorrow God sends softens, but the misery man makes hardens the heart. The mother from whom God has taken little children cannot be wicked, for she knows there are angels in heaven waiting for her. The daughter who has knelt by her mother's deathbed, and heard her last prayer, and received her last blessing, cannot be wicked; for she would not grieve the spirit of the blessed.

The wicked old woman had never known her mother, nor nursed a child on her knee. Throughout her long life there was no happiness to look back upon the memory of which might soften her; no love, no tenderness, she had clung to whose remembrance now could bring tears into her withered eyes. All was injustice, wrong, and misery. God had pity on her, man had none.

One day she sat rocking herself to and fro at the entrance of her cave, her long black hair streaming over her face, and her dark eyes looking fierce and glaring, as she sat there in the deep shadow of the overhanging rock. The little stream rippled calmly at her feet, trickling over the pebbles with a gentle sound, that seemed to tell of summer gladness, and the long tendrils of the woodbine waved above her, mingled with the clustering June roses.

She rocked herself to and fro, her withered eyes watching the motions of a dead leaf—dead even in summer—that the idle wind was whirling over the quiet brook.

Suddenly a shadow fell into the clear water, just where the leaf was about to drop. It was a little child, with white robe torn with thorns, and feet bare and bleeding from his weary wanderings.

Standing by the brook-side, he bathed one tired foot in the stream, and watched smilingly the pure water rippling over it.

The old woman started up, and with fierce and angry gesture heaped curses on the child, whose blue eyes gazed on her wonderingly and full of pity.

"You shall not bathe your feet in that stream," she screamed. "It is mine."

"It is God's," said the little one.

The answer angered her into madness. Darting back into her cave, she seized a burning brand from the fire, and rushed upon the child with murder in her words and looks. With one bony wicked hand she clutched him by his golden curls, and with the other raised the brand high in the air to strike; but at that instant the sun parted the clouds in the sky, beams of glory came down from heaven, and formed a halo round the golden head, soft wings rustled over him, his white robe descended to his feet in glittering brightness,—an angel stood before her.

The old woman fell on her face, expecting instant death; but, instead of that, a gentle hand was laid upon her head, and a voice like the sound of lingering distant music said, "Fear not."

She knew the angel was gone, because the shadow of his glory had faded away from the brook, and the waters mirrored now only the gray fleecy clouds of the summer sky.

Still she lay there on the earth till the night breeze blew chilly over her, and the stars came out one by one; then she rose slowly, and went into her cave.

No one saw her for a fortnight, and then the hermit met her. She had a bunch of roses in her hand, and her face was very pale. He asked her if she had been ill.

She answered, "No;" but she had been wrestling with an evil spirit.

To the outlaws she gave the same reply, and they believed her literally; but the hermit knew she meant herself.

It was only a short time after this she saw the child again.

He bathed his bleeding foot in the stream, and watched it smilingly, as she had seen him do before. Trembling and wondering, she looked on, till his blue eyes turned on her inquiringly, and his little hand raised in the air beckoned, "Come hither."

With faltering step she came, and, falling on her knees, whispered:

"Are you an angel?"

"I do not understand you, good woman," replied the child.

She started up, and burst into tears. He had answered her in the language of her childhood, the language she had not heard for fifty weary years, since she was a girl of twelve, and was stolen away from her French home by English pirates.

Yes, it was the old French tongue, forgotten now in France itself.

But it was not forgotten then by her. In the deep recesses of her heart it lay like a shrined treasure, the sole thing till now she had worshipped.

She flung her arms around the child, for she saw he was no angel, and in his own tongue implored him to speak again.

It was nearly her own story he told. A French and English ship had met, and fought fiercely. The French ship was taken, and the innocent child was the only creature allowed to live. The sailors had landed that day for water, and he, wandering away from them, had lost himself in the wood.

The ship was his home, and, in artless words, he asked her to take him back to it.

He was from her own country, he spoke her own tongue, and she had seen him come before to her dwelling as an angel; no wonder she was unwilling to let him go, and gazed wistfully at the sea, as, carrying him in her arms, she journeyed towards it.

The beach lay five weary miles off; but she said nothing, though the child was heavy and the way was long. And it was with a joyful heart she pointed to the white sail far out at sea, and thanked the Providence that made the child her own.

She comforted him as he wept for the loss of his rough home; and, with his little arms around her neck, and his soft face pressed against her withered cheek, she turned back to the wood. But not to go straight home; many a mile she went out of her way to beg for milk and bread for her new charge.

The rough peasants gave it willingly, with wondering eyes gazing at the child's beauty and the changed look in the old woman's face.

The sun was sinking when she laid him on the bed of leaves in her cave, and busied herself to make a fire to warm his bread-and-milk. She sat rocking herself to and fro, watching him as he ate, while he prattled to her in her own tongue, till the tears swelled into her eyes, and trickling one by one over the withered cheeks, fell slowly into the fire.

The child seeing that, put down his porringer, and asked, softly:

"Was your father killed at sea, granny?"

"No, my child."

"Did the sailors take you away?"

"Yes, my child," said the old woman, her lip shaking.

"Were you a little child like me?"

"I was a bigger child than you, woe is me," said the old woman. There was agony in her voice.

The child looked at her with earnest eyes, and then slid his little hand softly into hers.

"Granny," said he, "we will forget it together."

When she felt the clasp of those tiny fingers, soft and warm, holding her bony wicked hand, she trembled, and cried, that "God was too good to her, wicked as she had been all her life."

Then the child, to comfort her, smoothed her cheek with his hand, and whispered:

"You'll be good now, granny, and God will forgive you."

He knew not what wickedness was, and he had no loathing for her sin, her age, or her withered ugliness; tender and caressing, and forgiving to all, like the angel by the stream who had laid his hand upon her head.

Whispering to her that he would have her for a mother, because his own mother was now so far away, he climbed on her knee, showing her his swelled foot, and asking her to "make it well."

Carefully she bathed and bandaged it; and then taking him in her arms again, he talked of the sea-fight and his dead father in a sad tone; but then, remembering his little sister at home, and the rabbit she had promised to tend in his absence, he laughed again, and said, "He would soon go back to France to see her, and take old granny with him."

Thus talking, he fell asleep; and she laid him gently on the bed of leaves, and watched him as he slept.

The moonlight, as it glanced in between the honeysuckle branches, made the child look pale, and then she gazed at him, sighing; but the red fire, as it rose and fell on the rude hearth, lent a ruddy glow to his fair cheek, and then she smiled.

* * * * *

All that summer-time the child and the old woman went hand in hand through the wood. He soon got to know where the birds sang the merriest, where the flowers grew the brightest; and he laughed joyfully as he made the old woman reach him the highest branches of honeysuckle and the wild clematis that hung from the trees. They took home such bunches of flowers every night that the cavern was strewn with them. And in remembrance of the French rabbit, he soon had a little English one, for whom the old woman never forgot to gather the fresh leaves it liked.

By her own labour, too, in collecting wood for the peasants and herbs for the sick, she earned enough to buy a goat; and all the milk was for the child. The coarsest food had served for her; but now she made a rude oven in the rock to bake him better bread than the peasants could give. And she spun and knitted for him for hours, as he played on the sands, and she sat on the rocks near him. The beach was his favourite spot, and the five miles were nothing to her when she carried him.

And so the summer passed away, and the autumn, with its rich berries, its wild fruits, and showers of hazel-nuts, and then the winter came.

The child was still the little bird of her dwelling, singing in the snow as he had sung in the sunshine. He went every where with her in her long walks to fetch meal to bake, and wool to spin, sometimes sitting on her shoulder, or lying in her arms, and sometimes running by her side, and always bright with happiness.

He saw a thousand things the old woman had never seen before. Sometimes it was a new flower, a curiously twisted leaf, a shining pebble, or a broken shell; but whatever it was his earnest eyes had fastened on, he would have it, whether it were high up on a thorny bank, or deep below on the rocks and shingles. Those little nimble feet surmounted all difficulties, and the eager hands, that made the old woman laugh—they were so small—seized the treasure, and held it fast, examining it curiously.

How she watched him with glistening eyes! And in places he could not reach, she put down her basket and went for

him, often over the sharp jutting rocks, where some white pebble glistened in the sun, while his little hand outstretched pointed anxiously to it, and the childish voice, in eager accents, cried, "There, there, dear granny, that's it."

Alas, she could not bring the sunshine with her; and when it lay dull and dark in the tiny palm, his blue eyes fell on it wistfully, and he would ask, "Where all the sheen was gone?"

Pointing upwards to the sun, she would tell how he had lent some of his glory to it for a time, making a worthless pebble seem a gem; and he, holding it in his rosy fingers, turning and twisting it about with curious inquisitive eye, would gaze upwards at the dazzling beams, and again at the dull stone, with looks of wonder and of love.

The summer came again; and the child, the old woman thought, must be five years old, and should be stronger now than last year; but it was not so. He no longer laughed so merrily when she shook down the June roses on him, or threw the honeysuckles into his lap. And on the sea-shore, instead of building his mimic castles and forts, he would come and rest his head on her knee, and gaze with fixed eyes over the blue waters.

"Why look over the sea so earnestly, my child?" asked the old woman one day.

"France is there, and my little sister," said he, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze out further still.

She caught him up in her arms, and hurried away; but glancing at his blue eyes, she saw they looked stedfastly at the sea, till the tall hedges hid it from his sight; then, with a deep sigh, he laid his head on her shoulder, and fell asleep.

He did not ask to go to the shore again for a long time.

When the autumn came he was very pale. "It was the heat," she said; and she carried him oftener than before. When the winter came he was paler still, and then she said "it was the cold." And she heaped wood on the red fire, and made his bed at the back of the cave, far away from the frosty air.

At last the time came when she could deceive herself no more. The child lay on the yellow leaves, white and wasted, fast dying.

It was an agony to her to be obliged to leave him while she went to fetch the needful food and other things; but, coming home, she never forgot to gather the flowers he loved; and bringing them to his bed, she would put them into the little wasted hand held out for them.

One day in February she was on her knees in the wood, searching anxiously, and two of the outlaws passed.

"Are you grubbing up roots there, Mother Beelzebub?" asked one.

How she would have cursed him once! Now she answered mildly, "No, she was looking for violets."

"Violets!" cried the robber, with a loud laugh.

"Hush!" whispered the other, "'tis for the sick child. I saw some in bloom yesterday," said he. "Yonder, mother; round the old ash-root."

He pointed to the place; and thanking him, she went to gather them.

When she put them into the child's hand he was so pale, that she fell by his side in terror and anguish, thinking he was dying.

Raising himself in the bed, she felt his arms twined around her neck, and she heard him say, "Granny, I think Jesus is come for me."

"Not yet, my child, not yet; I cannot bear it," she cried.

"Granny, I have told Him I cannot die here; and He says the angels shall come for me when I am in France."

Lying down again, he remained silent and thoughtful; while she stood over him, with such a look on her face as he had never seen there before.

All that night, whenever the child opened his weary eyes, he saw her sitting by the fire, rocking herself to and fro. When he moaned or asked for drink, she was kneeling

by his side; but when he was silent or seemed to sleep, she went back by the fire, and rocked herself to and fro.

The next day it was the hermit who watched by his bedside, and the next day too; but in the evening she came back, footsore and weary, and falling on his bed, clasped him tightly in her arms, crying out,

"O, my child, you will get well now, for you will see France."

With flushed cheek and eyes bewildered, he started up; while she told him she had found a ship to take them, going to sail in April; and she would go with him, and give him safely to his mother.

She did not tell him that in giving him up she yielded her life, and that she had spent for the passage all the money she had saved through long years of sin to pay for masses for her soul.

No need to tell him to get well. Day by day he grew better. She brought him home news of the first bird's-nest she had found, and he went himself to see it, and made her lift him up twenty times to look at the shining eggs. The cave grew bright again with spring-flowers, snowdrops, wood-anemonies, and lilies.

He was too weak to go far; so he played by the brook-side, where she had seen his angel, and she sat under the rock spinning. But she often let her wheel rest while she watched him with wistful eyes that were ever saying, "Farewell."

All his talk was of home, and his sister, and his dear mother. Then April came, and she carried him to the seaport, and sheltered him in her arms through the voyage.

They did not land in the town whence his father's ship had sailed. He had remembered the name when he first came to the cave, and she had treasured it in her memory; so now they had many weary leagues to traverse, and it was bright June before they neared his home. She begged her way on, and they wanted for nothing on the road; for his beauty and the story of his orphanage moved all hearts.

When they got close, quite close to the town, she walked very fast and eagerly, as if there were some fierce struggle in her heart, and she feared the evil would conquer.

Once in the town, the little Gabriel's house was soon found. It was the best there, with a bright garden, and windows covered with twining flowers. Every one knew the story of his father's ship being taken by the English; and one sailor, who had escaped, recognised the child with a shout of joy. A crowd of wild, excited, happy people brought them to the door, while others ran to the church to ring the bells for his return.

And now his little sister ran out, crying, "Gabriel, Gabriel!" and fell on his neck with many tears; and his mother stood fainting by, kneeling to thank God, and then kneeling to thank the old woman; and then, clasping her child in her arms, speechless and sobbing, she went into her house, followed by her weeping friends. All was passionate exclamation, wonder, and joy. But in a few minutes they missed the woman who had brought them all this happiness.

She was gone; she was already a weary mile on her way. How could she stay there to see him taken by another?

She never knew how pale his little face was as he clasped his hands and implored her to come back; she never knew how he cried for her that night, till his own weary sobbings sent him to sleep.

She was lying then in the shadow of a great elm, looking up at the silent stars, and murmuring, "It is enough now, O Lord."

I cannot tell you of her weary journey home, because I should weep. She had not the heart to beg now, so she was in want often; and every spot reminded her of him. Here he was tired, and she had put him to sleep on the soft grass, and had sat, like Hagar, over against him, watching him. There he had played, binding up the flowers she had gathered, and laughing as he put them against her withered cheek, "to make his granny pretty."

Here was the bank where he had sat eating his dinner so merrily, while she fetched him fresh water from the brook.

O, how cold and dark the road was without him! Every thing was dead.

She never looked up now; she knew when she was in a wood by the fluttering shadows of leaves that fell over her or flickered on her path. They made her shiver, those shadows, and so did the bright sunshine when it poured over her in the open meadow or on the broad road.

She got home at last, she knew not how, to the old cave, and began her old life again. But often when she went out for roots, she forgot them, and gathered flowers instead, and brought them home, and laid them on the dead leaves where the child had slept.

In her wanderings, too, she would stop to pick up a shining pebble, or crimson leaf glittering with dew, or many a feather dropped from bird's wings, lying in the wood, forgetting she could not give them to him now.

She laid them all on the little bed till he should come back. The brown rug the kind nuns gave him was there still. She would not take it, even when the weather was at the coldest. At night, as she sat by her fire, she watched for his laughing face to peep from under it, and to hear his rosy lips cry, "Granny, granny."

Of an evening, in the old days, he would do this twenty times; and she heard the childish voice still crying, "Granny, granny."

But sometimes the little couch of yellow leaves looked dead, and she would fancy he was there covered up, but cold; and then she would tremble very much, and cry a little.

And thus the autumn and the winter glided away. She was a worn woman now, minding herself so little, that I think she must have starved if the good hermit had not helped her.

She never forgot to lay flowers on the child's couch, though she so often forgot her own roots and berries. Every night she knelt by the withered leaves to pray; and when she rose from her prayer, she always said, "God will let me see him again."

One day in the early spring, just as the snowdrops were peeping from the earth, a rough sailor came to the cave. He had spoken a French ship, and had promised the captain he would find her.

Little Gabriel was dead; and he had sent a message to her to say he should see her again.

"Well, she had known it long ago; she had always known he would die. Had she not seen his angel?"

That night, when she hid her face in the withered leaves to pray, she said as usual, "God will let me see him again."

A few days after this, the hermit coming to the cave, found her on her knees by the child's couch, a little bunch of white violets in her hand. He touched her. She was quite dead.

The priests said no masses for her soul, because the money was spent in the voyage to France; but I think she saw little Gabriel again in heaven.

J. T. B.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

Is there any reason in the world why the etiquette and practice of the bar should be at variance with the common rules of morality and good breeding which regulate society? Does a barrister, the moment that he puts off the habiliments of private life and dons the gown and wig, enter at the same time into a new nature, and become invested with



BÉRANGER.*

privileges peculiar to the character which he then assumes? In fact, can a few pounds of horse-hair and a few yards of stuff, by any known law or admitted necessity, place a person above the ordinary duties and responsibilities of a man, a neighbour, and a Christian? We never read the records of any important criminal trial without being assailed by these inquiries. Take the last great trial on record as an instance; and be it understood that we do not point particularly to this trial, or to the able and distinguished lawyers who were engaged in it, but to the general practice, of which the Edinburgh case affords the latest example. Now, bearing this trial in mind, what is the impression derived from the speeches of the counsel on both sides, as regards their own personal and individual conduct with respect to the guilt or innocence of the accused? The counsel for the prosecution sets out with a firm but assumed conviction that the prisoner whom he has been instructed to prosecute is guilty of the deed of which she is accused. His settled purpose is avowedly to procure a verdict against the prisoner, come what may. Of that purpose he never once loses sight. He has his game to make, and brings all the skill of which he is capable into play to make it. He takes the evidence which has been adduced before the court, and twists and turns it to his advantage, sparing neither eloquence nor sophistry in the effort. Where a link of the chain is weak, he endeavours to strengthen it by welding an inference into it; where a link is wanting, he does not scruple to fill the gap with the assertion of a personal conviction. We should say it was rarely indeed that an able advocate does not succeed, while he is yet unanswered, in proving his case to the satisfaction of the general auditory

of a court-house. Now comes the counsel for the defence. Like his learned brother, he too sets out with an assumed and settled conviction,—that conviction being, that the prisoner at the bar is "not guilty." He has also his settled purpose,—that purpose being to "get the prisoner off" at all hazards. To this end, throwing aside all reasonable judgment, all regard for what is true and what is false in evidence, shutting his eyes to the ends of justice and the interests of society, he proceeds to meet argument with argument, sophistry with sophistry, and to oppose his own assumed personal convictions to those of his adversary. This is no doubt following up what has been laid down by eminent authorities as the whole duty of an advocate. Lord Brougham, who may be considered one of the very highest authorities in these matters, lays it down that an advocate is bound to do every thing that can be done for his client,—to smother all feeling with regard to others, to spare neither age nor sex, feeling nor character; in fact, to use every effort, and to employ all and any means within his reach for his client's good. But is this dictum to be accepted as an unalterable and unerring law? It was delivered by Lord Brougham at a time when he himself was working his way up to the high position which he has since attained by the exercise of the advocate's art and profession, and when he may have had his own conduct to excuse and defend. But we opine times have changed since then. Morals, politics, the principles of government, and the social duties, have all undergone a marked alteration—an alteration which has been brought about by an access of enlightened ideas. Is the practice of the bar alone to withstand the influence of progress? Are the principles of advocacy enunciated thirty years ago alone to defy the light of improved intelligence?

* A Memoir of Béranger will appear in our next Number.

What is the result of the undeviating adherence by the legal profession to the dictum referred to? Simply this: an advocate claims the license of his wig and gown to do and say things which as a private gentleman he would shrink from. Put the advocate in the position of an unconcerned spectator, and you at once reduce him to the level of common feelings and honest judgment. If he be a just man, his anxiety will be, that justice may be done, spite of argument and forensic skill. If he be naturally a merciful and tender-hearted person, he will probably give way to sympathy and pity. Such a person is swayed by his reason, his instincts, and his love of truth. But the advocate throws all these sentiments and emotions behind him: he encases his breast in triple steel, and fights, not for the vindication of truth or the triumph of justice, but for the vindication of his own skill and the advancement of his own repute.

Will any one, having a sense of justice and the feelings of a man, say that this should be the undivided aim of an advocate? Is it necessary for the ends of justice that the counsel who prosecutes an accused person should strive *without* evidence to obtain a conviction? and, on the other hand, that the counsel for the defence should insist *against* evidence for an acquittal? We think not. It may be argued that there are the judge and jury to weigh the evidence and arguments for themselves. True. We do not say that trial by jury is a failure. On the contrary, we believe that instances of the miscarriage of justice are exceedingly rare. But this does not exonerate the advocate from the charge of exceeding the bounds of propriety and fair play. It is not the advocate's fault that there is not a miscarriage of justice every day in the week.

The trial of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell affords a memorable instance of the excess into which counsel are led by an adherence to the duty of an advocate as laid down by the oracles of the profession. Mr. Phillips, Courvoisier's counsel, solemnly declared his belief in the prisoner's innocence, after he had heard from the prisoner's own lips a confession of the crime. In Palmer's case, again, it will be remembered that Serjeant Shee attempted to influence the jury by a similar declaration. The trial of Miss Madeline Smith affords the latest example. Here the Lord Advocate insisted that it was clearly proved that Miss Smith had poisoned Mr. L'Angelier on a certain day, though he had failed to adduce evidence to prove that they had met on that day. His efforts in this way only excited the Dean of Faculty to a similar stretch of the proper functions of the advocate. "I cannot help seeing," he said, "that if there be a failure of justice here" (that was to say, if the prisoner be found guilty) "it can be attributable to nothing but my own incapacity to conduct the defence; and I protest to you, that if it were so, the recollection of this day and this prisoner will haunt me as a dismal spectre to the end of my life."

The judge very properly condemned the expression of personal opinion on both sides as so much "trash," which the jury were implored to dismiss from their minds.

Now we would simply ask upon this, if the ends of justice would not in every case be attained with more decency, and with less offence to a sense of right and fair dealing, if advocates would look more to the elucidation of the truth than to the enhancement of their own fame? See what is the effect of the forensic principles of which we complain in actions for libel, breach of promise, and *crim. con.* The great object of the advocate is to shake adverse evidence by assailing the character of the witnesses. And how often does the advocate, in pursuing his ends in such cases, condescend to the abuse and ruffianism of the bully! He does not even spare his own cloth; his maxim being, when he finds he has no case, to abuse his learned brother. But we do not make a point of such instances. There are black sheep in every profession, in the church as well as in the law; and the person who is not a gentleman in his private relations cannot be expected to be a gentleman in his public capacity. We do hold, however, that the highest

and most honourable members of the profession have become accustomed, by use and example, to practices which cannot be reconciled with the motives and feelings of a true man of this age. Mr. Commissioner Phillips seems to have learned this lesson. A remark which he made the other day in the Court of Insolvency will serve very well as the moral of the views we have here expressed: "When I came to the bar," observed the learned commissioner, "I was told that special pleading was the perfection of reason; I have found it to be the perfection of nonsense."



TWO SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARNOLD, A DRAMATIC HISTORY."

I. SUNSET FROM THE COTSWOLDS.

TURNING, I gazed o'er the hill's sudden crest,
The whole expanse of western sky to see,
Flooded with molten flame tumultuously
By the dissolving orb, whose like bequest
Gave hill and valley each some varying hue—
The fore hills purple, and the far hills blue:
Nor vainly rose the faith from thought deprest;
These shows of mortal air, too transient far,
Fade to fulfil themselves in heaven, and are
Its antitypes of splendour and of rest.
Else were those amphitheatred heights more blest
That, native to the sight, serenely saw—
Though not without a hush of possible awe—
That glory of God descending down the west.

II. MUSIC FROM THE VALLEY.

Rising in pensive softness, seem'd the strain—
Time, with a trick of sadness on his tongue,
Mourning the lost world, beautiful and young;—
Then burst into a lengthen'd wail; again
With passionate and strong desire was thrill'd,—
Yearnings impossible to be fulfill'd,
Immortal language given to mortal pain,—
As though a wand'ring angel, exiled long,
Had learned earth's sorrow yet not lost heaven's song;
Till, changing to a clear and jubilant blast,
The strength of triumph gained from suffering past;—
While that full-clarion'd song swell'd far and wide,
Surely some conquering soul stood satisfied
With, and before, the Infinite at last.

THE ENGLISH IMPROVISATORE.

By STEPHEN HUNT.

"His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?" DON JUAN.

THERE is perhaps no talent more rare in this country than that of impromptu composition, either in prose or verse, the climate of England, and the diet, education, and pursuits of the people being palpably opposed, not merely to the growth, but to the existence of it. Heavy animal food and strong drink are far better adapted to the nurture of soldiers than of extempore poets, whose talent ought at least to answer the description Dryden gives of his friend Davenant, of whom he says: "He was of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new."

We know of no one now-a-days upon whom we can pass

such an encomium, and seldom hear of the existence of such a talent, unless it happens to make an evanescent display under peculiar circumstances, such, for instance, as the dilemmas in which negligent actors and dilatory authors are especially prone to involve themselves.

It is related of the veteran dramatist Moncrieff, that having, after repeated appointments, at last made his appearance in the green-room of one of the London theatres, with a manuscript drama which had been "underlined" in the bills for weeks previously, he made ample amends to the manager and company by the universal gratification which his reading of it afforded them. From the leading tragedian to the deliverer of messages, all the actors were satisfied with the parts; and therefore, when the meeting was breaking up, the copyist of the theatre expected to receive from the author the entire three acts, that he might lose no time in getting the usual copies made for the licenser and prompter, &c. Moncrieff replied by handing him only the two first acts.

"Why keep back the third?" inquired the scribe.

The author replied with a promise that it should be forthcoming on the following day.

"But it read so beautifully, Mr. Moncrieff, you cannot possibly want to alter it," said the copyist. "Pray leave it me."

"It will be of no use to you if I do," answered the author; and, opening the first page of what every body had believed to be the third act of the new drama, he exhibited to the gaze of the astonished scribe the manuscript of one of his oldest pieces of a totally different character.

"You don't mean to say that—"

"Hush! I have not yet written a line of the third act; but you shall be sure to have it in the morning," whispered Moncrieff; and, for a wonder, he kept his word.

Still more remarkable instances of such talent have been given by actors at a country theatre, in the compulsory improvisation of an entire play, where it has been quite a fresh study, and, owing to the interruption of some town or village festival, the players have all been so imperfect when the night of performance arrived, that an attempt to follow the text could have proved only a dead failure. In this emergency, and not being able to change the performances, because they were for the benefit of one of the actors, and the first piece was a new drama that had made a great sensation in London, they have agreed, at the last moment, to discard the author's text altogether, and attend to nothing but the plot and incidents, each actor improvising his own part. Strange to say, the performance has gone off quite as successfully as if every body had been "letter-perfect."

Ben Jonson remarks, that "many foolish things fall even from wise men, if they be in haste or extempore;" and, admitting this, the utmost indulgence is due to those who, possibly without the least pretensions to wisdom,—aspire to a display of talent that depends greatly upon vigour of fancy and vivacity of imagination, prompting to extraordinary readiness of wit and smartness of repartee. When such qualifications are required, it is not surprising that an English Improvisatore should be rarely heard of; his merits being too humble to admit of his becoming even one of the most ephemeral stars that attract public attention. Inasmuch as his profession is not recognised as conventionally respectable, it is necessary that he should possess brilliancy sufficient to dispel this objection; but it is most probable that his power of shining is deficient in the strength and versatility which would have been imparted to it by a classical education, otherwise he might have been led to seek a more recognised, if not more reliable, source of subsistence. He knows nothing of the art of poesy, and begins his career as a mere rhymester, prompted, perhaps, by some vivacious acquaintance who has a brazen propensity for what he calls "capping verses," on the springs, summers, fields, flowers, hills, lakes, rivers, and pools, in addition to the innumerable eccentricities of nomenclature that meet his eye every where on door-plates and over shop-fronts. Endowed with consi-

derable facetiousness, and finding that he has an off-hand ability for more than mere rhyming, he takes every opportunity of cultivating it. Encouraged by the injudicious applause of friends, he is next tempted to extemporise a song on the names of the visitors at some private party; and being very successful, becomes imbued with an idea that he possesses a genius for poetry, and devotes all his leisure time to the study of versification; samples of which, in the shape of poetic epistles, he is continually inflicting upon his acquaintances. At last he ventures to attempt an appearance in print; and having hit upon what he conceives to be a very bright idea, sends his effusion to the editor of some minor periodical, who rejects it, with an admonitory exposition of its defects so mortifying to his vanity, that he determines to confine himself to impromptu composition. Still, however, dissatisfied with the display of his talent in private, he is induced to seek for applause in public; which he readily gains by an introduction to one of those convivial assemblies termed respectively "free-and-easies" and "harmonic meetings." Here he is received with such *éclat*, and becomes so completely intoxicated with applause, that he never omits his attendance a single night, and thus he unconsciously adopts habits that render him totally unfit for any business occupation. The talent that was cultivated as an amusement is now exercised as a source of subsistence. Without the least difficulty, an engagement is obtained to take the chair at some kind of convivial meeting every night, and thus the Improvisatore realises about thirty shillings per week. For this remuneration he is expected to extemporise upon any subject that may be given him; though if, as is most probable, he is friendly with his vice-president, the latter takes upon himself to suggest a theme that has been privately agreed upon, or proposes that the matter should be left to his friend's choice; an alternative which is understood to mean one of his old songs. Sometimes, however, he is subjected unevasively to the call of a stranger; and should his response prove very successful, it forms an addition to his stock that well repays him for the effort. When free from this restriction, and presiding over an audience who exhibit peculiarities affording opportunity for humorous sketch or smart remark, he will select his characters, and improvise a song, rather personal, but very pleasant, and full of effective points. Upon these occasions he is extremely apt to use the word "sirs" as a sort of stereotype substitute for varied and legitimate rhyme, due attention to which would not only be difficult, but might injure the characteristic merit of his display. At other times he is very ready to prove his skill in the jingle of versification, especially when he happens to be acquainted with the names of his audience, and finds amongst them some favourable patronymics,—such, for instance, as Peel, Gold, or Bell,—which also afford him full scope for creating laughter and applause, by the facility practice has given him of playing upon words, though in a style which partakes rather strongly, yet perhaps unavoidably, of the *ad captandum*.

In this way he gains a reputation that not only procures him engagements at private parties and public dinners,—where he will probably astonish his audience with a parody on a new song, which, although studied at home, has all the effect of an impromptu composition,—but enables him to make lucrative benefits by his numerous chairmanships when the season for harmonic meetings is drawing to a close. Thus provided with the means of making an appearance so immaculate as to bear the ordeal of the summer sunshine, he endeavours to obtain a situation as "puff" and poet—comprising the improvisatorial responses from the "Wizard's Cave," or the "Temple of Cupid"—at some such place of public amusement as Cremorne Gardens. If he finds that the arrangements at these establishments admit of no vacancy for his services, he assumes the pen of the poet on his own account, and courts the inspiration of his muse for effusions of every description, from birthday-odes to epitaphs and epithalamiums, with an occasional descent to floral alphabets, nursery-rhymes, and tradesmen's adver-

tisements. The columns of a provincial paper afford him ample scope for speculation; and having sent off a sample of verses to one or two advertisers, he most probably finds his remuneration in an order from some bazaar-keeper, proprietor of an exhibition, or perhaps a house-decorator; in whose behalf he will take the seasonable opportunity of assuring the public that they may obtain the enjoyment of the most romantic scenery, brilliant sunshine, umbrageous trees, pellucid streams, and delightful flowers, entirely free from fog, and unexposed to skyey influences, without the trouble and expense of removing into the country. As an atonement to his conscience for passing this slight upon nature, he will, most probably, expend the money so earned in a trip to Richmond or Gravesend; where, the exuberance of his felicity depriving him of the means of returning to London, he is compelled to replenish his purse by some such expedient as that of inditing a poetical bill-of-fare for the proprietor of a coffee-shop, eating-house, or tea-gardens.

If he is very adventurous, he will spend the summer in a tour through the provinces, improvising songs, &c. at taverns, and poetising a few advertisements for tradesmen in large towns. At the end of autumn, he returns to the metropolis to resume his old career; and in this manner—should he have the good fortune to be unopposed by any one of more novel abilities—he passes year after year, until late hours and long libations consign him to a hospital or workhouse, where he dies, aggrieved by having been prevented from leaving to posterity the slightest memorial of his talent—not even the usual churchyard-card, “In memory of,” to say nothing of the epitaph with which he intended to have adorned it.

A CONSIDERATE UNCLE.

A young City gent, whom his familiar friends call Jemmy Smart, and whose ease of manner behind the counter, and whose skill in deciding troublesome customers to make their choice, have long been the admiration of the feminine world, lately received a letter from a Yorkshire attorney, informing him that something to his advantage had occurred, and enclosing a five-pound note as a foretaste. It stated that his maternal relative, Robert Brown, whom he had never seen, but whom he had heard spoken of in the family as Uncle Bob, an old bachelor, much addicted to the grazing of cattle and the fattening of pigs, was lately deceased, and that the will divided the old gentleman's landed and personal property between himself and another nephew, a vigorous biped of lofty stature, belonging to the class of native domestic agricultural animals. Mr. James Smart was further counselled to ask his employer to grant him a *temporary* (so underlined) leave of absence, and to proceed forthwith by rail to York, previously announcing the hour of his proposed arrival to one Josiah Nixon, his late uncle's bailiff, now holding possession at The Thickets, till the rightful heir should come to claim his own. Josiah would meet him at the station with the gig.

Jemmy lost no time in obtaining the required permission, and in packing up his Sunday finery,—his shirt-fronts of finest calico, his unimpeachable false collars, his jewel-box resplendent with mosaic gold and brilliant paste of purest ray serene. He was off, with the pole-star for his guide.

At the York station, he looked out in vain for Josiah Nixon, whom he pictured to himself as a tall flunkey, with cane in hand, powdered hair, and long great coat with livery-buttons. Nothing of the sort was there. He waited about impatiently for a quarter of an hour, till every one was gone, when he began to suspect himself the victim of a hoax; but after a few minutes' further suspense, there entered an aged and dusty countryman, disguised, as it were, in a linen smock-frock, such as north-country graziers wear, and looking as if he also were in quest of somebody or something.

“Pray, sir, may I ask whether your name is Mr. James Smart?” he respectfully inquired of our hero, with a certain formal politeness.

“Yes, sir, it is; and I suppose I may ask *you* whether your name isn't Mr. Josiah Nixon?” retorted Jemmy sharply. The old man bowed assent.

“Then, sir, I must tell you,” continued James, “that it is a very bad beginning of our acquaintance that you presume to keep me waiting in this way. I have been kicking my heels here nearly half an hour.”

The veteran bailiff looked vexed and puzzled, and an expression of deep disappointment came over his weather-beaten countenance. “I am very sorry, sir, that it has so happened; but it is a long drive from The Thickets to York. The weather is very sultry and close to-day, and poor old Neddy has had a hard job of it. As soon as he has finished his corn, we are at your service, sir.”

“Very well, sir; say no more about it. I only just wish to give you a hint, that if you intend to remain in my service, you must be more punctual for the future.”

During their drive to The Thickets, old Nixon was taciturn—sulky, perhaps—leaving Mr. Smart to indulge in monologues by the way.

“What horrid dusty roads! I wonder they don't water them. But that can hardly be expected in an out-of-the-way place like this. And this is Neddy? I'm not surprised now at your being behindhand, with a great, fat, ugly, lazy beast like that.”

“But, sir,” interposed Josiah, with some little warmth, “he was a great favourite with my poor dear master, who drove him for more than a dozen years. He said he hoped you would never part with Neddy.”

“No; not part with him,” replied James, with a cunning grin, “if that's a condition in the will; but I can lend him, you know, to a friend of mine who drives a London cab, and that will put a little life into him, if whipcord will do it.”

Nixon winced as if a lash had struck his own shoulders. “There's The Thickets, sir, at last; and I hope you'll like it.”

“That old, dismal, tumble-down place! Why it's smothered up with trees; you can't look out of the windows for evergreens; and I'd bet a sovereign there's an owl in every chimney. But I'll soon alter that. I'll cut down three-fourths of those nasty trees.”

“But, sir, master planted every one of those trees himself. He would have been sadly grieved had he known that was what they were to come to.”

“Well, what business is that of yours? He's dead and gone; and it's my turn now. But tell them to let me have some dinner as soon as possible; I'm dying with hunger, and all because Neddy crawls at the rate of five miles an hour.”

Mr. Smart was received by his uncle's housekeeper, an old-fashioned dame, in deep mourning, with snow-white hair, and an antiquity of a cap. Nixon explained the urgency of the young gentleman's appetite. He was accordingly shown into a spacious wainscoted dining-room, where a circular table was neatly laid for three. In a few minutes Josiah entered, immediately followed by a ruddy servant-girl, bearing a substantial joint and smoking vegetables.

“All is ready, sir,” said Nixon. “We had better not let the gravy get cold.” And he and the housekeeper took their places before two of the vacant knives and forks, remaining standing till the heir should seat himself.

“Are you going to dine here without being asked?” inquired James. “It's an extraordinary liberty for servants to take.”

“We always dined with master in the parlour,” said the housekeeper demurely, but bridling up, “except on the days when he gave his grand dinners to the county-gentry. We thought you would like to have things go on exactly as they did in the old gentleman's time. However, sir, if we are intruding, we'll retire.”

"No, no," said James condescendingly. "Never mind for this once. You may stop to-day. Besides, you may be able to give a little information about the place, and what it is worth. "Yes; you can carve, Nixon. What a clumsy fellow! Not so thick as that, and not quite so much fat. I wonder whether the governor had any decent wine."

"This is a bottle of his very best port, which I brought up from the cellar on purpose to—to welcome you with." And Nixon made a grimace which speedily passed away, and shot a rapid glance at the housekeeper opposite.

"Hem, ha!" said James, superciliously tasting it; "rather thin, I think. I could get better than this in town at half-a-crown a bottle."

"Would you like to look at the stock, sir, after dinner?" asked Josiah, evidently uncomfortable.

"What stock?" retorted James. "I never knew that Uncle Bob kept a fancy warehouse."

"Our cows, sir, and our pigs. We have some of the most beautiful Durhams that all Yorkshire can show; and our pigs take prizes every year at the Midland Counties Exhibition."

"Nasty creatures!" was James's reply. "If I sell the place, the live creatures can go with it."

"Sell the place!" exclaimed the bailiff, turning red as scarlet. "Your poor uncle, sir, thought you might like to marry, and settle comfortably here. And what is to become of us, sir, if we are to be turned out of house and home, where we have both of us lived more than forty years, sir?"

"O, that's your look out," said James. "I had no idea of finding such a dull hole as this. And as to marrying, I'm not going to throw myself away just yet. If I swap this musty old farmhouse for a neat bachelor's villa-residence in St. John's Wood, where I can keep my cab, my tiger, and something else, perhaps, that will be a little like life, old boy." Uncle Bob's wine was stronger than Jemmy suspected. "Hang it," he continued, "if I don't go to York to-morrow morning, and ask the attorney if he can't manage it for me."

"Suppose you go this evening," blandly insinuated Josiah. "I think Neddy could do it, now he has had his corn, with a little extra whip;" and the old gentleman cunningly arched his eyebrows.

"By jingo, so we will!" cried James, greedily catching at the idea. "It will be capital fun to take down a little of that lazy brute's proud flesh. Let us be off at once."

So said, so done. Foolish Neddy neighed at starting, as if he were bound for a party of pleasure. The drive back to York much resembled the drive from it, except that Nixon seemed in better humour; the effect doubtless of the dinner and the wine. At last they reached the City of the Seven Sisters.

"Halloa! what are you about?" said James. "Where are you driving to? I'm going to the attorney, man, and not to the railway-station."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Josiah; "but you are going to the railway-station, and back to London as quick as possible. I'm Yorkshire, you know. You'll excuse my having played you a little trick. I'm Uncle Bob, and not Josiah Nixon; and as I'm not yet quite dead, I intend making a trifling alteration in my will, which will relieve you of the trouble of disposing of The Thickets. There's a ten-pound note, sir, to pay your expenses to town and your loss of time; and I wish you every possible enjoyment of your bachelor-residence in St. John's Wood, with your tiger and cab, and whatever other additions you may think fit to make to your establishment."

E. S. D.

A MORNING WALK IN ALGIERS.

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

We started one morning (January 27th) with our sketch-books, having at last the promise of a fine day; for the

weather during the last three weeks had been, though not cold, atrociously wet; shower succeeding shower in heavy succession, and the apparent prospect of the same to the end of time, but for the perpetual apparition of a segment of a rainbow over the Mediterranean, as if to say, "Wait a bit, and I'll clear up." This wet weather, in the midst of roses and violets and orange-flowers, seems to a European very unseasonable, especially to artists, for whom the exceeding loveliness of the land is a constant temptation and provocation. We are a mile out of town, just beyond the magnificent French fortifications which encircle the ancient precincts of Algiers. The road, though very amusing, is too dirty and too muddy to be agreeable; one meets representatives of every nation of the Mediterranean, and that list includes a pretty considerable proportion of the races of mankind. Arabs nearly run over you, driving or riding on donkeys, the long white robes dignifying the ass himself; making him, in fact, an ass of poetical and scriptural reputation, and not a mere low donkey. Sometimes it is a long-necked shambling camel, instead of our long-eared friends. No uglier animal than a camel walks upon four legs; even the hippopotamus has the sublimity of size; but these rough and lengthy individuals, however useful and harmonious in the wide sandy desert, are singularly out of place when trudging along a French road among carts and omnibuses. This again reminds me of the public conveyances of Algiers,—ancient yellow vehicles, mud-bespattered, and drawn by three ill-conditioned horses, yoked abreast. These omnibuses are lined with yellow curtains, and bear the most romantic names outside, upon their panels, such as *La belle Andalouse*, *La belle Espagnolle*. I hope that no *belle Anglaise* stood godmother to such a crazy old carriage! You can be conveyed into town from the suburbs for the very moderate price of three sous,—equivalent to a penny-halfpenny,—and may have as your companions a couple of French *militaires*, with very tight waists and moustaches; a *bonne* in a white cap, with a couple of children,—one *un petit bonhomme*, dressed like a miniature Zouave, cloth jacket, loose breeches, and tiny red fez complete; the other a small woman, aged six years, with a silk bonnet perched on the back of her erect little head, a silk mantilla frilled all round in ascending tiers, and a parasol tipped with ivory and fringe. These young people are swung across the mud and into the omnibus by their energetic nurse, she talking all the time in a shrill key to the *militaires*, and finally subsiding into a shower of observations addressed to herself, and finished off with an *Ah, mon Dieu! Ugh!* The party is made up by a *religieuse*, in ample black and white head-gear; for the Catholic Church is a living fact in Algeria, and has many establishments for purposes of worship and of charity. Among others is the Convent du Sacre Cœur, a lovely old Moorish house, surrounded by olives and cypresses. Its domed roof is surmounted by the Christian Cross, in token of consecration. But the nuns are not the only long-robed women to be met in omnibuses; I once saw one entirely filled by a party of Moresques, going out to the cemetery; acts of reverence to the dead being among the few avocations which ever take respectable Moresques from the cloistral seclusion of their homes. To which may be added, going to the bath, and a visit three or four times a-year to the mosque, which is thought enough for a woman. From these few notes and memoranda upon Algerine omnibuses, inside and out, the reader will perceive that the species is one of the most whimsical conveyances going upon wheels.

The stationary objects of interest on the eastern road into Algiers consist in a number of low shops or open stalls, kept by Arabs, for fruit, &c.; a caravanserai, where the camels put up and unload; and a huge *théâtre impériale*, of the ugliest construction, and so large that it dwarfs the low though massive Moorish houses to a lamentable degree. Presently the town begins in a street of tall French houses, shabby, muddy, and faced with poor shops for old iron articles, such as bits and stirrups, sabots, &c., for *vin et liqueurs*. Here the foot-road is being mended, and you have

to diverge into the middle of the street, where, as you are painfully picking your steps, you probably hear an Arab at your back shriek, *Balek, balek!* and are only just in time to save your bones and your dignity. I was seated sketching on a stone-post in a country road some days since, when an Arab actually drove his panniered donkey right at me from carelessness, which caused, as you may well believe, a great concussion; a most gratuitous accident, as there was ample space and verge enough for sketcher and Neddy too.

On the lower road into Algiers, for there are two, you pass under a noble palm-tree, one of the few left in the neighbourhood; it shakes out its long feathers to the wind like a true child of the desert. A few steps farther bring one to the arcades, which traverse the town from east to west, running parallel to the sea. They are built under French houses, and fall back at the Place du Gouvernement, leaving a wide square space, adorned with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, and thronged, like the arcades, with a most amusing crowd, vociferating in all the tongues born of Babel, Jew, Greek, and Gentile. Here may be seen particoloured coats, such as Joseph may have worn in times of old, and *gamins* of all religions, or no religion at all. But we were bound to the old town; so we crossed the Place and bent our steps towards the Catholic cathedral. All that strip of flat land which borders upon the sea, and once formed the Roman port of Icosium, is now covered with French houses and hotels, to the great detriment of the picturesque beauty of Algiers; but above this strip, the town rises in a steep pyramid, built chiefly of Moorish houses, closely wedged together, terrace above terrace, and of dazzling whiteness.

The Catholic cathedral stands immediately behind the Place, upon the first slope of the hill; a large ugly building, once a mosque, but now faced and *defaced* by stone blocks, and two clumsy towers. Inside, the walls and ceiling are covered with Moorish tracings in white plaster, which have a singular association in a church devoted to the ceremonies of the Christian religion. It seemed this morning that a funeral had just been performed; for the trestles, painted with skulls and crossbones, yet stood in the centre of the building, with rows of tall tapers round about; while from the centre door emerged a procession of priests and little choristers, who slowly wended their way down the broad flight of steps leading to the street. We passed by the governor's town-house, which is fronted like the Venetian palaces (the only specimen of that kind of architecture which I have seen here), and went up a narrow street at the side of the French baths. These are in a fine old Moorish house, with an open court and bananas, where we sat to rest some time upon a red divan, lazily perusing our letters from Europe. From these we strolled up to the Rue de Salluste, called after the Roman governor of old times who commanded in Africa. The streets of Algiers are all named and numbered now, and a difficult task it must have been to accomplish this; for such a tortuous labyrinth no European could figure to himself: the oldest part of old Paris or Edinburgh is palatial in width and straightness compared to it. The houses are nearly windowless on the outside; little slits like loopholes alone giving sign of human habitation, except the arched door, suggestive of mysteries and *oubliettes*. The poet Campbell, in his letters from this country, written in 1834, says, they seemed built for no other purpose but to keep the heat *out*, and the women *in*. The rooms are necessarily dark, being only lighted by windows looking into the galleries surrounding the court; and a gentleman friend of ours, who opened a window in the outer wall of his dining-room, was obliged to glaze it with ground glass, and never enjoyed the luxury of putting his head out of it, because, from the steepness of the ground, it overlooks the terraces of several houses below it, and these terraces are sacred to the female members of each family, who would instantly be put to rout by such a terrific apparition. It is somewhat ludicrous to stand on one of these terraces in the upper part of the town, and thence look down (fearlessly, if you wear a

bonnet and shawl) over the flat roofs, descending, step after step, to the sea, and see the trousered Moresques hanging out their clothes to dry, and clambering carefully over the partitions dividing them from neighbour-roofs, in order to pay visits to their gossips. Imagine, for the rest, these houses packed together, with only space between for steep winding footways, capable of containing three abreast, or an Arab and donkey with panniers; also frequently breaking into steps, when the ground becomes steep, and passing under arches and long tunnels, where the massive houses meet like solid rock overhead; for the upper stories almost invariably project more or less, and are supported by a number of small slanting beams, which produce a singularly picturesque effect. Algiers demands a Prout to do it justice, before its thousand bits of striking "subject" are ruthlessly destroyed by French improvements. It makes me quite sad to see demolition going on at intervals all over the town, merely for the running-up of tall, shabby, ill-built houses, which possess not an atom of beauty, and little safety either, considering the earthquakes which occasionally visit this country,—one of which, not many years back, destroyed the town of Blidah, some miles inland. A French gentleman, long resident in Algeria, described to us the awful approach of even slight tremblings of the earth; how the noise, heard afar off, slowly rumbled up nearer, causing the horses and asses to stand quivering in every limb, and *all the little birds to cease singing, and hide their heads beneath their wings for fear*. True Moorish houses have hardly any thing that can fall, unless the actual walls be overthrown; they have no chimneys, and little furniture save cushions. They are built for the warm weather, which prevails here during the greater number of months, and which last year was only interrupted by a very few days of rain; but they make no account of the possibility of such a wet season as the present, when the rain pours right through the centre of the house on to the marble pavement of the court below, with side splashes into the balconies. In this cool season,—about the temperature of our April,—the streets are *tolerably* free from disagreeable odours; but in the warm months they must be very unpleasant; and doubly tantalising to a painter, from the glorious light and shadow cast by the summer sun. It is in the hot months that earthquakes are felt,—from July to October; the ground sometimes sways for the space of half a minute, but no great damage has for a long time occurred here. At Cherchell, in 1845, the shocks lasted more than ten days, and all the town bivouacked in the streets, experiencing five or six tremblings each night. If any one be in the house when such occur, and have no time to rush into the street, the terrace on the top becomes the safest place, in order that, should any part of the house fall, he may fall with, instead of under, the ruins. But we hear of no serious earthquakes in this part of the colony.

When we sat down to sketch we were speedily surrounded by a crowd of people, particularly by Jewish women, who are the only easterns who walk unveiled. They are not handsome, the cast of features being too thick; indeed, the result of an experience of Moorish and Jewish female faces is, that the dark eyes and oriental grace do not rival in personal charm the finer cut faces and expressions of French and English women. These natives look not only uneducated, but unhealthy; their mode of life prevents their complexion from being bright and clear, and there is about them a general air of languor and heaviness which would nullify greater claims to beauty than they possess. One of the handsomest Arab men I have ever seen came and inspected our work; and when he saw that we were struck by his picturesque appearance, he threw aside his long white bernouse, and stood in a magnificent *pose*, exhibiting his rich-coloured robe underneath for the admiration of the European strangers. On the top of a neighbouring house emerged a Frenchman, who inspected our proceedings with great curiosity; then, going down into his interior, he sent up a lady, who also put her head over the wall, and

eyed us intently. The next spectator was a bearded Moor, carrying one of their classical water-jars on his shoulders; he walked slowly by us, and disappeared down the dark archway we were sketching. When we had enough of this sort of thing, we rose and wandered up the town, admiring the little open shops: the shoemaker's, where a small urchin sold us a delightful pair of red and yellow baby's shoes for sixpence; and the fruiterer's, full of pumpkins and Barbary figs; the native cafés, with crossed-legged gentry drinking little cups of coffee, the wine-skin slung up by the wall,—the first time we had seen that scriptural article; and the turner's workshop, where the lathes are worked by a simple contrivance like the bow of a fiddle. All these things, however, delighted us less than the scribe, busily inditing a letter for somebody unable to write their own; and an old Arab warming his skinny hands over a brazier, and muttering like one possessed by a demon. There are few cities in the world capable of affording so many interesting sights as those we witnessed during one morning's walk in Algiers.

AN APOSTROPHE WORTH EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS.

Most opera-goers are acquainted with the trial-scene in the third act of the *Marriage of Figaro*. Marceline and Figaro are at law respecting a written promise, by which Figaro undertakes to pay Marceline a certain sum of money and to marry her. Figaro declares that, instead of *and*, or is written in the bond.

A still nicer point is said to be likely to occupy the French courts of law. Monsieur de M— died on the 27th of February last, leaving a will, entirely in his own handwriting, which he concludes thus: "And to testify my affection for my nephews Charles and Henri de M—, I bequeath to each *d'eux* (i. e. of them) [or *deux*, i. e. two] hundred thousand francs."

The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing is blotted in many places. The legatees assert that the apostrophe is one of those blots; but the heir-at-law, a legitimate son of the defunct, maintains, on the contrary, that the apostrophe is intentional. This apostrophe is worth, to him, two hundred thousand francs, or eight thousand pounds sterling; and as the learned in the law cannot find in the context any clue to the real intention of the testator, it will be curious to watch the result of the contest.

E. S. D.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—Amid all that is being said at the present time about improvement in the education or training of women, will you allow me space in your department to enter my protest against the idle-ladyism which is the prevailing tendency of society? You have already given your readers excellent articles upon some of woman's many duties; but there is one branch I would like to see put in yet a stronger light: it is the *training* of daughters to be really useful instead of merely ornamental members of society.

The man who works hard in a professional or mercantile career, and who trains his sons to a like course, trains his daughters, or allows them to be trained, to be "ladies," with nothing that they *must* do. But here, to avoid repetition, I refer your readers to your February Part (vol. i. p. 270) for an apt description of the life of "young ladies of well-to-do

families." The article is headed "Young Ladies' Work;" but that which the writer points out and recommends, and all similar works of charity, though good in themselves, are yet, in my opinion, not, as occupation, the first duty of young ladies,—are, indeed, mere palliatives of the reigning evil, which is the "inactive life that etiquette and the habits of society generally prescribe" for them.

It ought not to be considered demeaning to ladies to learn practically how to execute all the work required in the proper keeping of their homes; and I feel convinced these homes will never be rightly managed until ladies thoroughly understand what their servants ought to do, and are consequently able to teach those servants how best to execute all the branches of household work. At present they are at the mercy of their servants, who cannot help knowing the general ignorance of mistresses, and in too many cases take advantage of it.

We are constantly complaining of bad or inefficient servants, yet we hold the remedy in our own hands. Just let us understand our own business, and we may soon teach them theirs; for the true cause of so many indifferent servants is to be found in the ignorance prevalent among mistresses. To endeavour to prevent the longer continuance of this unwholesome state of matters is my object in now writing; for plain as it seems that ladies ought fully to comprehend housekeeping, which is their peculiar province, I have found some who had yet to be convinced that ignorance of it was any fault; their ideas being, in fact, very much the same as those of David Copperfield's child-wife Dora, who, if she did not know how to buy the leg of mutton, rested triumphant in the assertion that, "the butcher would know how to sell it."

After schooling is done with, most young ladies have their time at their own disposal; a faulty arrangement, as I think, for it surely is too much to expect from the greater number of them the persevering steadiness requisite for employing it well; and though I cordially approve of works of charity, as a great improvement upon utter vacuity of purpose, I think a woman should be fitted for the due fulfilment of the duties belonging to her more immediate sphere before even charity is made the principal or only real business of her life. Men need training for the business they are to follow out; and do women need none for that which is their peculiar business? Are their duties so easy as to be entered upon and performed satisfactorily at first trial, and by any one? or are women so clever as to need no teaching for their responsible position? The too frequent unhappy results of the present want of training are all I need allude to, to prove that neither of the above positions is tenable. Those who have a taste for housekeeping, or who are active, or energetic, or persevering enough to supply in the hour of need their previous deficiency of knowledge, will probably perform their part creditably; but with the large remainder, who either have no taste for housekeeping in all its various branches, or who want energy to overcome difficulties, or perseverance to carry them through repeated failures, nothing can compensate for the lack of early training; and what wonder is it that men have so often to complain of want of management and of consequent discomfort in their homes?

Human nature loves ease, and it is not difficult for girls to acquiesce in the little that is required of them. The details of housekeeping are no more interesting or attractive in themselves than the routine of a man's business; but just as he is happier in the execution of business, though it be often disagreeable or irksome, so would young ladies be happier in having something that they *must* do. I therefore advocate the daily performance of some of the details of housekeeping as very beneficial to body and mind, and also as being the best or only method of training girls to a thorough practical acquaintance with domestic economies. I might also go on to show how less of idle-ladyism among us could not fail to have an influence in improving society, by helping to check the prevailing love of show, the living

for appearances, which some of our leading journals have lately been lamenting and deprecating; but I reserve this for some future opportunity, when I may also enter more minutely upon what seems to me advisable changes in the up-bringing of girls.

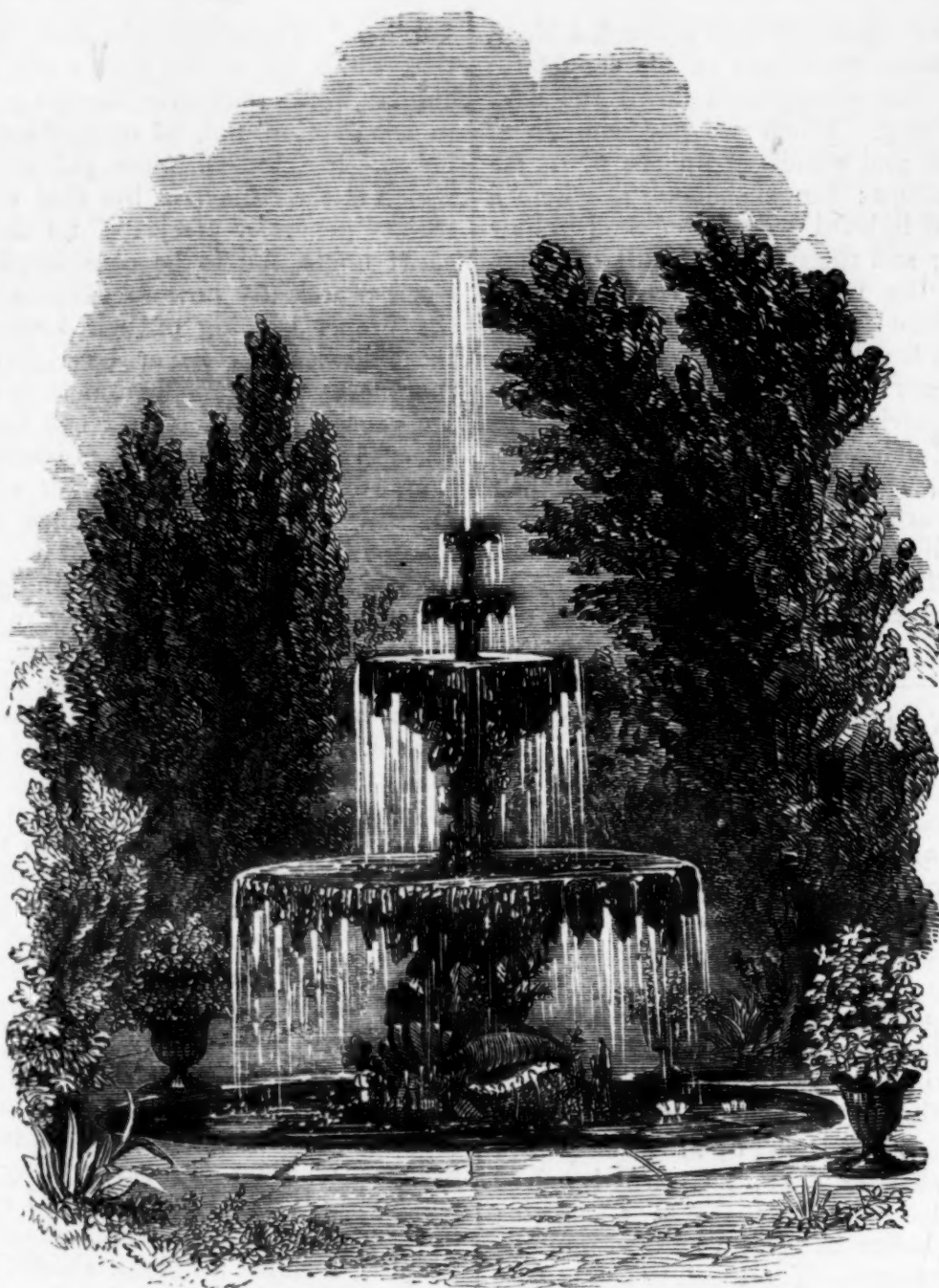
Meantime, I am, &c.
A DAUGHTER.

DESIGN FOR A GARDEN FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—The design which I herewith submit to your consideration, for a garden-fountain, is given to prove how much may be done in carrying out such decorative objects at a trifling cost; and as economy may be a prominent consideration in the Home adornments of the majority of your readers, I trust the following few remarks, founded on my own practical knowledge, will be acceptable.

A fountain in the garden may be well considered a luxury. It is an object of beauty, while its refreshing coolness and tinkling music serve as a lulling charm to while away an hour or so of a sultry evening; but many dread the expense of such an acquisition, calling to remembrance the marble basins and blowing tritons that adorn the statuary's show-yards in the New Road, and which they are well aware are far beyond the means of the humble purse of a City clerk; but still there is the same yearning towards a fountain, and I was one of those who had this yearning.

I had a small, and I may say a pretty garden, stored with all the flowers my humble floricultural knowledge could bring together, and my still more humble accommodation raise and propagate; but I wanted a fountain, and a small one. Now do not laugh, reader, at the means employed. Among the worn-out articles of domestic use which had been stored away in a back cellar, I found a large earthenware pan, such as is used in dairies; it was cracked, and therefore was condemned to be consigned, on the first opportunity, to the tender mercies of the dustman. It measured about four feet across, and I believe had served as a washing-bath for the juvenile members of my family. It was just the thing. I therefore drilled a hole through the centre, large enough for a small pipe. And now came the next consideration, What was I to do for a pedestal? I remembered that, within a short distance, on the banks of the canal, there was a wharf where they sold Roman cement, drain-pipes, and chimney-pots; and I had frequently observed that a great number of the two latter lay about cracked and broken. Away I went, determined on my fountain. I asked the man on the wharf if he had any broken chimney-pots; an inquiry he appeared to consider rather uncommon, but returned the laconic reply, that "there were too many by half." He pointed out a number.



DESIGN FOR A GARDEN FOUNTAIN

I selected one; it was only slightly damaged by a few cracks and a good-sized hole knocked in on one side. I asked the price. I could have it for a shilling. So I bought that, and some Roman cement as a make-up for the bargain.

I now set to work in earnest. I excavated a basin in the lower part of my garden, just in front of a favourite little bower; and as the soil was a close brick-clay, I had little difficulty in forming it. I allowed the surface to get well dry, poured over it a coat of concrete, and then gave that a coat of Roman cement. And now came the artistic part of the business. I obtained some large flint-stones, old bricks, and clinkers, and formed a rustic base; and while that was getting settled and dry, I proceeded with the other parts. First for the pedestal. I took my chimney-pot, and covered its surface with Roman cement; the very hole in the side became ornamental, for I perforated the opposite side also; then, with the cement, formed rough

and rugged stalactite forms, projecting and growing out of the sides, some pendent, others shooting upwards, and here and there, stuck in as by accident, a few broken bits of spar and shells, and small bits of coral. This being done, it was set aside to dry.

Next, to form my grand basin; and here my old pet earthenware pan came beautifully to hand. To facilitate my work, I placed this inverted on a board, and covered it with cement, and then built up all sorts of stalactite forms; taking care to make them as uneven and unlike as possible, for therein consists the art of imitating nature. This was allowed to remain until perfectly dry and hard. My pedestal was next placed on its rocky bed, first having taken the precaution to lay a piece of gutta-percha tubing to pass up through the centre. My grand basin being dry, was placed on the top; and to form the upper basins, I used inverted small flower-pots for the pedestals, cemented together; for the second basin, a moderate-sized propagating-pan, and for the top a large-sized flower-pot pan, perforated so as to allow of the jet passing through. All these were covered with cement, so as entirely to disguise their original forms, and in the mass it formed a pretty and agreeable object; and the effect I afterwards greatly improved by washing the whole surface with thin cement, and sprinkling upon it a quantity of coarsely-powdered glass, which, even when the fountain was not playing, produced a delightful sparkling effect. The water was supplied from the cistern of the house, which was sufficiently elevated to admit of my fountain playing in a very thin jet to the height of five feet. My lower basin was stocked with gold fish and water-lilies; and if I say that, being the work of my own hands, it did not cost me 2l., I shall not exaggerate.

P. W. J.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVII.

PAINTED BY T. M. JOY.

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

2 SE 57

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

By T. M. JOY.

ALONG the common ways of life, and under the hedges by the side-paths through the world, grow numberless humble yet beautifully tender flowers, blooming sweetly in the depth of their own humility and shyness, shrinking from the traveller's foot-track, and from the glowing heat of all-pervading day. They are protected

"Against the sword of winter, keen and cold,"

by the rough banks and briery mounds by which they grow clustering together, sheltered by the ragged and wandering brier, guarded by the sturdy thorn, and concealed by the primitive and overhanging privet, the woodbine, the wild convolvulus, the rose-à-rubie, and they that are the modestest of darlings, convolvularia, and all those blooms whose faint odours load dawn of day with sweetness, with soft breathings, and faint sighs of scent that steal out of dim, unsuspected, shady nooks, whereabouts grow the moss, rank grass, and sturdy weed.

How few of us know them, even their names, much less love and cherish them! Do we not rather

"—wonder at the lilies white,
And praise the deep vermilion of the rose."

seeing all things that stand up before us to be seen, seldom seeking for ourselves about the down-trodden ways and lonely woods for those beauties that hide in calm unconsciousness of beauty and desert?

Amongst mankind, also, there are the same "neglected flowers," placid fair creations, who, with innocent pride, withdraw from the rude gaze of others, laden with goodness, charity, and humility, as the flowers with scent;—pale, pure, and modest as the shyest blossom, and clinging about the feet of the rougher growths that dominate the world, who, if they protect, also darken, neglect, and hide them.

The artist seeks to convey his feeling of these things in the picture an engraving of which is before the reader. If he has done this successfully can be decided by every one for himself, as the subject appeals to the simple and natural feelings that all men share alike.

L. L.

BÉRANGER.*

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

THE amplest materials for the life of Béranger are within the reach of the most indolent and the most needy. They are to be found, arranged in chronological order, in a small pocket-volume, the price of which is the modest sum of three francs and a half, and of which many thousand copies are annually sold. The contents of this volume are exactly three hundred and twenty songs, with a few pages of notes and preface. Its title is *Œuvres Complètes du P.-J. de Béranger*.

"*Mes chansons*," wrote Béranger, when he had rested from his task, and could view the unique labour of his life in its proportions as a whole, "*c'est moi*." It was the simple truth. The annals of literature do not furnish a second instance of a man so inseparable from his writings—of writings so exhaustively exponent of a character and a career. Never before was so much of a human personality poured into song. It was Béranger's mission to sing, as it was the prophet's of old to speak. He understood and accepted his mission at once:

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif, et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit;
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!"

* See portrait of Béranger, p. 313.

And the little man set cheerily about his tuneful task, pursuing it with unswerving energy and integrity, living to see it gloriously completed, and wisely desisting when it was done.

The three hundred and twenty songs of Béranger are parts of a whole, as complete and symmetrical as an epic. They are the picture of his life and times. He himself has described them as "lyrical memoirs" (*mémoires chantants*). The definition is over-modest. They are a poetical history of France, extending over a space of more than fifty years, centreing in the personality of the truest-hearted Frenchman that ever knew and loved his country.

It is through Béranger's songs that we purpose to give such a review of his life as the brief space allotted to us will admit of, borrowing little assistance from dates and extraneous facts.

Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born in the physical heart of that Paris whereof the moral atmosphere pervaded his every thought and action through life. We are indebted to dry biographers for the knowledge that the place of his birth was in the Rue Montorgueil, No. 50. He himself has apprised us of all the essential facts connected with the event:

"Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an de Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père."

Nothing could be more explicit. He was born in 1780, in Paris, at the house of his grandfather, who was old, poor, and a tailor. The obscurity of his family is further explained in *Le Vilain*, in which the poet declares himself a fellow of the common stamp, with a supreme contempt for the aristocratic particle "de," which accident or ancestral affectation had prefixed to his name. We have already seen that he was "*laid, chétif, et souffrant*"—ugly, puny, and suffering. Would the reader know where the future bard was nursed, and whence he derived his first musical inspiration? Let him read *Ma Nourrice, chanson historique*. There will he learn how, in a remote month of August (his birthday, as we learn from more prosaic chroniclers, was the 17th), our poet, then a newly-born infant, departed by the Auxerre coach, in the charge of a handsome young wet-nurse, who, with six francs and certain linen essentials in her pocket, conveyed him to the tuneful province of Burgundy,—

"Pour la chanson climat propice,"—

where his young nurse's old drunken husband was accustomed to sit on the town-quay, glass in hand, and

"Chanter les gaités de Piron;"

a consistent beginning certainly for the life of an Anacreontic poet.

We cannot follow little Béranger through all the scenes of his infancy, of which reminiscences are profusely scattered through his numerous lyrics.

He returned to Paris, to be spoiled by the worthy old tailor, his grandfather (his own father, a restless unsuccessful speculator, troubling his head very little as to his son's welfare), and pick up such education as the streets and gutters of Paris might afford. Béranger's early days were, in fact, those of a thorough-paced *gamin*. It was a propitious time for the boys of Paris. The revolutionary troubles were commencing, and excitement abounded. On the 14th of July 1789, Béranger, in his tenth year, occupied an undistinguished post in the rear-guard of the ragged regiment of patriots that burst the gates of the Bastille. There is a symmetry in the external events, as well as in the motives and personal acts of his life, that is really remarkable. The 14th of July was a day of unsurpassed loveliness. Exactly forty years afterwards, the poet, pining in a cell of La Force, whither he had been consigned by the government of Charles X. for his political opinions, was roused from gloom and despair (the season had been cheerless, and poets—especially if they happen also to be Frenchmen, a coincidence which

* "*Le Tailleur et la Fée*," written in 1822.

rarely happens—are marvellously susceptible to atmospheric influences) by a lovely summer-sun bursting through his prison-bars. It reminded him of that glorious day, forty years back, when he had first, albeit unreasoningly, raised his voice to encourage a people in the conquest of their liberty. He had, but now, despaired of France and freedom. But the sun shone as it had shone forty years ago. (What poet can dissociate sunshine from the idea of hope?) It was the 14th of July! There were still chains to break, and dungeons to raze. He had a voice now, with power to direct the actions of the mightiest crowd. Béranger wrote *Le Quatorze Juillet*; a startling description of the great event of his boyhood, so indelibly impressed on his memory, in which the rule of the Bourbons was symbolised by the hated Bastille, which he had seen so easily destroyed by a resolute people. The following July had barely elapsed ere his majesty Charles X., in the palace of Holyrood, had ample leisure to meditate on the policy of locking up popular poets; especially when, as little boys, they may happen to have been present at the destruction of state prisons.

This is anticipating. The worthy old tailor, who loved his grandson too well to inflict upon him the nuisances of reading, writing, and arithmetic, was naturally anxious to keep him out of the way of cannon-balls. Little Béranger was sent for safety to an aunt, who kept an inn at Péronne, in Picardy. This relation was a kind-hearted woman, but a devotee to the backbone. In her opinion, the first and sole duty of Man—Man happening to be under the age of ten years—was to say catechisms. Béranger didn't like catechisms. On the whole, he preferred barricades. It is to be feared that the old tailor, like all tailors, old and young,—including (if we may be permitted the Hibernicism) shoemakers,—was an arrant Radical and Voltairian, and, most likely, imbued the youth's mind with disrespectful opinions towards existing authorities. It is certain that (catechisms apart) the young Béranger could not be brought to a right way of thinking on the subject of holy water. Péronne was attacked by a terrible thunderstorm, from the effects of which the old *auberge* trembled to its very foundations. Pierre-Jean permitted himself to indulge in some heterodox observations on the efficacy of the repeated signs of the cross and sprinklings of holy water employed by his aunt in order to conjure away the effects of the thunder.

Suddenly the window was burst open with a terrible crash. The electric fluid struck the child, who was picked up, senseless, from the floor. He was believed to be dead; but in the course of an hour or so, reviving from his swoon, he evinced his incorrigible nature by the following question, addressed to his kind aunt, whom he saw kneeling and praying by his bedside:

"Well, and after that, pray what is the good of your holy water?"

The aunt was scandalised. Suspicions—only too well founded, as the result proved—immediately occurred to her. It was discovered that the young reprobate had not merely refused to learn his catechism, but that he had concealed in his bedroom several volumes of Voltaire (it would seem that, by some mysterious process, he had acquired the art of reading), saved from the library of his late uncle, and which the good dame, having allowed her avarice to get the better of her piety, had not found in her heart to destroy or dispose of. The thunderbolt was accounted for. It was doubtless a judgment. The terrible penance the old lady must have incurred makes us shudder, even at this distance of years.

Young Béranger assisted his relative in her innkeeping-duties (potboys, be proud!) until such time as he was old enough to be entered as a pupil in the Patriotic Institute of Péronne, founded by a red-hot republican member of the Legislative Assembly—Ballac de Bellanglise. Here the study of Latin and Greek was prohibited. The poor children, by the constitution of the academy, were compelled to burlesque the proceedings of the political clubs of the time. They were expected to make harangues, to indite

letters to Robespierre, Tallien, &c. Béranger preferred these exercises to the catechism, and distinguished himself greatly as a political debater and essayist—of four feet high.

Pierre-Jean loved his school. The histrionic displays, which formed the principal duties of the scholars, were congenial to his artistic nature. He liked playing at a talking-man's importance; but, alas! he was, too soon, called upon to perform a working-man's duties.

His aunt was poor and religious. For fear of suspicion of disaffection towards the prevailing *régime*, she had forbore to withdraw her nephew from the school, whose doctrines she considered perdition. She at length made her poverty an excuse for doing so. She declared her inability to support the boy at school; and removed him, on the plea that he must be put in the way of earning a livelihood. Béranger was rescued from the perilous clutches of M. de Bellanglise, and apprenticed to a printer in Péronne, named Laisney. Who and what M. Laisney was, the reader may learn by consulting the song entitled *Bonsoir*, addressed to that gentleman by the poet, thirty years after the date of his apprenticeship. Béranger never left a true friend unpaid by the honours of verse. M. Laisney was one of his best friends; for he encouraged him to neglect printing himself, and become the cause of printing in other men. What the world owes to M. Laisney may be estimated from the following note, affixed by Béranger to the song alluded to, which is in itself a compliment of the highest description:

"It was in his printing-office that I was placed as an apprentice. Not having been able to teach me how to spell, he resolved to encourage me in a taste for poetry, gave me lessons in versification, and corrected my first crude essays."

All honour to Monsieur Laisney!

Béranger's republican bias had been fixed by the eventful scenes amid which his early youth had been passed; by his scholastic training in the Institute of Péronne; and, more than all, by an inherent love of freedom, and a poet's faith in the perfectibility of the human race, which led him frequently to dreams of Utopianism. Accident, with the assistance of kind Monsieur Laisney, put him in the way of expressing himself to the world. A volume of André Chénier was intrusted to his "prentice hand" for typographical composition. Our future poet was at once struck with the melancholy sweetness of his unfortunate predecessor's verses. He resolved to imitate some of them, and set to work on the spot, succeeding very much to his own surprise and satisfaction. In the discovery that he was a poet, however, he forgot that he had promised to be a printer. He neglected the material composition for the spiritual. His employer caught him *in flagrante delicto*, but had the wisdom to consider the verses written more than compensatory for those that ought to have been printed. The youth, who had

"Penned a stanza when he should—compose,"

was encouraged to continue in the neglect of his duties, and to make a great man of himself as soon as possible.

Béranger, having terminated his pleasant apprenticeship, returned to Paris. He found his father in comparative opulence, due (as it afterwards transpired) to royalist intrigues. The improved circumstances of the family afforded to the young poet the rare boon of leisure. He threw himself into literature with all the ardour of a neophyte. It is needless to say, that he did not at once discover the real bent of his vocation. What great writer ever did? He commenced with the most ambitious projects. As he himself informs us,*

"The most ambitious poetical dreams cradled my infancy; there is scarcely an elevated branch of the art that I have not secretly attempted. To fulfil an immense career at twenty years of age, without the advantages of study—even that of Laisney—I attempted to penetrate the genius of our language, and the secrets of style."

* Preface to Collection of 1833.

There was certainly no lack of ambition in the range or class of subjects attempted by Béranger. He wrote a comedy called *Les Hermaphrodites*, ridiculing the effeminacy of the age. This was merely by way of relaxation from the severer labours of an epic poem on the subject of *Cloris*. The comedy was never acted, and the epic, in all probability, never finished. Not a trace has been preserved of either. No better fate has attended the rest of his early efforts; amongst which may be mentioned an idyll in four cantos, *La Courtisane*; another of unknown length, *Le Pèlerinage*; three odes, having for subjects the Restoration of Religion, the Flood, and the Last Judgment; and a small collection of minor poems, his earliest effort, published at Péronne under the name of *La Guirlande de Roses*. All these the poet destroyed as mercilessly as a painter effaces idle charcoal sketches from the canvas of his masterpiece, having no real connection with the great design.

Accident, which sent Shakspeare to hold horses in London, and drove Molière into a stroller's booth, decided Béranger's career for him. His father was detected in a royalist plot, and imprisoned. The apparent prosperity enjoyed by the family disappeared, to be succeeded by absolute want. Béranger found his epics, idylls, and comedies of little use to him. A movement of emigration of French families to Egypt had been excited by the conquests of Napoleon. It was the poet's intention to join this movement, in the hope of obtaining some civil employment from the colonial government. He was dissuaded from this project by a friend whom he consulted, and who assured him that the Egyptian colony was not likely to be a thing of long duration.

Béranger remained in Paris; and again we return to his songs for the history of his life. The *Grenier*, a reminiscence written after a lapse of many years, tells us how, at the age of twenty, he led a life of thoughtless penury in a garret six stories high, rich alone in health, hope, and the society of boon companions, as poor, as reckless, and as jovial as himself. The *Gaudriole*, *Mon vieil Habit*, *Les Gueux*, *Roger Bontemps*, and others, are pictures of this stage of his career. His satiric and political veins he had scarcely yet discovered. His patriotism, at present, went no farther than an unqualified and enthusiastic faith in the First Consul as the embodied principle of the victorious French republic. There was as little sympathy between the poet and his father in politics as in other matters.

But even garrets and sour wine must be paid for. The young Bohemian found himself face to face with starvation. In a desperate fit, he made a collection of every scrap of writing he had ever composed, and sent it to Lucien Bonaparte, the First Consul's brother, who had been represented to him as a patron of literature. The consignment was accompanied by a boyish letter, which the poet remembered in after-years to have been "worthy of a young head violently republican," and which "bore the imprint of pride wounded by the necessity of having recourse to a patron." Lucien sent for the writer to his hotel, "informed himself of my position, which he at once ameliorated; treated me as a poet, and overwhelmed me with encouragements and good counsels."*

Exile soon deprived the young writer of his considerate protector. Lucien Bonaparte left France for his long residence in Italy. Béranger believed his hopes at an end, when he was unexpectedly relieved by a letter from the prince, dated from Rome, renewing former expressions of good-will and encouragement, and authorising the poet to receive and apply to his own use the annual pension allowed by the Institute of France to Lucien Bonaparte as one of its members. Béranger continued to receive this annuity (a thousand francs, or forty pounds a-year) up to 1812.

For thirty years, Béranger had no opportunity of publicly expressing his gratitude to his benefactor. He attempted to do so at once, by the enthusiastic dedication of

* Dedication to Lucien Bonaparte, 1833.

a volume of *pastoral poems*. The imperial censorship would not permit such public honour to one under the ban of its master's displeasure, and prohibited the dedication. Béranger, in the first heat of his indignation, thrust the entire manuscript into the fire; so that the Pastorals of Béranger are amongst the lost books of the world. The Bourbon régime would admit of no printed honours to one bearing the name of Bonaparte; and it was not till the Revolution of 1830 gave France (for a time) a free press, that our grateful scribe was permitted to give expression to his feelings, which he did in a handsome dedication, from which we have already quoted.

The academician's pension was far from being adequate to supply the wants of a young author of careless habits and ardent passions. He eked it out by song-writing and general literary drudgery; and was further assisted by a small employment in the University of Paris, obtained for him by the friendship of M. Arnault, the author of *Marius à Minturnes*. Béranger repaid this kindness in his usual coin. When Arnault was exiled by the Bourbon government, the grateful poet addressed to him his exquisite lines of *Les Oiseaux*.

At the age of thirty-three, Béranger's imperial enthusiasm began to cool a little; and his keen, and now mature, intellect began to perceive, and long to satirise, the weaknesses and despotic tendencies of Bonaparte's government. But under such a sway, satire must be covertly and insidiously attempted. The *Roi d'Yvetot* appeared; and, for the first time, the hero of Lodi and Marengo found himself exposed to the most deadly enemy a Frenchman or a French government can encounter—ridicule. The satire was, however, so delicately and playfully conveyed, that even its object was fain to affect approval of it. Later in his career, the great man was destined to receive a severer lesson from the same quarter. At the most jealous, because the most precarious, period of Bonaparte's power, our poet had the hardihood to point out, under the form of an expostulation with a capricious courtesan (*Traité de Politique pour l'usage de Lisette*), the pernicious tendencies of the imperial absolutism, and the certain ruin it must result in.

These, however, were mere friendly admonitions—at the utmost, no more than the chidings of a parent. Béranger loved the first Napoleon, and could but deplore the fall of a régime which his sagacity told him was inevitable. It was not till the return of the Bourbons, when he conceived the whole work of the revolution reversed, and that all required to be commenced again, that Béranger began to feel and exercise his powers as a satirist. From the first occupation of Paris by the Allies, to the overthrow of Charles X., in 1830, the poet was a constant thorn in the side of the restored government. The revival of old court mummeries and antiquated feudal pretensions were more the objects of his scorn and ridicule than even that of an hereditary absolutism. *Paillasse*, *La Cocarde Blanche*, *La Marquise de Prétentaille*, *L'Opinion de ces Demoiselles*, *Le Marquis de Carabas*, *La Censure*, are among the earliest of his barbed arrows that rankled beneath the laced waistcoats of the triumphant lackeys. Unfortunately these were not grounds for legal prosecution,—the Bourbons, in the earlier stage of their revived power, keeping up a feint of constitutionalism. It was necessary—as on a former occasion of greater magnitude—to call in a foreign ally for the suppression of the common enemy. The priests came to the assistance of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Béranger, then at the height of his popularity,—his songs, whether published secretly or openly, as necessity required, enjoying an unheard-of circulation,*—sang for the first time, at a public dinner, *Le Dieu de Bonnes Gens*. This proceeding was denounced by the editor of a religious paper, and the poet-vocalist cited to appear before the court of assizes, on a charge of having outraged public morals, common de-

* They had reached a second series, published in 1821. On the day of their publication, he prudently resigned his post at the University to avoid inevitable consequences.

cency, and religion, and endangered the person of the king. Béranger was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The police made a descent upon his publisher's premises, and seized four thousand copies of the second series of his songs. The proceeding was somewhat too tardy to be efficacious. Upwards of four thousand copies had been already sold publicly, not to mention the countless editions that had been privately circulated. The songs of Béranger were already imprinted on every heart, and sung by every voice in France.

Béranger made his imprisonment in St. Pelagie (1821) the occasion and subject of some dozen of his most trenchant satires on the Bourbon régime. The two most striking sections of this chapter in his life are, perhaps, *La Liberté* and *Ma Guérison*; the latter a sarcastic account of his gradual cure from the disease of democracy by repeated doses of certain wine, which leave him thoroughly convinced of the advantages of a despotic government.

He left prison at the end of April, a few days before the arrival of the news of Napoleon's death at St. Helena. This occasion inspired him with the idea of one of his sublimest efforts, *Le Cinq Mai*; a poem that revived, in the people's memories, all the glories, real and imaginary, of the late empire, and rendered the dull unproductive cruelties of the restored government more unpopular than ever.

A word as to Béranger's Bonapartism. He revered the personal character of the emperor solely as a warrior; he never approved the principles of his government. When the man had fallen, leaving, as it would seem, no system or dynasty possible of revival behind him, the poet forgot the despot in the hero. Moreover, in the then state of public feeling in France, there was no principle to oppose to that of the hereditary monarchy but the one which had been superseded by its restoration. Had Béranger foreseen that his florid exaggeration of a great soldier's merits would one day be taken advantage of to impose a fresh absolutism on his nation, it is more than possible that *Le Cinq Mai* and *Les Souvenirs d'un Peuple* would never have been written.

Béranger's third series appeared in 1825. In this, all dangerous specimens were prudently suppressed by the publisher; and it met with no opposition from the government. Eight years afterwards, a fourth series appeared, containing certain ballads, which the faithful Jesuits—constant in their support of the throne and nobility—took into their especial consideration. The author of *Les Révérends Pères*, *Les Missionnaires*, *Le Bon Dieu*, and *Les Chantres de Paroisse*, was again cited to appear before the tribunals, and was this time sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in La Force, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The fine was immediately paid by a public subscription, opened in the bank of Jacques Lafitte the millionaire, the constant friend of Béranger; of whom the latter has written, that "he was the first man to popularise riches in France."

With the revolution of 1830 Béranger's public career may be said to have closed. The songster had exhausted his *répertoire*. The dream of his life, "the happiness of the human race," he had not lived to see realised, even to the partial extent his sagacity had led him to consider possible. He had laboured for a republic; and the *intriguants* of 1830 showed him, in its place, what he has characterised as "a dirty old throne whitewashed." The endurance of this throne he knew to be impossible; but it was not within probability that he should live to see its overthrow. At any rate, he had aimed his last shaft. The battle was not won; but the old soldier had fought his fair share of campaigns, and was entitled to honourable retreat. He left the issue of the fight to younger men, whose ranks he was unwilling to encumber with his useless presence. In his own words, he refused to wait till stronger combatants should cry to him, "Get behind, old man, and let us pass."

For the last twenty-five years Béranger led a life of modest obscurity, only differing from that of the humblest retired tradesman in the fact, that he could not show himself in street or assembly without receiving such ovations from

the public as kings and emperors might envy. He may, in fact, be defined as the most popular author that ever lived to witness the realisation of his own fame.

To many Englishmen the vast popularity of Béranger may be unintelligible, the literature of our country affording no parallel to his case. Burns is the nearest approach to it; but he wrote for an age and people to whom even the merit of being a Scotchman was not sufficient atonement for the fault of being a reprobate. Scotchmen discreetly deferred their approval of Burns's writings till the scandals of his life were over. Burns, to have claimed the sympathies of his countrymen, should have been an austere puritan. It is true, that in that case he might have found it rather difficult to be a lively warm-hearted poet also. What we mean is, that he was at variance with the spirit of the age and nation he belonged to. With Béranger the case is diametrically opposite. He was essentially the man of his age; he felt and expressed the dearest aspirations of the bulk of his countrymen in such a way as to charm and flatter them. He showed to every Frenchman an ideal portrait of himself. He was not, like Burns, the *mauvais sujet* of a respectable community. He was the mouthpiece of a great people against a handful of oppressive families and institutions. He was their poet, jester, philosopher, political guide, and even, to a great extent, their priest and moralist; for it should be known that what many among us are apt to consider his looseness and impiety, is, in the eyes of the majority of Frenchmen, an expression of an exalted code of ethics and religion. English people, in the majority of cases, have no idea of what a hideous monstrosity the orthodox French "respectability" is: a system that checks the play of the human affections; that makes spontaneous engagement of young hearts a crime; that only understands, by marriage, the sale of a young girl's body to a well-to-do purchaser; and, by religious education, the unconditional surrender of a young soul to the mercies of a father-confessor. The strong common sense of a nation rebels against these enormities, and hails as an apostle of righteousness the man who, by precept and practice, teaches that it is better to be faithful through life to a beloved mistress, than to be a selfish profligate in youth in order to become a legalised slave-buyer in middle age; that it is better to walk in the fields—ay, or to tipple in the cabarets—than to abet the obstructors of light, the enslavers of conscience, the throne-props of despots, in their blasphemies against God's goodness in gilded cathedrals.

There is one point in Béranger's favour that cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, namely, his consistency. His numerous political enemies, who have survived him, would be only too glad of a single instance of his expressed opinions of one period differing with those of another; or of the practice of his life, at any time, being at variance with his written precepts. Nothing of the kind is to be met with in his whole history. The hatred of oppression and servility; the incorruptibility, cheerfulness, and contempt for riches; the generosity, the belief in a benign Providence, advocated in his writings, were exemplified through his whole life. He has been charged with arrogance and over-estimation of the importance of his calling, for having refused many opportunities to elevate himself in the social scale, insisting on his right to remain a song-writer and hold it a position of sufficient dignity. Surely in these days, when the first thought of every cobbler appears to be to detach himself from his last, such a course as that pursued by Béranger should be held up to admiration. It is certain that many so-called honours and vast wealth might have been his, had he chosen to accept them. But, with the one exception of Lucien Bonaparte's friendly start in life (which was as honourable to the acceptor as to the giver), he refused all such offers. In 1829, when there was a rumour of the insolvency of his publishers, and his utter ruin appeared certain, he declined an advance of 18,000 francs from his friend Lafitte. He declined honourable office under the Orleans government, towards the establishment

of which he had rendered such powerful assistance. He declined a competence for life, offered to him by General Sebastiani, from that gentleman's private means, on terms of the most delicate secrecy. He was aware of the power of gratitude over his nature, and was fearful of contracting obligations even to the men whom he esteemed the most, lest his independence of thought should suffer.* He declined to be nominated a member of the French Academy. When elected, against his will, to a seat in the Constituent Assembly, in 1848, he merely presented himself once in the chamber, to recognise the honour the people had done him, and never returned to it. He felt that that was not his sphere of action. His last act of dignity was the delicate and courteous refusal, some months ago, of pecuniary assistance from the Empress Eugénie. His wants, both in fame and money, were adequately supplied; and he had the rare gift of contentment. The modest sufficiency he enjoyed to his death he owed to a friend, it is true; but it was to the uncommon honesty, and not to the generosity, of that friend. The publisher, Perrotin (in whose arms our poet breathed his last), having purchased the copyright of all Béranger's works for an annuity of 800 francs, and finding that their sale returned to him an amount vastly exceeding his expectation, had the probity to increase the yearly sum to a competency for the poet's wants for life. In a hard-bargaining age like this, such an act (albeit in itself one of bare justice) assumes the proportions of magnanimity.

In person Béranger was below the middle height, and inclined to corpulence. His countenance was like his songs, concealing nothing of the owner's character. The cast of his features was rather Teutonic than Gaulish. He was gifted, more especially in the latter part of his life, with excellent health and indomitable spirits. He enjoyed long walks, hearty eating, and still heartier laughing, till within a week or two of his death.

The particulars of that event are too fresh in the memory of the public to need recapitulation here.

The chief recommendations of Béranger's poetry are, wit, faultless elegance of rhythm and melody, and marvellous condensation of subject. It is difficult to read two of his songs for the first time in immediate succession. After one specimen, you are fain to lay down the book and reflect upon the vast field of suggestion that has been opened to you in a few easy tripping lines. This is accounted for greatly by the fact, that Béranger bestowed more pains on a song than many writers can spare to a tragedy or novel. He polished, retouched, and often entirely rewrote his compositions many times over. When a song was felt by him to be susceptible of no more improvement, and at the same time not equal to his standard of excellence, it was ruthlessly and invariably sacrificed. It was by these means that Béranger, as a writer of songs, attained to what no writer can achieve, except by a similar course of proceeding,—perfection in his degree.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE Honourable NEAL DOW of Portland, Maine, United States, has recently been addressing large concourses of people, in Manchester and elsewhere, on the subject of Temperance and the Maine Liquor Law, which he would fain see adopted in this country. It would be unjust not to recognise the earnestness of this gentleman; and for the object of that reform he has so much at heart, we can but

* "C'est parce que je sais quel pouvoir la reconnaissance exerce sur moi, que j'ai craint de contracter de semblable obligations, même envers les hommes que j'estime le plus." Preface, 1833.

feel cordial sympathy and hearty good-will. But the question as to the means of compassing that object admits of discussion; and in our view, though the Maine law may appear an easy method of putting a stop to drunkenness, it is neither a desirable nor an effectual one.

There is, we hold, a fundamental error in the principle on which this law is based. Moral progress, to be worth any thing, must have its rise and derive its strength from *within*. The morality which is the simple result of the action of external circumstances we shall all admit to be comparatively valueless as regards the world, absolutely valueless as regards the human being himself. We do not lavish much admiration upon a rich man who refrains from picking pockets, nor upon a beggar because he is not avaricious or extravagant; neither should we laud those savages of the — Islands for their temperance before the introduction to their knowledge of that "fire-water" which their Christian invaders brought with them. Temptation must exist before virtue can have its being. Temperance is a mere word, null and void of meaning in cases where indulgence is materially and physically impossible; and abstinence is neither the work of the will nor the result of moral conviction. A free man who does not transgress the law because he *will* not, is obedient; a fettered man who does not disobey because he *cannot*, is a slave. We could place no dependence on the obedience born of slavery; neither could we be satisfied with the temperance compelled by legislation.

It would assuredly be no service to the cause of Christian progress, were it possible to devise with regard to every possible sin such preventive measures as those with which this law seeks to surround drunkenness. With respect to immorality, prevention is *not* better than cure. Human reason, human volition, are divinely bestowed gifts, intended to be duly exercised in the acceptance or rejection of both good and evil. That fruit in Eden which was forbidden to man was still left within his reach. No external obstacle was placed in the way of disobedience; moral and spiritual restraints were alone deemed worthy of a morally and spiritually endowed being by his Creator. Should men's laws be based upon another principle than this? Can we expect to find for ourselves a better or a juster system than is laid down for us in the history of all God's dealings with his creatures?

Our objection, then, in the first place, to the Maine Liquor Law is, that it is not advisable; our second takes lower ground, and simply pleads that it is impracticable.

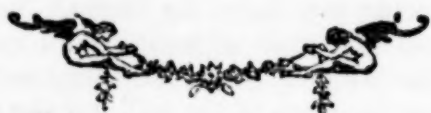
Not impracticable, of course, to lay down the law, but to insure its effective working. All arbitrary measures carry with them this penalty,—the coerced will, either by rebellion or cunning, seek to free themselves from their bondage. Thus the sin grows complicated, and hypocrisy and falsehood lend themselves to aid the cupidity of the vendor, the appetite of the purchaser. On this point Mr. NEAL DOW offers a curious piece of argument. He remarked, "As to the results of the Maine law, it was said it was a failure. But who said this? The bitterest enemies of temperance. The liquor-sellers in Boston said they sold more under the existence of the Maine law than before; but if they did so, why did they oppose it?" But if they do so, what is the use of the law? we may fairly ask; nor shall we be content with a retort that slips aside from the assertion, instead of disproving it. If Mr. NEAL DOW has no better reply than this to make to the exultant statement of "the liquor-sellers in Boston," his case is weak indeed.

And let us confess that we should view with little regret the failure of a law which seeks to abrogate the functions of a man's conscience, and while it aims to hinder him from vice, equally prevents him from attaining to virtue.

True, the confirmed drunkard is so far an insane and unreasonable being, that for him the restraints of the lunatic can hardly be deemed inappropriate; but because some men are mad, do we take from every man the right of governing his own actions? Thank Heaven, drunkenness in England is no longer the obtrusive characteristic that it may have

been fifty years ago. Education, refinement, all that tends to exalt and cultivate our humanity, are its sworn foes, more potent than any stringent enactment that a state could enforce. As these progress, so will men themselves rise to a nobler standard of conduct that shall act as their best safeguard against whatever is degrading and brutalising.

It is not a law devised by human brains that will raise the grovelling or reform the debased. Whoso seeks to influence the soul, must speak to the soul, and work upon the soul. As manhood advances, as the germs of truth and beauty—which we believe lie latent in every human spirit—are cultivated into fruitfulness, so must these sad and monstrous vices of which drunkenness is the hideous parent become less and less prevalent. Religion cries out against it; morality shrinks from its approach; manly feeling revolts from it. Let us seek to make our people religious, moral, manly, and we shall need no Maine Liquor Law.



THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BEHOLD this treasury of glorious things,
This shrine of genius, this enchanting place,
Where every Muse some precious tribute brings
Of blended beauty, dignity, and grace!
Enter with calm and reverential heart,
With earnest purpose and unclouded mind,
So that thy soul, amid transcendent art,
May feel at once refreshed, exalted, and refined.

Hark to that tremulous harmony that swells
Into a gentle surge of solemn sound,
That with a magic influence dispels
The silence, and pervades the air around!
It makes the breast with pure emotions sigh,
It stirs the hidden fountains of our tears,
And seems to lift the longing spirit high,
Even to the loftier choir of the according spheres.

While those sweet sounds yet linger in the ear,
Let's thread this wondrous wilderness of charms,
And wisely ponder o'er each object here
That elevates and fascinates and warms;
Lovely creations, which in happiest hour
The painter's hand has o'er the canvas thrown,
And graceful marvels that the sculptor's power
Has fashioned in his mind, and conjured from the stone.

Those mighty masters of the earlier art,
Those matchless wizards of the elder day,
From earthly things and earthly thoughts apart,
What grandeur did their faculties display!
Lofty conceptions did their souls pervade,
And took immortal shapes at their command,
While reverential feeling moved and swayed,
And silently inspired the cunning of their hand.

And have not we, in this our later time,
Our own art-treasures, famous, and not few,—
The bold, the graceful, even the sublime,
The sweetly tender, and the grandly true?
Amid the walks of intermingled life
We make our study, find our pictures there,
And send imagination, richly rife
With germs of glorious thought, into a holier air.

O Genius, whose mysterious powers ally
The restless spirit with serenest things,
That purify the heart, and lift on high
Our aspirations, as on heavenward wings,

A worthy purpose doth pertain to thee,
A noble and a hopeful task is thine,
To set our natures from low passions free,
And give unto our souls glimpses of realms divine.

Music, with stirring or consoling tones;
Painting, with all thy harmony of hues;
Sculpture, that sitteth upon marble thrones
And thou, not least of these, poetic Muse,—
If ye from earth at once were swept away,
With all the memory of your magic powers,
And all the fires of genius in decay,
O, what a priceless loss, what a sad world were ours!

This may not be; for ye shall more and more
Expand in kindred majesty and grace,
And mingle with each other mighty lore,
To cheer, exalt, and bless the human race.
He who inspired the great ones of the past,
By whom all good and beauteous things are given,
Will deign to leave His children to the last
This still increasing dower, this one foretaste of heaven.

Praise to the men of energy who planned
This princely place, this treasure-crowded hall!
Praise to the wealthy of our native land,
Who nobly answered to a noble call!
And when these riches, which improve the heart,
Are to their wonted places back consigned,
May this transcendent spectacle of art
Be mirrored in our souls, leaving its light behind!

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

ON a rocky height by the seashore of D—shire stands Harkstone Castle. It was inhabited some seven years ago by a very old man, who had been in possession nearly half a century; and during that time had never been known to give a hint as to his successor. He saw neither friend nor foe, except when absolutely obliged. His estate was well managed by his own agency and that of his steward and attorney; but that was the only ostensible employment he had. He spent his time alone, and was so inaccessible, that people forgot he was alive till they were aroused to the fact by hearing that he was dead.

The probable contents of his will, then, excited great interest; for the estate was wholly in his power, and he had no near relations. He might leave it to his attorney, to the Queen, to his housekeeper; he might turn Harkstone Castle into a hospital; he might have made no will at all; and this seemed the most probable, for none was found, and none had been made by his attorney; and the latter began to make inquiries into his nearest of kin. It was not difficult to find this person, though he was very remote. He was a young man in the army,—Charles Graburn by name,—a man of small means, but not absolutely poor. He was not aware himself that he had a relation in the world; for his parents, who would naturally have talked at times over cousins and great-uncles, died when he was young, and his pedigree had nothing in it interesting to him. When informed of his prospects he at first refused his belief.

"I should like it well enough," said he; "but it's not true. You'll find a will, I'm sure, and I shall only have had the trouble of changing my habits, to return to them again."

He hung back from taking any steps in the business, and really thought of his chance as little as he could help.

One rainy afternoon,—his regiment being then quartered at Birmingham,—he was sitting in the mess-room of the barracks, playing at chess with a brother-officer, when the sound of a carriage coming through the great paved court, and round to the steps of the entrance, drew his eyes to the

window,
the face
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"Wha



A SCULPTOR'S PICTORIAL MUSINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

No. II. CHRISTABEL.

"THE lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle-gate?"

She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away."

COLERIDGE.

window, and there he beheld, looking from a railroad-fly, the face of Mr. Spoker, the attorney who had the care of his business.

"I'll be back before you play," said he. "I see a fellow who wants me;" and meeting Mr. Spoker in the passage, he had time for but "Good morning," before the attorney said: "A will has been found."

"I knew it," said Graburn, turning back. "I'm glad I never reckoned upon Harkstone Castle."

"You will enjoy it the more," said Mr. Spoker. "All is left to the next of kin."

"To me?"

"Yes, all to you. He wrote one will, leaving it to you by the name of Grayburn,—with a *y* in the name,—and another to his 'next of kin,' as if he would make it as sure as possible."

"So it's mine," said Charles.

"Yours, yours," said the attorney.

"Thank God!" said Charles Graburn, betraying that he had been more interested than he had allowed. Then turning back to the mess-room, he entered it, singing, "I'd be a butterfly."

"What's happened to Charley now?" said his opponent,

Frederick Palliser by name, who had been determining where to move his castle. "Charley turned songster!"

"I have got 4000*l.* a-year, and a fine castle, since I went out of the room," said young Graburn.

"By Jove!" said the other.

Charles Graburn got leave from his colonel,—to whom such an occasion seemed a very sufficient reason for granting it,—and went down next day to his new possessions.

Harkstone Castle stood on an isolated low hill, just a quarter of a mile from the beach. Behind it are higher hills, thickly clothed with low wood; and in modern times, by commanding the castle, these surrounding hills would have made it an indefensible place. But its position suited the century it was built in; the hill was steep on all sides, so as to stand in place of a fosse, and the towers followed the irregularity of the ground, covering the top of the hill with a building which afforded abundant shelter and defence to those who manned it. In these latter serene times it was merely picturesque. The internal walls towards the court were pierced with convenient windows for the inhabitants; and when they would look out to the sea and landward view, they did so through narrow apertures, which, though enlarged since they were intended for mere arrow-

slits, had been altered judiciously, and without spoiling the appearance of the castle. The last possessor had left less trace of himself than any one who had lived there fifty or sixty years could possibly be supposed to have done. He had burned all his letters before he died; his books were all on the bookshelves; not so much as a blotting-book bore the mark of his signature on the paper. He had lived to extreme old age, and had seemed to take pleasure in obliterating all signs that he had lived at all. Charles eagerly opened drawers, and searched cupboards; there was scarcely a relic of the old times just passed, though there were many of the older times which had gone by a hundred years—nay, several hundreds. Suits of armour there were, black-jacks, spurs, cannon-balls; but nothing to tell what the last man had enjoyed, done, or suffered.

Charles was greatly employed in riding over the estate with Mr. Spoker, and arranging what improvements must take place, what timber be cut down, what exchanges with neighbouring squires set on foot. He found, also, that although the castle had been well taken care of on the whole, some repairs on a large scale were become necessary; and he was absorbed in surveys and plans by which to gain the double object of preserving the beauty and character of the building, and at the same time doing to it what was essential for its repair.

One day, when he was looking at the building from the outside, it struck him that one of the projections had no corresponding room within; he was quite certain that where the outer wall expanded into what might be a room of tolerable size, the inside was a flat surface, forming only one side of a passage. He ran up stairs directly to examine it, expecting to find a doorway blocked up. There was tapestry along the wall; but when it was lifted, nothing but the rough stones were discovered; no trace of doorway, no mark of any former aperture in the wall. It was so unlikely, however, that the projection should consist of solid masonry, that Charles determined to search the outside, to ascertain whether any window might be hidden under the ivy. He mounted a ladder accordingly, followed by a workman carrying a saw and pickaxe; and searching through the ivy in various places,—for it here quite mantled the wall,—he found, in fact, a window, strongly defended with iron bars, but which admitted the eye dimly to penetrate into a room within. Curiosity was all alive to read the secret of this hidden chamber; and making a footing for himself on a projection of the wall by the aid of the stout boughs of the ivy, he gave place to the workman who had accompanied him to break out the bars with the pickaxe he carried, and give him access. While this work was going on he looked anxiously into the room, which he saw better and better as the ivy was cleared and the dimmed glass removed. It was tapestried; and the hangings seemed to have fallen in places through the effects of damp and time; a bed occupied one end, with a canopy crowned with a bunch of feathers, and these began to wave as the air got in. On the side, at right angles with the window, was a narrow door, which opened from the corner of the room, evidently not into the corridor outside, but into either a concealed passage running parallel to the corridor, or into another room. There was a heavy chair by the bed, thrown over and lying on its side; a small table, with a cup on it containing fragments of dry flowers. In one part of the room, on the floor, was a heap of silk or stuff, flung down, it should seem, on some day or night long left behind; the curtains of the bed were quite drawn back on the side next the window, and something dimly glittered, when the light fell on the carpet, like an instrument or ornament of steel.

Charles impatiently looked at all while the man worked away at the window-bars; and when they yielded at last he sprang in. There was little more to be learned with regard to all these objects than what he had already made out. Only, the clothes of the bed were thrown over the pillow, just as a hasty strong hand might replace them after they had been opened. Charles Graburn flung them back as far

as they would go. The inside of the bed was filled with a huge dark something,—plainly it had been a pool of blood.

Charles and the workman looked at each other in mute horror. The latter was the first to speak.

"There's been foul work here, I doubt, sir," said he. "Best cover it up, and say nothing."

"Cover it up! Not I," cried Charles; "I'll search it out to the very end. Who remembers the tower?"

"If any body does, 'tis Mrs. Many," said the workman; "she that was housekeeper before the master."

"What! and alive still? Where is she?"

"At the house in the forest, sir, where I heard your honour went to tell her of the master's legacy."

"I remember, I remember; she was very ill."

"She'll never be no better, I'm of opinion to think. She's bound to die; she's ninety if she's a day."

"I'll see her this minute," cried Charles, resolving within himself that nobody should carry her the news of the discovery before he could judge of its effect upon her; and hastily descending the ladder, he told the servants and labourers below that he had found strange things, which were not to be meddled with till he came back, and ran off at the speed of a young man to the cottage.

It was a very neat dwelling, a little way within the woodland district called the Forest of Byer, part of which belonged to the Harkstone estate, as a leasehold under the crown. The ancient woman had survived the master whom, old as she was, she had looked on as a young man, and might well do so, for she was bed-ridden; and he, up to the close of his life, had been able to walk as far as her dwelling. She was attended by a woman, who, although nearly sixty, the older woman persisted in calling the girl. The girl was a sad specimen of the fair sex, not above three-parts in possession of her wits; brown, almost black, of complexion, part of the darkness of her hue consisting in dirt; her few ragged locks hung loose about her bare head; her large under-lip drooped on her chin, and her swollen nose matched the lip in its proportions. The clothes she wore were bound round her more like rags than woman's clothes, though they were not bad in themselves; and she seemed in a hurry to do every office that any one asked or wanted, as if she felt herself born to be every body's slave. This old girl, whom the older woman called Phillis, came out hastily at Charles's call; and without seeming to understand that he wanted her to inquire whether her mistress could see him, guided him straight into the chamber where Mrs. Many lay half alive, as it should seem, in her bed.

Charles felt he must not be too abrupt. He therefore began to say something about the legacy; but the old woman, when she understood who it was, began:

"You were here on Wednesday about that; it's all right. Do you want any thing else, sir?"

"Indeed I have something else to ask you. The castle is a strange old place, and I want to know whether there are any hiding-places, any private rooms or passages, about it?"

"None at all, as I know of," said Mrs. Many.

"Every body's dead and gone now that could have been hidden in them, or care about them, except you," said Charles.

"But there's none at all," said the old woman.

"Yes, there is one," said Charles, resolving to try the truth upon her,—for he saw she either knew of none, or would not allow it if she did,—“and there's been murder done in it.”

The old woman answered nothing, but fixed her glassy eyes upon him; he fixedly returned the glance, and hers gave way the first.

"What have you seen?" said she.

He told her exactly.

"I saw it too," said she, "fifty-five years ago; but never spoke of it till now. I believe he's dead that did it."

"You believe only? You are not sure?"

"It was not the master, if that's what you mean," said the old woman. "It was his sorrow; but it was another man's sin."

"And you—and you," said Charles, in great emotion.

"No, sir, I had nothing to do with it, except being the first to see it. My mind's as easy as the poor girl's there."

"I conjure you," said Charles, "tell me what you know."

"Well, you *do* know already, sir. What more? Master Walter hid yonder girl's mother in the tower, and there she perished."

"Master Walter? Whom do you mean? And that wretched woman, *her* mother; what is it you mean?"

"I mean the master that's just dead. 'Twas in the time of the old squire his father, who I was housekeeper to; and Master Walter was man and boy about the house, and very well beloved. I was thirty-two when he was twenty; he went away to amuse himself somewhere or other among the furriners."

"And then,—what then?" said Charles, as she paused in her story.

"Why, then, it was a year and a half after that a man came to me as could speak no English like us, and could do nothing but make signs. He gave me a letter from Master Walter, which said that he had become acquainted with a young lady, who was a mother by him, and he had sent his little infant to my care (there it is, the girl there); and the brother of the child's mother, the letter went on to say, had become aware, and was dodging them every where for vengeance. His father must not know, and he must hide the mother. Now, in those days, the tower you've found out was merely neglected—it's been forgotten since; but he bade me ready it for the young lady, and open a door long locked outside the castle, at the foot of the winding stair, and the night after he and she would be there. I'd no time to say no, if I willed it, and I did not will it; for I loved Master Walter, and the old squire was very harsh upon him. So I took the parcel out of the strange man's hand, and looking in, 'twas indeed a young infant; and first, in a great fright, I ran down home to where my husband was sick, and showed him the letter, and told him all; and he bade me lay down the baby, and we'd tell the neighbours 'twas no business of theirs. The poor child was well-nigh starved with cold and hunger, and I doubt if ever it got over that journey, let it come from where it might; but, for my part, I thought more of the lady and Master Walter, and I did as well as I could for them in the tower."

"The lady actually lived there?" said Charles, finding the old woman pause.

"Yes, yes; and nobody knew,—we thought nobody knew; but it's always been my opinion that some one or other saw me go out or in at the low tower-door one midnight carrying in the poor baby—the girl there; for the mother *would* see her. That would be three weeks after the lady came, and Master Walter was planning taking her elsewhere, but told me he was afraid the brother had not yet given over seeking; and, sir, it was perhaps a week after, Mr. Walter was gone with his father to sessions, or assizes. I forget perfectly which, and I went in through the hidden passage from my room, and the lady was gone, sir; but she had been murdered first; the bed was a pool of blood."

"Horrible!" cried Charles, starting and shuddering as he stood.

"And I could do nothing till Mr. Walter came back, late that evening. Then he like went mad in that room, and he said nothing I could understand, but cries and groans like a speechless animal; and at last down the little stair he ran, and I following, just saw him disappear in the darkness, and not a word nor a sign to say where he was going. I was all of a tremble, and just turned back through the room, and dashed the clothes back over the bed, and ran out and locked the door, and never went near it again, and Master Walter was not heard of, as I know of, for years; but the old squire was a strange man, and might have news of him without ever telling the like of us a word."

"I never heard any thing of this," said Graburn.

"Not likely you should, sir. It was when she was an infant; and though I still call her a girl, she's fifty-six if she's a day."

"When did he come back, then," said Charles.

"Not long before the old squire died, and that's five-and-forty years now since. He said nothing to me, nor I to him. It was just as if neither of us knew what the other was thinking of; and so it always has been—not a word between us. But I saw he sought to see the child, and I brought her in my hand one day from the woman's where I boarded her, for my husband was dead; and he looked at her, and said, 'How old is that hideous creature?' 'Ten years,' I said, looking full at him. So he understood, and gave me a great sum of money—20*l.*—and turned away."

"How strange!" said Graburn.

"I don't know," said the old woman; "she *was* a hideous discreditable creature, and grew worse and worse. But he always behaved very well, and when the old squire died, he gave me this cottage and money enough yearly; and now I can understand perfectly well the legacy is for her; for I am but a few days more for this world, and I've made her safe of it."

"Of course he was not married to the lady," said Graburn.

"He was," said the old woman.

"O, no, no," cried Charles quickly; "no, he could not have been. Why do you think so? I hope not; for in that case she is the heiress."

"O Lord, no," said the old woman. "What could *she* do with the castle and the estate; he knew better than that; a few hundred pounds suit her much better than your thousands."

"I don't know how that may be," said Charles; "but I do know, if she is his legitimate daughter, the thousands are not mine."

"Nonsense," said the old woman; "I would not have told you if I had thought. To think of our old Phillis being the lady of Castle Harkstone, indeed!"

"What reasons have you for believing them married?" said Charles.

"He said he was," said the old woman, "in his letter, and I never doubted it; but don't go to trouble yourself about it. Give the girl a little money year by year, and let her live on in the cottage here, with some one to live with her. Folks have a notion she's something of a daughter to me, though wrong enough; but that's no matter."

"Where's the letter?" said Graburn.

"It was used to be in my box; but I dare say the mice have eaten it," said the old woman.

"Let me see, however," said Walter.

"I will, sir, I will," said the old woman, "if I can lay my hand on it; but I'm desperate tired."

Charles perceived she was; but he also perceived her reluctance to let him see what he asked for. However, he would not lose the opportunity; and succeeding in obtaining from her the key, which she acknowledged was in her pocket by the bed, he unlocked the only box in the room, and saw in one corner a heap of hoarded money, and in another some yellow papers, perishing with age, tied up with a string.

"That's them," said the old woman. "Take 'em, and just put them in the fire; there's nobody but me knows of 'em, and *you* also now; and when I'm gone, you'll have the secret all to yourself."

Graburn did take them, and giving back her key, bade her good morning, and said he would call again to-morrow, and have a little more talk with her, for he was sorry to see how he had tired her.

"Ay, ay," said the old woman. "And as you go out, be so good, sir, as to call the girl, and send her to me."

Graburn did as she requested, and looked with altered eyes upon the half-witted ancient girl, who he believed had already thrust him from his place in the fine old castle. He

eagerly took out the withered letters as he walked along, and tenderly stretching the crumbling paper, read with the utmost difficulty the one in which Walter asked the aid of Martha for the lady who he swore to her was his wife; while the other papers proved to be a certificate of the marriage and baptism.

"That's enough," said Charles, putting back the documents. "So it's all over with me and Harkstone."

He walked very soberly home, and ate his dinner without a very good appetite. Next morning early, he went again to Martha's cottage to get further information if possible; but, early as he came, it was too late. The old woman, over-excited yesterday, had died in the night; and Phillis, on her knees, was scrubbing the floor, while one of the neighbours superintended the arrangements which followed the bustle of a sudden death.

"The secret is all to myself now," thought Charles.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as the young captain got back to the castle from the old woman's house, he ordered a horse, and rode off to the town where Mr. Spoker, the attorney, lived. To him he communicated the discoveries, and the unwelcome fact that the nearest of kin was Phillis, the old man's legitimate daughter.

Mr. Spoker was excessively vexed. He read and re-read the documents to convince himself, if he could, that they were insufficient proofs of her claims.

"After all, Captain Graburn," said he, "it is plain Mr. Chinaway did not mean her to have it. He knew all about her, as well as he could know any thing; and it's my opinion, from that first paper he drew up, in which he evidently had forgotten the spelling of your name, that he meant the estate for you, but preferred writing another, in which he called you next of kin, to making inquiries about you."

"I think so too," said Charles; "but the words are clear against me, and perhaps the meaning also."

"Why did the old fool show them to you?" said Mr. Spoker.

"Not from any good-will to Phillis," said Charles; "merely because I *would* see them."

"Why could not you let them alone?" said the attorney.

"That don't matter now," said Charles. "The hideous old girl has her rights saved by it."

"But perhaps," said Mr. Spoker, "the documents are forged. Who can tell?"

"I'm sure I can't," said Charles.

"Besides, this Phillis may not be the same child. She may be the old woman's, put in place of the right one. She did not say this girl was *not* her own?"

"Yes, she did."

"No, no; she did not tell you that."

"She did, though."

"She did! What was the use of going to the cottage? You are the only witness against yourself."

"Except these papers."

"O, hang the papers!"

"Do you think," said Charles, "they would stand in a court of justice? How do you think a jury would decide?"

Mr. Spoker took them, examined them all through again, to discredit them if possible.

"They would give it against you," said he. "Plague! Besides, the old girl would be much better off with a hundred pounds a-year, than with more," said Mr. Spoker; "her father knew that well enough."

"Very true," said Charles; "but the money's not mine to give or keep."

"If you had let the tower alone till the architect came," said Mr. Spoker, "the old woman would have been dead by that time."

"Well, it's all over," said Charles. "I have not sold my

commission, that's one good thing, and I shall be no worse off than I was before."

"Besides," said Mr. Spoker, "the girl's a fool, and can't make a will. She's old and unhealthy; you must come in before long as her natural heir."

"Next of kin again?" said Charles, smiling. "No, thank you; one tumble's enough," added he, quoting the Fire-king's opinion.

He was in haste to leave the scene of his short-lived fortunes; but he waited, for the sake of his unwelcome cousin, to break to her the change of her fate. He returned to the cottage where the old woman's corpse lay, in the grand serenity of old age, upon the bed, and the forlorn ancient girl sat solitary by it.

"I want to speak to you, Phillis," said he; "come this way, will you?" and she followed him into the little kitchen. "What's to become of you, now that your friend there has left you?"

"Mother, do you mean?" said Phillis.

"Ay."

"Mother said I was to bide in the house," said Phillis.

"But what shall you do for money?"

"There's some in the box; and mother said I was to have it."

"Have you the key," said Captain Graburn.

"He's in mother's pocket," said Phillis.

Charles bade her fetch it, and unlocked the box to see what effect the wealth therein contained would have on her. She looked at it quite unmoved.

"There is a great deal, indeed," said Charles. "Shall you ever spend it, do you think?"

"Yes, I suppose," said Phillis.

"Yes, yes, money slides away; and so it would if you were much richer."

Phillis made no answer, but began to dust the inside of the box.

"And do you know, Phillis," said Captain Graburn, "that you *are* much richer. Mr. Chinaway,—you know?—the master, I mean, who died last month; he has left the castle to you."

Phillis went on dusting; but the tears spurted out of her eyes, and she hung down her head. She was so accustomed to be the object of mockery and jeering, that she believed herself to be so now; and Charles Graburn perceived it.

"Don't think I am making a joke of you," said he. "You can hardly believe it; but, upon my honour, you are his daughter, and every thing he had comes to you."

She put down the lid of the box, dusted the top, and went back to the bedroom, plainly convinced that the grand gentleman was amusing himself at her expense, and that she must be patient as usual. He got up to follow her, but reflected that as she took it in this way, the news would come better by means of some of the people she was accustomed to talk with; and having no mind to dwell on it more himself than was necessary, he went back to the castle, sent for Mr. Spoker, and delivered up every thing to him just as it had been when he came first, and commended to his care the hapless heiress.

"If she prove quite a natural," said Mr. Spoker, "she must be made a ward in chancery; and as you are next heir, the court will give you the management of the estates. But if she have wits enough to get along for herself, somebody must be found to live with her."

"Ay, ay, that's the best way; I want nothing more to do with it," said Charles. "And I thank you, Mr. Spoker, for your good offices throughout the affair (besides professional services, which we'll settle); I heartily wish you farewell. I shall run to the station and catch the up-train; and you'll be so good, will you, as to send my traps after me."

"Fare you well, sir," said old Spoker, and the tears came in his eyes. "You are an honourable man as ever lived. I wish to my heart you had not gone into the south tower."

RASCALDOM AND ITS KINGS.—CARTOUCHE, KING OF PARIS.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

[Second Paper.]

Rise, Paris of Cartouche! with thy royal and thy rascal world—thy buckramed marquises, and pompous bourgeois—thy green tables, and council-boards—thy lordly Louvre, and thy crimson Grève—with thy courtyards full of wigged footmen, and thy boudoirs full of ringleted beauties. In the taverns are noisy shirtless bullies, who will not rest till they are carried home bloody sops upon dripping shutters. In the guard-chambers are booted generals, whose breastplates shine like mirrors, and upon whose shoulders black wigs, after the fashion of their royal master, fall down in scented cascades. The pebbly narrow streets are mere dark defiles, between rocky walls of tall prison-like houses, with broad courtyard-doors and grated windows, blocked up with ponderous gilded coaches, heavy with velvet hamercloths, and fluttering with feathers. Two have met, the wheels have locked; M. le Marquis de Carembole will not give way to M. l'Abbé de Millefleurs; swords are being drawn, and only the dead-rooms of to-night's hospitals will ever fully know the result.

Here is a street gay with cast-off clothes: old red-heeled shoes that have trod the parterres of Versailles, and old orange-and-black scarfs that have been shot-torn at Malplaquet. Here is a triangular cocked-hat that has felt the sting of the bullets of the Languedoc Camisards, and here is a rich blue-and-silver brocade, once worn by a beauty whose thin white fingers dabbled in *aqua Tophana*, which indeed left an ugly stain upon them, as certain lawyers know. Do not sip succory-water or chocolate with that lady, M. l'Ambassadeur, or you are undone. Step into the druggist's shop where our lady bought that dreadful cosmetic that turns faces death-colour, and you will find our old friend M. Diaforius, who will talk to you by the hour of "*dyspepsie ou bradyspepsie*." He is learned in electuaries, and can mix up a *fucus* with admirable skill. M. Jourdain runs their fingers along emerald silks, in every little dim shop round the Chatelet; and the dregs of the Seine only know the victims of Scapin, now turned a friend of Cartouche, knight of the steel and cord, bound to free pury canons of charity purses, syndics of redundant fees, even bullies of their spoil, and beggars of their savings. Cartouche is every where: we see him with his short thick-set figure and hard frowning face, eyebrows twisted, barred-up mouth, and restless, feverish eyes, terribly alive and watchful, while the face is long ago turned into mere stone. There he is, in the wide circle of the wits and nobles and poets and architects and dancing-masters, waiting at the duke's levee. I think that must be him, too, amid the thronging coaches and smoking torches at the great ball at the Louvre. You would not think that was Cartouche leaning over the Pont Neuf, or laughing at the Scaramouche in the theatre.

He is at the night-tavern orgies, where drunken sirens fling champagne-glasses at bald fiddlers' heads; he is sitting in deferential conference with old gentlemen on the public seats in walks and gardens; he talks on the quays with bluff sailors; he struts, with new-gilt sword or maroon coat, up the centre walk of Notre Dame, and kneels with ostentatious devotion before shining altars, blazing with candles and glistening with metal stars and crosses. He is hearty with the hearty, rough with the rough, gentle with the gentle; he is apostolically "all things to all men." But with all of them, were he watched, his stealthy eye might be seen, as his victims stooped to sip their wine, or threw their leg across the billiard-board, leaping on them with sudden and terrible scorn and malice. Woe betide them to-morrow! The abbé, stripped and bruised, will be found dead, crammed into his own dim confessional; the young Savoy count floating down the Seine, with a nasty drill-hole under his third rib; the rich silk-merchant of Rue

de la Friperie, half dead, thrust into an empty chest in a vaulted warehouse near the Temple. No fashion was safe in Paris against invisible murder; there is no defence; the diamond-wearers, silk-flaunters, watch-showers, tremble at the dusk. Every slam of a door betokens murder, every scraping is a robber's file.

"This must be put a stop to," as Mathew's French friend said when the servant brought him news of his wife's having presented him with three children at a birth. D'Argenson's saturnine visage grew black as a Bastille *oubliette*; his huge wig shook with rage; he ordered all the prisoners' pet-pigeons on the Bastille roof to be shot out of mere spite. Even his harem of nuns could not soothe him; he was silent at court, and gloomy when the grand monarch honoured him by requesting him to carry his cane, or to stoop and pick up a glove; his myrmidons thronged the streets and market-places in as many disguises as the agents of the Fronde once assumed; they lay silent in corners of lumbering diligences, waiting with secretly-cocked carbines for the masked head to thrust in at the window; they pretended to roll in drunken sleeps upon wine-shop benches; they watched at bridge-foots; they attended trials to watch eyes that signalled to the prisoners; they lurked at suspicious street-corners, and spied from garret-windows and behind chimneys. But the conspiracy had spread too deep and far; that great upas-tree had struck root into churches and drawing-rooms, into shops and guard-rooms; gendarmes themselves were in Cartouche's pay; the very king was at their mercy.

A thousand schemes were laid to entrap Cartouche, but all in vain; the gipsy, soldier, gambler, thief, had sounded every depth of human wickedness, and lying like a spider, surrounded by threads of feelers, he could discern, through mistresses, accomplices, agents, and spies, the remotest germ of a plot. Once they nearly had him. He was found to sleep in a certain house at a certain hour; a traitor disclosed every movement,—where his pistol would be and where his knife, in what relative position to the window the chair on which his embroidered clothes would be heaped, and where the bed was in relation to the door. There was much whispering of bulldog-heads at the police bureau; much looking at rapier-points, and much fitting of locks and cartridges. At the certain hour, stealthy as lovers, stole the cloaked men to the specified number. Street quiet, house quiet; no noise, no light. Examine memoranda: door, brown? Door, brown.

Blind at third-floor window? Blind at third-floor window. A knock—two soldiers at the door—one to ascend the stairs; faces grimmer, and gunpowder burning to go off.

Third floor; demand entrance; no answer. "Blow off the lock. We have him."

No; empty bed; still warm, but no Cartouche.

A noise below.

Bang!

"Cartouche! Cartouche!" Cries of "He has escaped!"

It was Cartouche. He had escaped.

The first step in the quiet street had reached his jealous tightly-strung ears. He looked out.

"Soldiers! Lost!"

He locked the door, ran up the chimney, got down from the roof into the garret; waited till the soldiers were fully intent on rummaging the disappointing room, pricking mattresses with suspicious swords, smashing cupboards, searching trousers-pockets, looking out of window, pulling up flooring.

Now is the time. He takes off his shoes, steals down a back-stair, leaps through the sentries, fires off a pistol,—he must have his bravado,—and crying,

"It is I—Cartouche!" escapes into the night.

Slinking, downcast, and angry, the baffled rogue-catchers sneak back to be browbeaten by the ferocious D'Argenson,—that wigged terror of all *empoisonneuses*, and monarch of the "Burning Chamber."

But the enemies of Cartouche had their escapes too. On

one occasion a young rich abbé received an invitation to come and see the furniture of a mansion,—say No. Quarante-neuf, Street of the Bleeding Heart; a street all lonely gardens and monastic-looking houses. There is to be a sale there. Furniture padded and cushioned with Utrecht velvet, and glittering with mirrors and silver fountains. There are some voluptuous Titians, &c., such as abbés keep covered up in studies full of the Fathers, and where an open Chrysostome gathers dust for months. Abbé de Rien dresses in best style,—cassock, shovel-hat, scented gloves, cameo-cane (head of Venus, including bust),—and takes a hackney-coach to the street with the droll name, probably where a convent once stood; is put down, and lounges up the street to see whereabouts he has got to. Quite the suburbs. Over the wall tall beckoning poplars nod and point, and, *c'est drôle*, there is a thistle gone to seed just by the door-scraper at the porter's lodge. Our late proprietor must have been a misanthrope, like M. Argan, and have shunned society: just the place, though, to trap a real nude Titian, glowing, blue and red, and flesh that would bleed if you pricked it.

He rings; a ghastly rattle, and a bell tolls, as it were, a mile off, up a mouldy corridor. Something like a chill creeps over him; but, bah! he takes a pinch of *Millefleurs* snuff from his Sèvres snuff box, painted (*inside*) with Diana's Surprise, and (*outside*) with Susannah and the Elders. The door opens: rough fellow, with no carnation-cheeks, and no powdered periwig.

"Stap my vitals! quite a vulgarian; yes, indeed, by Venus! as the Marquis de Mirabella pleasantly and wittily observed of my Swiss valet."

With a condescending look at the black-browed vulgarian, the abbé walks in, yawning and swinging his cameo-cane (subject, bust of Venus and head); walks up-stairs, observes with critical eye that there is no tapestry in the hall, no heraldic chairs, no nothing, except a great brass many-armed chandelier swinging by a long brass cable from the roof, some four stories up. He walks up, toils up, many flights of oak stairs, enters empty rooms, gets astonished, takes more snuff; when, to his horror, looking down a corridor, he suddenly sees three men advancing on him with drawn swords. By Venus, here's an end to all ortolan suppers and Versailles promenades and ombre! *Dieu merci!* the chandelier; he is fat and wheezy. Hurrah! a spring,—a tremendous deer-like spring,—beyond, but brought up by a great oscillating jar, and the great brass chain sways like a rope in a storm. He is saved. Quick down; plump on the sharp point of the chandelier—very different to the soft cushions of fashionable chapels; a tumble on the black and white marble-hall; a shout; a pistol-shot; a rush across the court, crushing the thistle that never did harm to any one; a scrambling run down the street, and the abbé reaches a chair-stand; takes a chair; is borne to his lodgings by the frightened, backward-looking, trotting sedan-men; and the abbé is brought to his own house, half-fainting, and only to be revived by repeated pinches of *Millefleurs*, and much rubbing of temples by his pretty housekeeper Lisette.

Still, with all this audacity, somehow or other the great conveyancing firm of Cartouche and Co. does not thrive. The agency is so expensive. Spies require enormous wages, or they turn false. The purchasers of stolen goods give small sums. The safe lodgings for storing treasure, and the lurking-places, with proper trap-doors, double-roofs, and sliding-panels, demand enormous rents. There are mistresses, too, to keep, who play knuckle-down with diamonds, and make sauce of pearls; Delias, who powder their hair with gold-dust and bathe in perfumes. Refuse them a set of emeralds, or a roomful of rococo, they pout and threaten mysterious things. Watches may come in by hatfuls, diamonds by chestfuls, and crowns and louis-d'ors by the wagon-load, yet down it all goes, with a merry rush, into these pleasant pits of hell bordered by primroses. It is very quick travelling, the primrose-path to Acheron. The paper-money is a Godsend, because it is such a concentration of wealth. It packs so close, and goes so far. We stop mails with bun-

dles of the precious silver-paper; bags of money are taken—so much that the broken-down Cartouche horses drop half of it, and sow the road with gold-pieces, enough to feed all the starving Scotchmen in Boulogne for the Pretender's miserable brandy-drinking, bragging, selfish lifetime.

Very slowly but surely D'Argenson gets in the crowd-bar that is to break open this bloody den of wickedness; slowly filters through circumstances that show where the underground dens and traps lie hid; and this that I am going to relate above all things. It had long been known, to the inexpressible horror of quiet rich citizens, that Cartouche had in his pay, not merely escaped galley-slaves and highwaymen, but broken-down gamblers of family, and runaway prodigals; countless Don Juans as well as ragged Lazarillos; not merely bankrupt tradesmen and degraded priests,—the most shameless of men,—but even noblemen's footmen, still in their service, and officers and gentlemen of supposed respectability.

Mutilated bodies were constantly found in the Seine, faces gashed and cut to prevent them being recognised,—bodies, either naked, or with the coat-pockets turned inside out, or printed red by crimson fingers; while France was ringing with the trumpets that proclaimed the conquest of Flemish towns, and lit with the bonfires to announce the passage of the Rhine. Paris itself, where the king did or should reside (for Louis was not fond of Paris, remembering his frights and flights during the Fronde), was kept in awe by a handful of unknown and unseen robbers. One day the body of a man, supposed to be an accomplice of Cartouche, is found cruelly mutilated in a road near Paris; no search can discover the murderers. On the morning of the murder, an officer, living in humble lodgings, comes home, pale and worn out, and requests his landlady, after he has dressed, to send his linen to the wash. His jaded look arouses her suspicions. As she broods over his strange anxious manner, and the unusual lateness of his return, a crier passes under her window, shouting out the announcement of a reward for the discovery of a dreadful murder committed the night before. Her eyes turn to the heap of linen her lodger has just shuffled off before he took his chocolate and sank into that tired sleep.

Lord, how he snores!

There are three spots of blood on the left ruffle, and the right sleeve is wet and torn.

She goes to the police. The tired lodger is arrested, found guilty, and executed. The dying man's confession implicates Cartouche. It was that great captain's wise but cruel precaution to murder all spies and suspected persons. What tyrant can rule but by terror? Ask the Emperor of France,—the Blood of the Bourbon regalia.

These discoveries make the place rather too hot for Cartouche. The severity of the search necessitates an inconveniently frequent change of costume; he has to sleep every night in a different house. The caresses of women he suspects grow loathsome to him. He resolves on a bold scheme to escape pursuit. Looking over the soiled and red pages of his memory, he remembered a certain Jean Balmar, a fellow-soldier in Flanders, who had told him about his old parents in Auvergne, and had given him a message to them, which he had never delivered. This comrade soon after fell by his side, and Cartouche had become his executor, retaining his letters, passport, and a few soldier's personals. He was not unlike him in face, and resolved to pass himself off as the dead soldier. Leaving Paris at night, he reached, by secret journeys, the old labourer's house, quickly imposed on the old purblind couple, made his arrival welcome by liberal presents, and was at once adopted and allowed as their son. Cartouche was safe. The man of a hundred murders was once more innocent, free, and could begin life again.

But the country life grew hateful to the young Parisian. The day seemed prison-long without wine, cards, and women. At any risks, he must go back to Paris, head his band, keep Paris in terror, and venture life a dozen times a-day. He

went, and the end was not far distant. A daring robbery in Versailles at this time increased the vigilance of the police, and perhaps accelerated his fate. The hemp was not merely grown for him, but cut and spun, nay, even twisted and rove. One day, when Versailles awoke from its heavy sleep after ball and revel, to the horror of stewards and the lifting-up of hands of major-domos, and all that obsequious band of noodles who assisted the great monarch in putting on his shirt and tying his garters, all the new gold fringe of one of the dining-rooms—quite new, very heavy, and of great value—was found clipped off and gone. Tremendous was the hue and cry! All rooms were searched, garden-shrubberies ransacked, but still no fringe. Police are every where; they watch the king at dinner; he does not move without them. On a sudden, as Louis is preparing with great state, and the usual routine of ceremony that fences in fools, to take his seat at dinner, up, with a bang and flap on the table, just at the king's nose, comes the bundle of fringe, with the following inscription:

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

The search had been too troublesome; the thief must have been a domestic of high standing.

Such were the times from whose corruption sprang a Cartouche. At last he was seized,—trapped in a sleeping-place,—and loaded with irons. In prison he was cheerful, and even gay. He was visited by ladies of rank, to whom he showed the weight of his fetters laughing.

His three wives came to see him. He had pet-names for them all; one he called the Abbess. At first obdurate, when well tortured by the rack, he confessed his crimes, disclosed his accomplices of all ranks (some almost beyond prosecution), exhorted his fellow-prisoners to repentance, and listened to the priest.

At the appointed day he was led out to the high scaffold of the Grève,—a rolling troubled sea of eyes; was stripped, and bound to a wheel by the executioner; his limbs were broken by blows of an iron bar. At the fourteenth stroke expired the King of Paris, and the terror of France, amidst a surging murmur of sighs and curses. So perish all who follow the path of Cain, who torture society by crime, or disorganise society that their talent might lead and bind together.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

A SOOTH BOURD IS NAE BOURD (Scotch). That is, a true joke is no joke.—"Bourd," like many other Scotch words, is old French; it is found in the proverb, "True joke never pleased,"—*Bourdes vrayes ne plaisent jamais*. The Spaniards also say, "There is no worse jest than a true one,"—*No hay peor burla que la verdadera*. The truest jest sounds worst in guilty ears.

W. K. KELLY.



HOUSEHOLD BOOKS.

THESE are fast becoming a large library in themselves,—books, we mean, of a directly useful and practical character on matters relating to Home and its economy. Nay, there are single subjects,—gardening, for example,—which alone take up a great amount of space in the field of literary activity. Our contributor, Mr. Hibberd, seems to be doing his best to add to the number in that direction. His latest

issue is a series of individual treatises on flowers, called *Garden Favourites and Exhibition Flowers*.* This is not the place to criticise works from such hands; but we may briefly indicate the nature of the scheme. The six published numbers are devoted respectively to the Ranunculus, Tulip, Calceolaria, Hyacinth, Geranium, and Rose. What a world of beauty does not even the very sound of the names conjure up! In each of these tracts we have the history, properties, cultivation, propagation, and management of the plant shown in detail, with a coloured frontispiece of that particular flower of the family which Mr. Hibberd considers as among its worthiest representatives.

In *The Reason Why*,† we sweep over broader ground; in fact, it would be more difficult to show what subjects are not dealt with than those that are. The idea of the book is an excellent one. All those questions that are so perpetually recurring in our daily experience, on all sorts of matters—and for the answers to which we look mainly to scientific illumination—are here collected together, and dealt with just as the inquirer would wish, who is at a loss at any given point, and wishes to know the *reason why*. Much of the work is, of course, compilation; but there is also, we perceive, a large amount of original and valuable matter that could only have been brought together by a man possessing extensive scientific knowledge, and by one who, when he had so collected it, was able to give others the benefit of his wealth, by telling what he had to say in a straightforward, manly, and, at times, elegant style. The work is illustrated by a great number of engravings.

In Dr. M'Cormac's book on Consumption,‡ we meet with another proof of the tendency of all modern knowledge to show how little value inheres in those artificial agencies—such as medicine—to which we have been hitherto accustomed chiefly to look; and, on the other hand, how much ground there is for believing that a great advance may be made in the successful treatment of disease, by a more determined reliance on Nature's own powers—by a greater study of her ways and intentions. Look, for instance, at the recent work published by one of our most eminent physicians, Sir John Forbes, *On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease*. Is it not most instructive to find such a man, towards the close of a long, honourable, and highly prosperous career, acknowledging that Art cannot be more than a mere handmaid to Nature, that it is Nature alone cures, not the medicine, or its administrator; although the services of the last, in understanding for himself, and pointing out to the patient what it is that Nature is suffering from, and how she is trying to right herself, may be—must be—most valuable?

We are,—it is useless to disguise it,—only on the very threshold of a genuine and efficient medical science. Physiology has begun to show us in what direction we must travel; but habit, authority, unwillingness to make the sacrifices that errors of all kinds demand as the price of remedy, difficulties of social life, the relations of medical men with the public, tending to make mystery itself valuable in the eyes of those who suffer most from it,—these and a host of other influences retard as yet the growth of the new school of medicine, which is not the less rising steadily up among us. We do not refer to any one creed or practice beyond this,—more faith in nature and in natural influences, less faith in mere artificial appliances, except where these are obviously substitutes for the former, and so devised as to make the nearest possible approach to them.

Dr. M'Cormac belongs to the new faith, of which he is indeed a distinguished example. He traces this peculiarly fatal disease—consumption—mainly to breathing impure air and to sedentary habits; in other words, to violations of two of the very foremost of the laws which Nature has written on the human constitution. Naturally, then, he asks: "How is it possible for such things as wire-respirators, or codfish-oil, or a regulated temperature, hydrocyanic

* London: Groombridge and Co.

† London: Houlston and Wright.

‡ London: Longman and Co.

acid even, or digitalis, or antimony, chlorine or iodine exhalations, or steel, or meats, or drinks, or change of air, to have influence on a malady which is occasioned by the respiration of foul air, yet during the presumed treatment of which foul air, or air more or less fouled, continues to be respired?"

What will many of our readers say to a recommendation to consumptive patients, as well as to the world generally, to admit the night-air to their bedrooms? Yet thus bold is the doctor. He says:

"It was once a general medical prepossession, in truth, that taking cold, that the damp night-air was a source—the source, indeed—of consumption; but this was a great error. The respiration of the coldest dampest air will never, never did since the world began, induce consumption. It is only the respiration of dirty, foul, unrenewed air that induces consumption; else, so far as this is concerned, the coldness or the warmth, the dryness or the dampness, makes no sort of difference. If only the air be pure, however cold, however damp, however dry, there will be no consumption. But if the air be impure, however dry, however warm, there consumption, if this impure air be habitually respired, will be sure to follow. It is only necessary, in order to avert the sense and reality of a chill, to obviate, by the means at our disposal, the artificial evaporation induced by damp day or night coverings. If the air be sufficiently warmed indoors, if the body be sufficiently protected out of doors, there will be no chance of taking cold, whether by night or by day, certainly none of consumption, even in the case of the most sickly and delicate persons. It is not breathing cold air, or admitting it into our dwellings merely, it is the insufficient protection of our persons, not by warm foul air, but by warm pure air and warm coverings, that occasions taking cold. Contrary to the general prepossession, air is as good, nay, better, by night than by day. The night-air as such never injured any one; it is only impure or chill air that does so. How, indeed, is it possible to have any air at night except night-air? Impure night-air kills just as impure day-air kills. Not so pure night-air, which should be most freely admitted into the chambers of the consumptive, until the air in these chambers shall be as pure and as fresh, else heated at pleasure, as the air outside the chamber beneath the free heavens. For years I have slept with my chamber-window open! For years my family, protected by sufficient night-coverings, have done so. For years, too, those whom I have induced to follow the same course, have slept with their chamber-windows open, with every conceivable advantage, so far as the respiration of a pure genial atmosphere, instead of an atmosphere else necessarily close and corrupt all night through, can prove advantageous."

The writer of these notices can add the testimony of his own experience as to the value, not merely the safety, of insuring a free supply of air through the night by leaving open the chamber-windows, modified, of course, by the seasons, but always open to some extent, even in the severest winter.

RANSOME'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Did you ever set up a few vases, statues, fountains, basins, and such things, in your garden, and have the mortification of seeing them split into powder with the sun, or divide piecemeal with the frost? You may or may not; but the



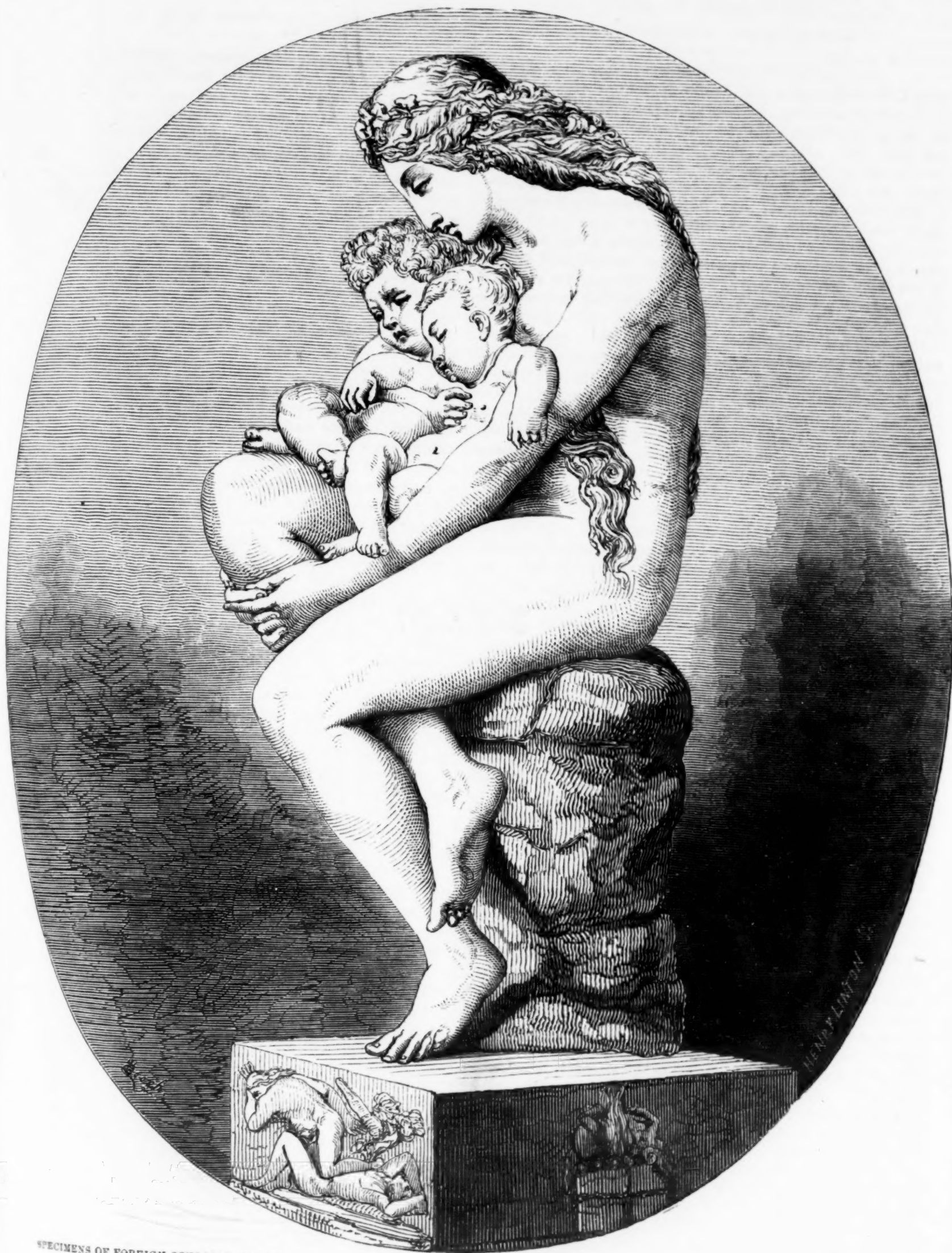
PATENT ARTIFICIAL STONE.

thing is by no means uncommon; for nine-tenths of the garden-ornaments that are made of that mysterious compound called "artificial stone" are fit only to adorn for a few nights an oyster-shell grotto, or beautify the tables of a flower-show or rural fête. When we talk of stone, we have an idea of something that will last at least for years; but the majority of the compounds used in moulding as substitutes for

the real marble, which the sculptor has chiselled, are as temporary in durability as the fame of their makers. Of course there are exceptions. Coade and Seeley, and Cottam and Hallen are noted for the superiority of their productions in this way; but the greatest triumph ever achieved in the production of a substitute is that known as Ransome's Siliceous Stone, which is the result of years of patient study and experiment in the hands of a man eminently gifted as an experimental chemist. To tell the history of this invention would be a long though interesting narrative, not here to be attempted. The *Times* has spread the inventor's fame; and the most eminent men of science—Ansted, De la Beche, and others—have testified of its high merit. It is, in brief, a *real stone artificially made*, and is more durable than any real stone with which we are acquainted, except, perhaps, granite and porphyry. How it is made does not matter so much as that vases of all sizes and patterns (many of them examples of high art), plinths, cornices, fountains, statues, and, indeed, every variety of ornament for which stone would be a proper material, are produced in it, and may be any day inspected at the offices in Cannon Row, Westminster, or the works at Ipswich. The object of producing a substitute for real stone is, that works of art may be multiplied at low cost; and when science enables the modeller to produce them in a material fitted to bear any weather for any length of time, without a change being possible, a great boon is conferred upon those who cannot go direct to the sculptor for the gratification of taste. Perhaps an opportunity may occur when we may speak more at length of the high merits of Mr. Ransome's invention; but at present we simply call our readers' attention to the *jardinet*, of which we give an illustration.

This is quite a novelty in stone-manufacture, and is intended to form a prominent garden-ornament, and is just the thing to face the drawing-room windows as a terrace-embellishment. It is, in its general character, boldly classic; the outline is elegantly broken, and the floral decorations are in good keeping with the dimensions and the purpose to which it is to be appropriated. Well stocked with gay flowers, judiciously grouped as to character and colour, it will prove one of the noblest additions ever made to the Italian style of gardening, for which, indeed, it is best suited. It is six feet in diameter and one foot deep. Our engraving is copied from a photograph taken expressly for the purpose, and is therefore free from the least exaggeration.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. VII.

BY DEBAY.

THE FIRST CRADLE.

2 SE 57

THE FIRST CRADLE.

By DEBAY.

Truly the first cradle, wherein we are all rocked; the maternal arms and bosom which hold us and our little dreams during that briefest time, just after the sun of life has risen, indeed, while his rays glitter on the horizon of that world which is to bound the day of our life,—day, which is said to lie between two eternities, the future and the past. How like two blossoms on one stem lie these little ones, sleep-involved and mutually intertwined, lost in infantine dreams, if indeed, their dreams have not more of reality than those that break the half-death which in after-life we call sleep!

The graceful mother has made a cradle of her own limbs, and a resting-place of her own bosom, wherein they couch peacefully at ease; over them she stoops her head, graceful as a lily above the water, while her massed hair streams over shoulder and breast and back, thrown loose and free, to fall in solid wave and curl, its sweepy masses clustering heavily together, to form a weighty coronet about her face. She broods over the children as might have brooded our great common mother Eve over the sleeping Cain and Abel. Doubtless they lay in such a cradle as this, and she bent over them, penetrated with the divine mystery of motherhood. Hardly could she have looked through the dim future upon their divergent paths of life; rather she became absorbed, as the matron before us is, in the solemn satisfaction of the fulfilment of life's purpose; and through content and dreading peace, knew God's will to be the great solution of the mystery, and upon that resting saw only gratitude, hope, and trustfulness, and therein calmly laid her heart.

Brooding, she sustains them, and they sleep the sleep of the flowers; her love about them is as the calm warm breath of summer's night that soothes to easeful and perfect rest; her face reigning the peaceful moon of sleep-time, under whose calm and benignant presence these human blooms are folded. How well balanced her figure is! so that while enfolding the infants she makes their weight easy to sustain, and with small muscular effort keeps herself poised, the centre of gravity being undisturbed during their perfect repose; or should some little limb shift its place, a slight pressure or alteration of the foot will bring all to rights again in steady ease, and of course grace, with her.

The matron's rounded and elegant limbs,—passed from the slender length of girlish youth to the stately vigour of full womanhood,—are developed into the perfect form of the feminine adult; her hair has grown heavy and long; the glory of perfect woman is upon her, happy in perfection.

In noticing "The Italian Improvisatore," by Duret, previously engraved in this Magazine, we stated it to be an example of the modern-romance school of sculpture, which has for its foundation much of the character of the antique satyric statues of late date. Now "The First Cradle" before us is, in some sense, another work of the same class; but the reader will do well to notice how superior the latter is in every quality of design and execution, to say nothing of the more elevated and refined taste evinced by Debay in choice of subject. His work is, however, not without faults from which "The Improvisatore" is free; thus, for instance, the face appears too large for the size of the head as a whole, and the ultra-classical profile, having forehead and nose in one line, with the retreating angle of the former, deprive the features of an expression of intellect and character. (The artist has evidently preferred the *petite Venus* of Medici to the graver, grander, nobler, and more vigorous *Venus* of Milo.) "The Improvisatore," although comparatively coarse, is more complete and whole in that realism of execution which is called for in a subject so strictly natural and unideal as that before us.

There is a cast of this statue in the Crystal Palace, placed among numerous examples of similar qualities, which supply means for the study of the progress and condition of modern French art.

L. L.

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

It was a very short time after these events that old Phillis became Miss Chinaway, and that Mr. and Mrs. Spoker lived with her in Harkstone Castle. Mr. Spoker continued his practice as usual, and was little at home. His wife and their one little boy were constant inmates of Harkstone, and more or less companions to Phillis. But her habits were too much confirmed by age, and by her very limited intellect, to alter in proportion to her fortunes. She slunk about, dropping curtsies to the footman, till strictly forbidden by Mrs. Spoker, and dusting her own room with unconquerable pertinacity. When the idea could be conveyed to her that any particular thing was wrong, she would forbear that thing—why it was wrong she never reflected, the fact was enough; but as to other prohibitions, she disregarded them. Curtseying to the footman she left off, but dusting she adhered to. She made an enormous quantity of worsted stockings, ceasing to knit only at those times when she had no more worsted; for it was very long before she understood that she had money to spend in procuring things she wished to have. Idleness, unhappily, she could not enjoy; nor was the labour she had been trained to any pleasure to her; if any thing occurred which could fill her vacant hours, therefore, it was a boon. One of Mr. Spoker's brothers brought the old heiress a dog; and this dog she dimly looked upon as her charge, and fed and attended upon it, till it doted upon her. Its real name was Fido; but she called it by the general name of "pooppy," which she was accustomed to apply to dogs of all ages. "Pooppy," she would say, "come, pooppy, pooppy;" and he fawned on her and frolicked round her, much the more aristocratic possessor of the castle of the two. By slow degrees she came to assert this dog's right to do what he liked,—to lie on the chairs, to drink the cream, to run over the garden. An order not to allow these things from Mrs. Spoker would have been obeyed, but eluded, nay, perhaps resented; and Mrs. Spoker had her own views, which induced her to cultivate the affections of the heiress.

Her little boy was four years old; and the ancient Phillis made many advances to him, which the mother was very anxious to promote. But Phillis's notions of children were all drawn from those who occasionally had been confided to her old guardian's care, and among whom she had always been a favourite; but then their habits were not so tender as little Harry Spoker's. What she heard other people say she was much in the habit of adopting; her addresses to these young persons, therefore, had usually been in the style of her mother's,—"I'll give you the stick, naughty boy;" or, "I warrant I'll soon make you remember." No idea of execution had attached to these menaces, either in her own mind or that of the urchins, who proceeded in their own course quite regardless of her. But Harry Spoker thought of them more seriously; and in his answers he treated them as though they had been truths. "Naughty, ugly, old miss," would he reply; "I will whip *you*, for I hate you." Phillis paid no kind of attention to these hard words, but would pour her tea into the saucer, and hold it out for him, as if no bad language had passed on either side. If he took a fancy to pull down her gray hair, or to search her pocket for her housewife, he was quite welcome; and when he once or twice hid his face behind the screen, she played at bo-peep with him till he himself was exhausted. "I've laughed out all my laugh," said he; "stop now."

Her persevering blandishments by degrees overcame his suspicions, and he began to grow fond of her company, and to exert all his whims, and much of his affection, upon her. This made her very happy, and she became his slave, as much as if she were still the ragged dweller of the cottage. Mrs. Spoker also was delighted, for she knew that Harkstone Castle was in the old girl's power.

"If she have but the sense to make a will?" said she to her husband; "and I really don't myself think she is deficient. She chooses her own dinner now, and she can buy things at the shop as well as any body."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Spoker; "but her sense, or her nonsense alike, ought to leave the estate to the captain; and, my dear, I won't have any interference to induce her to dispose of it otherwise. Now I'm quite serious."

Mrs. Spoker answered nothing; but she kept her own ideas on the subject. She could not quite satisfy herself whether or not Phillis believed that she was really the owner of the castle. Phillis inhabited it in silence, as she had done the cottage, conforming to all that other people did; but Mrs. Spoker tried to arouse in her a sense of possession. She often exhorted her "to exert herself to fill her position," words which, like others, Phillis adopted, and, when she found occasion, applied them.

Little Harry one day, trying in vain to draw her from her knitting to play, said, "Shall you never be ready, Silly?" for that was the appellation to which he had reduced Phillis.

"Yes; but you wait a minute. I must exert myself to fill my position." And when Harry asked, "What's that mean, Silly?" she answered, "I'm bound to finish your stockings afore Sunday." And indeed she worked hard for Harry.

Mrs. Spoker tried to make her comprehend that Mr. Chinaway had made her possessor of Harkstone by a paper,—she did not call it a will; and this transaction Phillis seemed to comprehend better than any in which actual money passed before her eyes.

"He drew a paper," said Phillis, collecting the heads of the argument, "and put in any body's name as pleased him. He was the master."

"And you are the mistress now," said Mrs. Spoker, "and can put in any body's name too."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Phillis.

"No, you must not say that. I've nothing to do with it. But probably you like some people better than others. Whom do you like?"

"I like them as is kind to me," said Phillis; and the subject seemed to pass as entirely from her mind as if it had been a lesson read at school.

"Be kind to poor Phillis," said Mrs. Spoker to her little son, "and don't call her *Silly*; call her Phillis."

The people in the county were very much amused by what had taken place at the old castle, and several of the families called there, and tried to see the heiress. But Mr. Spoker was a sensible man, and would neither allow her to appear before such people, nor his wife to profit by her own residence in the castle to enter into their society. He explained the manner in which he and Mrs. Spoker were situated, and declared himself merely the agent for the estate, and that his wife, at the request of Captain Graburn, had consented to live with the friendless Phillis. People in general gave him credit for a design to appropriate the estate; but nobody could deny that what he said was rational and satisfactory.

Meantime his own and his wife's connections were not to be denied; and they came many and frequently to the castle. Still Mr. Spoker allowed no splendours. There was a certain sum appropriated by him to housekeeping, and he would not permit his wife to add more than that sum to their own income.

"How should I answer, my dear, to the next possessor," said he, "when accounts come to be looked over, for spending more than what will keep up a proper house for poor Phillis, and remunerate myself and you for our care of her?"

"That depends on who is the next possessor," said Mrs. Spoker. "I heard her say one day it should be the person who was kind to her; and if any body's kind, I know who that is."

"Did she, indeed?" said Mr. Spoker. "What made her say that, I wonder?"

"O, you underrate her terribly," said his wife. "She has far more sense than you think for."

"I'm afraid so," muttered Mr. Spoker; and when he went to his room to write letters for that day's post, he looked for Captain Graburn's address, and indited him the following epistle:

"DEAR SIR,—I feel myself in a very anxious position; for should any thing happen to old Miss Chinaway, and should she make a will contrary to justice, I might be accused of neglecting your interests in a way very derogatory to my professional integrity. People *will* get about her, and there's no knowing what impression they may make by affecting a kind manner, to which she has never been used. Therefore, my dear sir, I should strongly counsel you to pay a visit to the castle to look after your own fortunes, and tiddle the heiress.

Yours faithfully,
L. SPOKER."

A few days brought him back the answer.

"Dublin, Porto Bello Barracks.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks; but let people get about her. Life is too short to 'tiddle the heiress,' and I am enjoying it now, and have no mind to waste the present upon the chance of securing what I might either fail to get, or be too old to have pleasure from in future. How is the old girl? as handsome as ever?

Yours very truly,
CHARLES GRABURN.

Many and kind thanks to you."

"He's making game of me, I almost think," said Mr. Spoker to himself, as he folded up this letter. "He need not have been so short upon me."

The years 1853-4 passed away, all these circumstances unaltered, except by the changes silently wrought on them by outward events. Phillis gradually took in some of the new ideas about her, and was thought competent by the committee of a local charity to sign the sale of some land which they wanted for enlarging their building. Mrs. Spoker had been very benevolent about this land. She thoroughly believed that her wishes on the subject were all for the school, and was quite justified to herself in making the best of Phillis's ability to sell the land by the convenience it would be to the charity. She was eager to promote the sale by assurances that Phillis understood what was wanted, and that she could fully enter into the scheme; and when the trustees came to talk with the strange heiress, rejoiced aloud, for the sake of Harkstone school, that they understood Phillis's peculiarities to be only the result of previous circumstances, and the change in them. Mr. Spoker said to his wife:

"If she can do this, she can also make a will. I wish Captain Graburn would look after her."

"I am sure, my dear, I wish he would, poor young man," said his wife.

This young man, meantime, was going his own way, with as little reference to Castle Harkstone as possible. He had put it out of his head at once, and the raillery of the many and sympathy of the few were alike distasteful to him. He had done what was both right and very unpleasant, and he wished to *have done* with it altogether. It was an odd page in life, turned over and, as far as depended on him, forgotten. Like other young soldiers, when the eventful 1854 came, he was entirely of opinion that we ought to go to war, because it would give the army the opportunity of active service, and was highly gratified to find his opinion adopted by the kings and queens of the earth, and hostilities declared against Russia. He belonged to a cavalry regiment which was not one of those ordered out upon service; and the moment this was ascertained he posted to the Horse Guards to get upon active service, which he could only do by exchanging into a regiment of infantry already under orders for the Crimea. In acting thus, he did what was not only pleasant to himself, but what he had quite a right to do; for, except one first cousin by his mother's side, he had not a relation whose wishes to detain him need have any

weight with him. This first cousin was a bragging prating fool, whom Charles Graburn never thought of except as an object to turn into ridicule. When he made his will, therefore, previously to leaving England, he was very much puzzled to know who should be his heir. "It is but little," said he to himself; "but, little or much, Nicholas Shipswood shall not have it. Ass!" He reflected for a long time, and at last determined.

He had on his table a little book containing "Directions for making a Will;" otherwise, if he had been obliged to consult a lawyer, he never would have had courage to do as he did. There was a young lady with whom he had danced all his last leave in London; whenever he could, he had ridden beside her in the Park; and at last he had observed that when she caught sight of him in the doorway, the colour blushed over her pretty face, and that in the open air in the Park her eyes welcomed him before her father or her brother perceived his approach. Then the straightforward and honest Charles Graburn had gone away; for, said he to himself, "I've nothing, and she has nothing. If I had,—O, if I had, I would go to Lady Thames's ball to-night, and ask that pretty, sweet, simple, high-bred girl to be my wife. As it is—as it is—heigh-ho!"

He went away, and put her, like Harkstone Castle, out of his head as much as he could. He was all for being happy, and he could not have been happy if he had let his mind run on Florence; but her image recurred to him when he was leaving England.

"I would have given her all," said he to himself; "and she shall have it now, if I die; she can't have it otherwise." Accordingly he drew up his will in her favour, securing to her all of which he, Charles Graburn, stood in possession on that — day of —, 1854. The will was witnessed by his servant, and left in the hands of a lawyer, whom he had occasionally consulted. When Florence de Nyle saw her last-season's partner gazetted for the Crimea, and wiped away the two tears which suddenly darkened her sight, she very little thought how he had been thinking of her.

The very same day, at Harkstone Castle, as Phillis was walking after Harry Spoker, and the "pooppy" was following her, she suddenly fell down on the gravel-walk, and could not succeed in getting up again. Harry tried what he could by exhortation and rebuke, and at last ran for his mother. Mrs. Spoker ran and lifted her up, and assisted her back to the house. It was evident she had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis; an event not to be wondered at, considering the total change of habits she had undergone. The doctor was sent for, and Phillis for this time recovered. What portion of wits she had did not seem diminished by the attack, but in her health there was an evident alteration. She walked less with Harry, diminished the activity with which she had arranged her room, ate less, slept more, and liked an easy chair to sit in. It could not be doubted that this would not last very long, and the destinies of Harkstone Castle became a matter of very great interest.

"Only keep her from thinking about a will at all, my dear," said Mr. Spoker to his wife.

"Very well, Spoker," answered the lady; "but you know she can be very stubborn if she takes a thing in her head."

This was true of some things, but not of such great interests as the Harkstone property; for it might certainly be a subject of doubt whether the idea of possessing it had ever established itself in Phillis's head. But Mrs. Spoker went on deceiving herself, and fancying she believed it very possible that the strange heiress might obstinately make little Harry her heir.

"If she should make a will contrary to Captain Graburn's interests while I am her adviser," said Mr. Spoker, "I would recommend him to dispute it, and I would assist him with all the information in my power. It would be dishonourable on my part; it would be a professional discredit."

"You would not if it were your own son," suggested his wife.

"I would," said Spoker, "though it were my son's soul in my father's skin."

Mrs. Spoker argued no more; but she said to herself, "Ah well, he has not been tried yet."

Phillis lingered on. Through all the summer of 1854 she continued to live a declining life; and her interests were bounded to her physic, her port-wine, her crawl along the gravel-walk, aided at length by Mrs. Spoker's arm. All those exciting months,—when battles were fought, when brave men triumphed or perished, when the hearts at home beat fast for the fates of those abroad, when the great interests concerned absorbed for the most part smaller and personal interests,—Phillis, neither knowing nor caring about those scenes, was quite taken up with her own living or dying.

The winter saw her withdrawn into a warm room, sitting in an easy chair, too weak to rise from it; a jelly on the table, and an orange; a piece of flannel drawn over her head. The comfort and luxury she enjoyed were far more prominent in her feelings than the illness. She said very little, but wondered at her own comfortableness; and before very long Spoker heard her frequently pronounce the phrase, "You are all so kind to me."

"What is she thinking of, poor thing?" thought he. "Somebody is prompting her."

Possessed with this idea, he was more frequently in her sick-room; and by all the indirect means he knew tried to assure himself that she had made no will.

"Things change strangely, don't they, Phillis?" said he. "Who would have thought of seeing you here in old Mr. Chinaway's place? yet here you are."

"And they say I shall lie inside the church, by the side of him, when I die," said Phillis.

"O, we must not talk of dying," said old Spoker. "No fear of dying this time."

"I be not afeard. Better die whilst I am well off."

"Nay, there's no chance of change, is there?" said Spoker. "Live as long as you will, you will always have this warm room and this easy chair and this fine place,—hey?"

"Don't know; it's queer to be here."

"When you are gone," said he,—"*and we all must go some time,—somebody will be here in your place. Do you think so?*"

"You may sit yourself."

"I? O no, on no account. What made you think of it?"

"It's very comfortable," said Phillis; "I did but think you loved an easy chair. Harry loves it when I'm not in."

"O yes, yes, the chair, of course, the chair. So you'll leave Harry the easy chair."

"Do you mean like mother left me the box with money, when she was dead?"

"Well, yes."

"That's a thing I'd fain know," said Phillis. "A paper was the way mother gave me the box, wasn't it?"

"I dare say it was; but it is a bad thing to write when people don't well know how. I sincerely advise you never to write."

"Nay, but there are some say I ought to write. I don't say who, because they, maybe, would be angry, and you're all desperate kind now to me."

"O no, we are not—not at all—not in the least. I beg you won't think so; and as to writing, you can't surely,—best not. You *have* not written, have you?"

"No."

"And *will* not?"

"I dunna know."

"At all events, I am the only person who knows how to write things like that which old Mrs. Many—your mother, as you call her—wrote. Now promise one thing—I am sure *I* am kind to you."

"I don't say not," said Phillis; "so is little Harry: they all say so."

"But Harry can't write; so promise, if there is to be any

writing, that I shall be the man to do it. Will you promise, Phillis?"

"Ay, ay; I don't think to trouble any body, perhaps," said Phillis. "You be kind, and the missus very, and little Harry, and all."

"And there's another who has been kinder to you than any one," said Mr. Spoker, "and that's Captain Graburn. All that you have comes to you through the captain."

"Noa, sir, 'twas the old master writ a paper."

"But the captain got it first, and gave it all to you."

"What for did he? for I don't know what captain you do mean."

"Not know Captain Graburn?"

"Noa. I dunna know, I'm sure."

"O, Phillis, you surely must know the gentleman who came to you, and told you that you had money and the castle, and all."

"I do remember something of a fine gentleman, with hairs in his mouth, that came when mother lay dead, and made jokes at me."

"Alas," said Spoker to himself, "what a trick for that jade Fortune to play him!" Then he added aloud, "Well, well, Phillis, I'm sure you'll keep in mind what a friend to you I have been, and will promise to let me do your writing."

"Ay, ay, ay," said Phillis stupidly; and turned her attention entirely to sucking an orange.

Time went on, and each portion of it was marked to most minds in England. The days of that year were photographed as they passed beneath the sun; they did not rise to be forgotten at their set; their images became permanent as they went by.

Those who thought least of the heroic deeds and stoutly supported sufferings of that time were the heroes of the deeds themselves. Their simple valour, their good sense, their careful carelessness of standing an hour under the enemy's fire, their matter-of-fact purchase of a sausage, their patience under the privation of rations of all kinds, their parade-canter to the charge of Balaklava, their nightly cigar behind the bulwarks of the trenches, were unlike most of the big words and flashing looks which came from swollen hearts and eyes about them in England. The patient valour of the men, who "rarely despond, and never despair," is like a trumpet to the souls of those who read of it; but the trumpet itself is unmoved impassible metal.

For instance,—and we all have instances,—there were Charles Graburn and his friend Frederick Palliser; the same who was playing at chess with him in Birmingham when he got the first news of his succession to Harkstone. They were in the tent which they had agreed to occupy in common, leaving the other which belonged to them to their servants and kitchen, and they were enjoying one hour of the day. Nearly every body has to look forward to one as more comfortable than the rest of the twenty-four. They had lain down on their beds, and had heaped over themselves several old horse-cloths, which they had purchased one time or other at officers' sales (thus they obtained the blessing of warmth); young Palliser also, the day before, had been down to Balaklava, and brought up a pot-bellied Dutch cheese and several onions, and had stopped at the best brush he met with, and cut away a good bundle, which he had brought into camp amid much ironical cheering. It was his turn, however, now to laugh; for his servant had added it to the scanty allowance of firewood made for cooking, and had boiled some strong black coffee, a good cup of which was being sipped smoking hot by both young men. As if to complete their comfort, an orderly came to the tent from the head-quarters of their division with the long-expected post from England, and, among others, gave one to Charles Graburn. His companion received more. Few men had left behind so small a number of correspondents in England to give and take the news as our hero. They were at once deeply engaged in their packets. The one addressed to Charles Graburn ran as follows:

"Harkstone Castle, 3d December.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that Miss Chinaway departed this life, in hopes of a better, yesterday evening at 11.45, *without a will*. By these fortunate circumstances you become sole and indisputable possessor of Harkstone Castle and all its appurtenances; and as I had the pleasure to prevail on her, at the last solemn moments, to let me put in the fire a will which she herself, in extraordinary characters and grammar, had laboriously penned, I think myself doubly entitled to offer you the congratulations which I once before too hastily tendered. Nothing now remains but to come home as soon as possible, and exchange your sword for a ploughshare.

Dear sir, for self and partner,

Yours most faithfully,

PETER SPOKER."

Charles Graburn read this letter twice, and then looked up to catch his friend's sympathy. But Frederick Palliser was buried in his own letters. His earnest face promised no sympathy for Charles, and he waited till his friend should have leisure to hear him. His own thoughts meantime were all in tumult. Rich again, lord of that strange old place, able to indulge in all those plans which had tried often to tempt his imagination, at the same time likely enough to be deprived of all by a bullet or a bayonet; for the first time he thought of the dangers of war. He read the letter again; he blessed old Spoker; he wondered what the old heiress had written; he remembered the first time he had been declared heir of the castle, and again he looked for an auditor. Frederick Palliser was folding up a letter, and deeply pondering on the contents; but Charles would wait no longer.

"Frederick," said he, "do you remember the time in Birmingham—"

At this moment a sudden blast of the bugles of their own division sounded the turn-out. Up sprang both the officers, snatching their swords from the bedsides, and in the same moment bolting the remainder of the coffee and thrusting their letters into their pockets.

"I thought that infernal row must mean something," said Palliser, as they sprang out of the tent. "They've been at it stoutly, but I hoped it was only the French lines."

"I was afraid it was on our right," said Charles; "but we were too comfortable to move without occasion."

These words were said in the few moments before the apparatus of war was made ready to and by their hands; and in the changing of a scene they were engaged in supporting the defence of their division against the sortie which had been made by a strong body of Russians upon it. The enemy's screech, the cheers of the English, the alarm sung out by the bugles, the cracking of musketry, the blaze of murderous fire that far round illumined the place,—all made up a scene that told on the spirits and hearts of those engaged. Some it animated to madness; and when the enemy at last gave way, and the impetus of pursuit began, the party commanded by our two heroes (unluckily for themselves) carried it too far, and found themselves before long beyond their own lines, and in over-close neighbourhood of the Russian supports, which enabled the fugitives to rally, and turned the tide again against those who were but now conquerors. There was nothing to do but to retreat. Far behind, the note of the English bugles was heard sounding the "cease firing;" but that was not the call that suited the affairs of this too-forward party. Gradually drawing back, the men alternately fired and retreated, their officers nearest the enemy, and preserving with great coolness their own and their men's presence of mind and steadiness. But the numbers that were opposed to them increased; and at last, a dash being made by their whole body, the English were broken, and fled back to their lines. Charles Graburn would fain have fled too; but before he knew that he was not running he was lying insensible on the ground, struck by one ball through the neck, and another on the hip. His last act of consciousness was to grapple a great thistle, and find energetic fault with it for pricking his hands. After that, battle, Russians, home, Harkstone Castle, flight, par-

suit,—all were nothing to him for a space; he knew not how long the space, nor what were the events passing, till at last pain returned, and consciousness, and by degrees the knowledge of his situation. It was dark night still, though to the east the crags loomed out of the obscurity where the day was sending forth on the blackness its first obscure dull brown. The earth around was almost hidden, but he could perceive a few great stones and some stumps of brush, and at last a lump, which bore the proportions of a man, lying moderately near. "It's poor Fred, probably," thought he; "we were close when I fell;" and with extreme difficulty he dragged himself near to the prostrate man, and could then discern that he was alive by an occasional movement.

"Is it you, Fred?" he gulped out, scarcely able to speak for his neck-wound. "You are alive, then?"

"Yes; but I think I've enough. And you?"

"Bad enough; I can scarcely stir. But, Fred, I've something to do before I die, if I am to die. Do you remember what I was saying to you when the bugles sounded?"

"Not the least."

"What do you think? I've inherited Harkstone Castle."

"Odd enough," said Frederick.

"And I want to leave it away from Nicholas, and to Florence."

"You are wandering, poor Charley."

"No, no; I've all my wits, and also the blank side of Spoker's letter. I'll contrive to scrawl it, if you'll contrive to sign."

"Go on," said Fred.

Charles Graburn, thus encouraged, took from his pocket the letter, which was dyed and wet with his blood, and, as far as he could discern the black mark of his pencil on that part of the paper which continued white, wrote, "I leave my whole property to Florence de Nyle." Frederick grasped the pencil, and with infinite difficulty subscribed his name. Charles Graburn's spirits rose with the excitement.

"But there should be two witnesses by rights," said he. "If it's not perfectly good, old Nick will come down upon it."

"I don't know where you'll get another," said Fred. "A Russian is the only chance; and the first daylight will bring plunderers, who are more likely to bayonet us than to sign your will."

"True enough; can't you crawl away, Fred?"

"Not I; I'm shot through both thighs; I am motionless."

Both were silent; they bore their pain gallantly. They endured stoutly the ideas which could not but press on them,—of the enemy, against whom they were helpless. All was still for another quarter of an hour; then the earth vibrated beneath their prostrate forms, and directly after the sound of horses' feet, approaching at a trot, made itself heard. It was a Russian party, as appeared by the tone of their speech, but in the darkness they did not perceive the wounded soldiers, and they passed on. They were followed at a short distance by an officer of their own, who deviated a little from the track of his party, and passed near the young men. Charles's thoughts were very much carried out of his situation by his momentary possessions. As the officer came near, he lifted up his arm, and at the same time called to him, in French, "*Une grâce, monsieur.*"

"*Ne craignez rien, monsieur,*" said the officer.

"*Craindre!*" cried Charles; "*il ne s'agit pas de cela. De grâce, monsieur. Sous-signez cet écrit.*"

"*Comment, mon nom?*" said the officer, who could hardly be said to have paused.

"*Mais oui, monsieur, mais oui! c'est mon testament.*"

"*Ah, monsieur,*" said the Russian, hastily jumping off his horse, and doing as he was asked, and on again in a second.

"*Ivan Iliashensko,*" said Charles, reading the characters with straining eyes. "*Au revoir, Monsieur Iliashensko, au Château Harkstone, comté Dorset.*"

The officer was gone while the words were saying, but

he heard them, and touched his cap, half-laughing, as he started after his men.

"Who knows, Fred," said Charles, his spirits quite elated, low as he lay there,—"*who knows but you and I, and that fellow, shall be by the Christmas fire at Harkstone yet?*"

"Not I," said Frederick. "*If you ever get back, take my love to poor Alice.*"

"I will, I will," said Charles; and, after a pause, he broke out again, "And, Fred, if you *do* come, bring Alice with you."

"All right," said Frederick, not able nor willing to dispute about probabilities.

The daylight meantime grew clearer, and they could see several of their own men lying motionless on the stony earth. At a distance, too, it seemed as if a figure moved in the dim twilight, stooping at each prostrate body it came to, and after a few seconds again advancing. Charles Graburn grasped the sword which still lay by his side.

"I'll not die like a dog, without striking a blow," thought he; but a moment after, he relaxed his hold, and cried aloud, "He's our own! Soldier, come hither!"

The figure turned at the voice, and approached at a run; but the same exclamation which had caught his attention excited that also of four gray-coated figures, which had been partly hidden by inequalities in the ground, partly by the mist of the wintry morning. They were nearest, and sprang at once upon the two officers. "*Plennik! Prisonnier!*" said both; but their Russ and French were alike unheeded by the men, who tore away in a moment the ornaments of their dress, while one of the four, with the dismounted bayonet he held, lifted his arm, about to strike. In a moment more the English soldier whom Graburn had observed was up with them, and the pistol he held in his hand had whizzed its ball through the head of the bayonet-armed Russian. The other three fell upon him; but he had snatched up Charles's sword, and stoutly defending and attacking, cut through the arm of another; and the remaining two, having neither time nor reason for persevering in the plunder of two defended men while plenty were lying undefended, turned sullenly away.

"Brave Weight!" cried Charles; "you've saved us."

"Ay, sir; I got leave to come and look for you; but there's more coming. I hope ours will be first."

"Do you see them? Are they coming?" cried both the young men.

"Yes, sir; both sides. I hope ours will be first. Captain Graham sent down ten of his troop to try and bring you two gentlemen off. There they are; but there's lots of the enemy."

"Will they be in time?"

"Well, I think so," said Weight, reloading his pistol.

"I feel them on all sides," said Frederick; for his torn nerves vibrated to sound and motion.

"Ay, sir," said Weight, looking first right then left.

The English soldiers were urging their horses over the rough dangerous ground; Weight's arm was lifted high to point out the place they had to make for, and then they dashed towards it. They came up in time; four sprang to the earth, and lifted the prostrate men. No care, no gentleness for their agonised limbs could there be. They raised them on the horses, and into the grasp of two of their comrades. Weight sprang behind another of the men, and they galloped away.

Did any one ever break a limb, and know what it was to be moved? Think of that gallop!

But they were saved; the dragoons carried the two officers within the lines, and up to the camp. There they were laid down and attended to. Frederick had fainted; Captain Graburn retained consciousness of his agony.

But they did not die; they lay in the hospital, and life returned to both. They were sent home as soon as they could be moved; and before they were well enough to think of returning to their duties peace had been made. Christmas of 1856 arrived, and the scene it presented at Harkstone

Castle was nearly as Charles Graburn had said it would be, but better still. The bright fire was burning in the castle dining-room; and at the abundant Christmas-board sat Frederick and his dear happy Alice; honest and excellent Spoker, and his wife, resplendent in a diamond-cross and earrings,—Charles's present. There was no Iliashensko, indeed; but instead of him, at the head of the table sat that fair Florence who had been made mistress of the castle on the bloody Chersonese, and who sate there mistress, not of that only, but of the warm glad heart which had so nearly ceased to beat when he remembered her; and thinking to see her no more, "with all his worldly goods did her endow."

The gift had been confirmed in her own village-church as soon as Charles could walk with her to the holy table. She had loved him poor, and he knew it; riches were wanted only to give the two a home in common; and it was now a month since they had enjoyed it together. Charles's sense of Mr. Spoker's honourable conduct was expressed in ways more profitable than the sparkling present to his wife; and as for Sergeant Weight, he sate in the housekeeper's room the most honoured of guests, and every body thanked him and praised him for having saved Charles Graburn's life, except Florence; but she, often as she took his hand in hers and began to speak, broke down for want of voice, and could do nothing but look him in the face, her eyes overflowing with tears.

THE ORPHANS.

By HAMON.

THE shadow of death has fallen over this little household, and even yet the inmates are chilled into melancholy during its passing-by. The graver of the orphans, strengthened by trouble, has, however, risen against pain, and struggled with it only to overcome; and, the first shock past, all has settled into quietness, a little saddened by grief. The elder sister pursues home vocations; and the younger, less firm in heart, or overcome with lassitude, has fallen asleep over her work, forgetting sorrow and pain for a while; the little one, with childish thoughtlessness, attempts to arouse her with the stalk of a tall flower taken from the vase on the table, abandoning his own toys for the delight of teasing his sister. Over his young heart no change has come. We think these few words have told the tale.

As a work of art this picture is not a little interesting, being an example of the modern French classical style resulting from the pseudo-antique studies so much practised by the school of David. The reader will observe this in the extreme simplicity of the composition, almost bare as it is, and in the severe forms of the draperies, which, although modern in construction, are thoroughly classic in design and arrangement; the very attitudes of the figures, with the reserve of motion about them, is strikingly exemplificatory of it. It is remarkable how this is carried through the whole work, even in the simple character of the accessories; in fact, the woodcut before us might almost be an engraving from some recovered work of late Grecian art just discovered at Pompeii, rather than a picture by a French artist exhibited at Paris in 1855. L. L.

A NEAR CUT TO INDIA.*

THE establishment of "near cuts" may be said to be the great aim of modern times. Machinery has established near cuts between the raw material and the manufactured article; and the purpose of every new invention in art, and the effect of almost every fresh discovery in science, is to shorten the road by which we travel to the goal of our objects and

desires. Many near cuts of this kind have been discovered during the present century, of which railways and the electric telegraph may be mentioned as the most remarkable. By the former, a place at the distance of fifty miles may be reached in one hour instead of in six; by the latter, time and distance have been annihilated altogether. The grand scheme which forms the subject of this paper is the establishment of a "near cut to India" by making a canal through the Isthmus of Suez; and if the reader will consult a map of the world, he will perceive at a glance the great saving of distance and time which it will effect. Let him run his eye, say from Southampton, down the coast of Europe, and away round the immense continent of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence up the Indian Ocean to Calcutta; and then compare that long circuitous route with the proposed line of passage along the Mediterranean, through the Isthmus of Suez, down the Red Sea, and across the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Reducing the matter to figures, the distance by the Cape route from London to Bombay is 5950 leagues; by Suez it will be 3100 leagues—a saving of 2850 leagues.

Until the year 1823, the only road to India was by way of the Cape. The lumbering Indiamen in which the voyage was made called and took in provisions at St. Helena, at the Cape, and half a dozen other harbours besides. People in England who had friends in India believed they kept up intercourse with them if they heard from them once a-year; for a letter written in September of the one year was answered possibly by October in the next, when the thoughts, the feelings, and the circumstances of the writers were altered, if not forgotten, by themselves. The news of Indian battles reached the government at home and the friends of those engaged at a time when the success which was the cause of national rejoicing had possibly been followed by reverses. Events in India were altogether beyond the control of the government at home. Our Indian Empire might be lost and won long before the ship which carried the intelligence sighted the coasts of Europe. Commerce, too, was subjected to all the thousand vicissitudes of time and distance. No advices from the Indian markets could reach the London houses under five or six months from the date of the letter. Speculation and trade were consequently extremely dangerous; and this fact tended to limit commercial transactions with India, and to check the development of its resources. These disadvantages were all painfully felt at home, but they were still more painfully felt by the European Indians themselves. About the year 1823 the idea of a "near cut" first began to occupy the minds of the leading men of Bombay. In casting about how this much-desired object might be accomplished, it occurred to them that the run from Bombay to Aden, at the point where the Red Sea opens into the Indian Ocean, was hardly one-fourth of the length of the run from Bombay to the Cape; that the Red Sea, though long, and reputed to be dangerous by the fathers of the Church and Mussulman pilgrims bound to Mecca, was, after all, neither so tedious nor so dangerous as the passage round the Cape. They further bethought themselves that a ship carrying mails and passengers might discharge its burden at Suez; that a courier and passengers might, without difficulty or danger, cross the desert which separates the Red Sea at Suez from the Mediterranean at Alexandria; that another ship waiting in the latter port might receive them on board, and carry them to Malta, and thence to England.

The Bombay government proposed all this to the home government, stating at the same time that experiments had been made, and that the whole voyage might be performed in thirty-five days. The proposal was rejected, revived, and rejected over and over again, and was only at last adopted after a lapse of twenty years. Lieutenant Waghorn's share in demonstrating the practicability of the scheme, and eventually in obtaining its adoption, was rewarded by a pension of 50*l.* a-year, granted by the government to his mother; he himself having died unrequited shortly after his plan was carried into execution! Such, in

* For the information contained in this article we are mainly indebted to a recent pamphlet, entitled *The Gates of the East*. By CHARLES LAMB KENNY, Barrister-at-Law. London: Ward and Lock.



THE ORPHANS. BY HAMON.

a few words, is the history of the establishment of the first near cut to India—the Overland Route.

The advantages of this route were immediately realised. Merchants could send or receive by it letters, specie, samples, and small parcels of goods of sufficient value to bear the heavy charges of transport. The government also could send despatches, and officers whose business was urgent; but it was not available for large cargoes of goods, nor for troops and commissariat stores, which were, and are, sent by sea round the Cape. Still a great advantage was gained as regards mail communication; and the trade with British India has enormously increased during the twelve or thirteen years that the overland route has been established. But with the increase of trade, the necessity for a more rapid and safe conveyance of goods soon began to be felt both in India and England; and a number of schemes were started for making the track of the present overland route available for all trading vessels. Captain Allen, R.N., conceived the gigantic project of flooding a portion of Syria by letting the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean in upon the lower level of the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, converting part of a continent into an ocean. Another scheme proposed to make a canal, which should cross the Nile by means of a gigantic aqueduct. But these, if not impracticable, were at least too difficult of execution. A plan, however, is now before the world, the execution of which is stated by the highest engineering authorities to be within the limits of our scientific and commercial resources,—a plan which can be carried out within a reasonable time, and at an expense that has frequently been equalled, and in some cases exceeded, in the construction of railways. This plan is to join the Mediterranean and the Red Sea at the point where the narrowest strip of land interposes between them; to carry, in fact, a ship-canal through the isthmus from Suez to Pelusium. The

project for this canal was conceived by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who, in October 1854, visited Egypt in consequence of an invitation from the new viceroy, Mohammed Saïd; and in the course of a journey across the Lybian desert from Alexandria to Cairo, the question of cutting through the isthmus was first mentioned between them. The prince requested M. de Lesseps to draw up a memorial on the subject; and this being done, and meeting with his approbation, he issued to the consuls-general of foreign powers a firman, destined to receive the sanction of the sultan, granting to a company composed of the capitalists of all nations the right to construct a canal between the two seas. At the same time the viceroy ordered his two engineers, Linant Bey and Moguel Bey to accompany M. de Lesseps in an exploring expedition to the Isthmus of Suez, and to complete, by a fresh examination of the ground, the investigations already made. The report of the engineers was most favourable to the scheme.

M. de Lesseps' next step was to proceed to Constantinople. There he had an audience of the sultan, and eventually obtained a letter from the Grand Vizier to the Viceroy of Egypt, in which the plan was described as "a work of the most useful and interesting character." While at Constantinople M. de Lesseps addressed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on the subject, but did not meet with any encouragement in that quarter. In 1855 M. de Lesseps came to England to explain his scheme to our leading politicians, and the information which he then gave has since been published in a pamphlet.*

At the close of 1855, a commission was appointed, at the desire of the Viceroy of Egypt, to examine and test the accuracy of the report of his own engineers; and for this purpose M. de Lesseps got together a body of the most

* *Isthmus of Suez Question.* By M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, Minister-Plenipotentiary. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

eminent engineers in Europe. England was represented by Messrs. Rendell, M'Clean, and Charles Manby; Austria, by M. de Negrelli, Inspector-General of Railways; Sardinia, by M. Paleocapa, Minister of Public Works; Holland, by M. Conrad, Engineer-in-Chief of the Water Staat; Prussia, by M. Lentze; Spain, by M. Montesino, Director-General of Public Works; and France, by M. Renaud, Inspector-General and Member of the Council of Ponts et Chaussées, and M. Lieussou, Hydrographer and Engineer to the Imperial Navy. The department of nautical science was represented by Captain Harris, of the East India Company's Service, and by Rear-Admiral de Genouilly and Captain Jaurès, of the Imperial French Navy. This commission proceeded to Alexandria; and their examination of all the points connected with the proposed undertaking resulted in a full confirmation of the previous report. The commissioners stated,—we quote their words,—“That the execution of the ship-canal was easy, and its success certain; and that the two harbours to be constructed at Suez and Pelusium presented none but the usual difficulties.”

The question from an engineering point of view having been thus fully solved, the Viceroy of Egypt granted to M. de Lesseps a second charter, declaring the burdens, obligations, and services to which the proprietors of the Suez Canal will be subjected; the concessions, immunities, and advantages to which they will be entitled, and the facilities which will be accorded to them. The following is an abstract of the terms. The works to be executed are: 1. A canal wide enough for the passage of the largest vessels between Suez and Pelusium. 2. A canal of irrigation and supply striking out of the preceding canal in the directions respectively of Suez and Pelusium. These works shall be completed within six years. Lake Timshah shall be converted into an inland harbour fit for vessels of the highest tonnage. A harbour of refuge shall be constructed at the entrance of the ship-canal into the Gulf of Pelusium, and the necessary improvements shall be made in the port and roadstead of Suez. The Egyptian Government shall have a claim of fifteen per cent on the net profits of every year. In return, the Egyptian Government agrees to make the following concessions: 1. A free grant of all land, not the property of individuals, which may be found necessary for the purpose of the works, and the use and enjoyment of all waste lands which shall be cultivated by the means and at the expense of the canal proprietors. 2. The privilege of drawing from the mines and quarries of the state free of charge all necessary materials for the construction and maintenance of the works and buildings. 3. Free importation of the machinery, &c. to be used in the construction of the works. It is further provided that the canal shall always remain open as a neutral passage to every merchant-ship; that for the right of passage through the canal the maximum toll shall be ten francs per ton on ships, and per head on passengers; and that the provisions of the charter shall be in force for ninety-nine years after the opening of the canal.

Now as to the estimated cost. It appears from an estimate prepared by Moguel Bey and Linant Bey, and examined and approved by the international commission of engineers, that the total expense of all the works, including all contingent expenses, will amount to 8,000,000*l.* The actual cost of the canal itself will, it is stated, be only 5,754,063*l.*; the difference between that and the whole sum will be necessary for works in connection with it, such as the excavation of harbours and the fixing of the sands. This seems by no means an extravagant sum, considering the magnitude and importance of the undertaking; comparing it, indeed, with the sums spent in recent railway enterprises, it will appear exceedingly moderate: the railway from London to York cost nearly one-third more; that between Paris and Lyons also about one-third more. With regard to the paying capabilities of the proposed canal, it has been estimated that the tonnage likely to pass through it will not be less than 3,000,000 tons per annum, without taking

into account the increase of trade which it may be expected to produce. This amount of tonnage, at ten francs a ton, would give a revenue of 30,000,000 francs, or 1,200,000*l.* But if only half this sum, viz. 600,000*l.*, be realised, it will return 7½ per cent on the capital.

Finally, France, Austria, Sardinia, Spain, Greece, and Turkey take a deep interest in the scheme, and are anxious to give their assistance in carrying it out; and nearly two-thirds of the required capital have been subscribed. What, then, is wanting? The consent of England. Although Turkey stands among the first promoters of the scheme, she has not yet given her formal consent to its execution, in deference to the British government. It is pretended by our government that the scheme is impracticable; and in this assertion it has been backed up by a very eminent engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson. But it must be observed, that Mr. Stephenson singly pits his opinion, upon a very slight acquaintance with the subject, against the deliberate judgment of some nine or ten of the most eminent engineers in Europe, after a thorough investigation. The real objection, if there be any beyond the usual obstructive policy with regard to all new schemes, must be political, and based on the fear of opening the way to India to other nations; but surely, as the increased facility will be shared by ourselves, this objection, so derogatory to our much vaunted maritime superiority, cannot be allowed long to stand in the way of an enterprise so grand in itself, and so important to the interests of our commerce, and to the development of the resources and consequent civilisation of the inhabitants of India.

EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

An occasion so entirely novel in England as this, of an exhibition of works of sculpture sent in competition for the prize of executing a national monument, is peculiarly interesting, as each visitor becomes as it were a voter, called upon to deposit the number of his favourite design in the ballot-box of public opinion. In forming a judgment to this end, it will be well for the spectator to ask himself if a work which may attract him really fulfils its purpose as a memorial of the great Duke, and is worthy of so noble a destiny as to become a testimony from a great nation to one of her greatest soldiers. Consideration of this point will speedily reduce the subjects for judgment to a very small number,—even two or three. We have first of all to reject all such as are absurd in design, being from their very nature not only unfit for the special object, but totally inadmissible for monumental sculpture on any occasion whatever. At the head of these we shall place No. 1, “The Wellington Star Monument,” as it is somewhat fantastically entitled. This consists of a twisted column of marble, rising from a base surrounded with eight other twisted columns, and surmounted by a statue of the Duke. Now this is absolutely unfit for monumental sculpture under any circumstances, being merely a memorial, and from its form suitable enough for a column in a public square (if it were not for the singular hideousness of the design), but most unfit to be placed over the grave of the great man commemorated, and also by the predominance of vertical lines unsuitable for a place within a building.

Another great quality—indeed the great quality—to be looked for in such designs is, that of idea; that is to say, something which shall show the sculptor has been penetrated with an appropriate thought on the subject, suggestive or expressive of the feeling with which one should look upon a work so dedicated. “The Wellington Star Monument” possesses just this infinitesimal atom of a thought adaptable to the purpose,—it has, and derives its name from, a gilt star on each of the four faces of the capital of the column; so that a person approaching could not but be

struck with the appropriateness of such a thing glittering in the sun, and surmounting a monument to him who was the "star of England" through so many decades. It will be needless to add, that this No. 1 is not unique as an example of the way in which the absurd and ugly predominate over the fitting and the beautiful; we are compelled, however, to select an instance upon which to enforce our remarks.

Having disposed of the absurd works, the reader will next proceed to decide upon such as are conventional and mediocre,—not ridiculous, but simply dull; amongst which we may place all such as rely upon that noble quadruped the British lion for the chief exponent of their meaning; all those whose authors lack means of expressing themselves but with the aid of figures of Britannia, Victory, Fame, Valour, Peace, &c.,—excellent personages in themselves, but, as ideas in sculpture, long ago worn threadbare and repeated to loathing. Natural and true grief does not vent itself in rhetorical figures and tropes, neither does an artist who has any new thing to say express himself mainly by these stilted and inane conventionalities.

Fame with her trumpet, the Muse of History inscribing his deeds, Britannia crowning her hero with laurel, Palm-bearing Peace, and Victory with the wreath, are of course the pet reliance of sculptors whose idea is rather to make a design which shall comply with and illustrate certain conventional rules of the abstract science of composition (so-called), than to produce such a work as we have said is now required.

No reader will give his vote to a work which depends for its interest upon such auxiliaries, if he will cross the road between Westminster Hall and the Abbey, and note how the latter (noble Gothic temple as it is) has been defaced by legions of Britannias, Virtues, Victories, Heroes, Lions, and Wreaths. He will there see how often the British lion has been employed to guard a grave,—how often that poor brute's haunches have been loaded with a sarcophagus,—how often Victory has crowned the Hero, and what scores of lugubrious Britannias weep above the tombs.

Let us entreat the reader to dismiss from his mind and recollection these poor horrors, and resolve that unless an allegorical figure is intruded for some other than its conventional value as representing an abstract quality, it shall on that account be rejected, excepting, indeed, it has an interest of its own, and displays a real feeling and purpose on the part of the sculptor. With such a condition, even Britannia may be endured, nay, perhaps admired, and the British lion not requested to weep or roar elsewhere. All depends upon the sculptor's feeling for the subject.

Thus examined, it appears to us that the whole series of designs (eighty-three in number) may very summarily be reduced to three only which fulfil the conditions of originality, feeling, and excellence required. These are Nos. 78, 36, and 34. Of these we have placed first that which seems most excellent, most simple, and most suitable,—No. 78,—with the motto, "Deeds, not words." This is, in our judgment, the only work thoroughly fitting and good. Under a low canopy of simplest unornamented design reclines upon a sarcophagus the statue of the Duke; upon the platform constituted by the top of the canopy kneels a figure of Victory just alighted to place a wreath, as the only decoration of the monument. The supreme simplicity of this design is not destroyed by the presence of four angle-figures of Truth, Valour, Duty, and Loyalty. If the reader wishes for an example of the way in which true feeling for a subject may be evinced by one man when dealing with the same materials, which serve only to encumber another, he will compare the design of these figures with similar ones in the Hall, bearing in mind our previous remarks on the hackneyed nature of allegorical figures in general. It is necessary in placing a monument in a building like St. Paul's that it should harmonise with the architecture surrounding, and that it should not be of such height as to

dwarf the altitude of the aisles, thereby injuring the architectural effect of the latter without giving any compensation for such a solecism. The horizontal forms of this design will therefore be eminently fitted for a position in the cathedral.

In an architectural sense, No. 34 undoubtedly transcends all others here. It is, however, Gothic in design, and mainly vertical in arrangement of composition; therefore, although admirably suitable for a public square, is quite inadmissible in a building of Wren architecture, and, indeed, for an interior at all. It consists of a lofty Gothic tomb, designed with great knowledge and taste, being simple, strong, and pure; beneath the arch of the tomb is a sarcophagus, and upon its base are many *bassi-relievi* of appropriate subjects; upon the apex of the arch or canopy is a statue of the Duke. To this sort of double presence of sarcophagus and statue,—at least when the latter represents life, and is not recumbent on the top of the chest,—we most strongly object; a tomb cannot combine the qualities of a memorial and a monument in itself. We take these words arbitrarily to signify, in the first case, a cenotaph or erection in honour of one whose body does not lie beneath; and in the latter, applying it strictly to a tomb over the body of the person honoured. These qualities seem to us repugnant and incongruous, and the attempt to combine them in one a certain failure. Another and obvious objection to this sort of duality is, that it suggests an absurd fancy of the statue being a representation of the ghost of the deceased which has risen from the coffin beneath. We contend, therefore, that the simply grand and awful idea of death is disturbed by the confusing or duplication of two distinct thoughts one with the other. The sculptor's motto for this work is, *Rem magni animi agressum*.

Although somewhat melodramatic in conception, there is a great deal of feeling in the design of the last monument we have to refer to, No. 36. This has the advantage also of being peculiarly adapted to the vein of thought which for some two hundred years has been judged most appropriate to art when employed on such a task as the present: therefore it will, beyond question, be the most popular of the designs here exhibited, and, if the voice of the people conferred the prize, undoubtedly the one chosen for execution. It consists of a lofty tomb, of simple classical form, surmounted by a statue of the Duke, and having on either side a double gate of wrought bronze, whereupon are carved medallion subjects from the events of his life. One of these gates is closed; by the side of the other stands an angel, with his left hand to his lips motioning silence, while with the right he closes the remaining valve of the gate. The motto is, "Past away," which expresses the feeling and action of the angel. The Muse of History and a British lion are accessories.

These three are the only works which seem to us to display sufficient talent to merit the reward (of course, after excluding such as are quite inadmissible from the peculiar circumstances of the case, amongst which we might name several that are extremely beautiful in themselves); however, the second is unsuitable, on account of the Gothic nature of the design, and we ourselves would much prefer the first to the third, not only for its superior merits as a work of art, but as being of a higher order of taste.

Baron Marochetti's great design is yet invisible, he, not complying with the conditions laid down (and binding upon others), reserves it in his study. Why he should not condescend to exhibit his work (if it really is not here) we cannot comprehend, as, all national prejudices aside, we think him likely to produce a very remarkable work. What is to be regretted about this circumstance is, that many of our best sculptors refused to compete, under the impression that the commission is already disposed of, and that the prizes are awarded without consideration of after-execution of the monument. In fact, it is reported that the Sardinian nobleman is to carve the tomb of the English Duke.

L. L.

A FRENCH HOLIDAY.

At six o'clock on the 15th of August 1856, the worthy inhabitants of the various cities of France were awakened from their slumbers by the unwonted sound of cannon. The boom of from twenty to a hundred salvoes of artillery (according to the size of each place) announced to the nation the fête-day of their sovereign, and the arrival of a national holiday.

When the roll of the guns reached my own ears on that morning, it had travelled some mile or two across the sea. The steamboat upon which I was had left Le Havre at half-past five, and was steadily working out across the bay. It was a charming morning for an excursion to sea; the sky had that peculiar gray mackerel-tint, and the air that freshness and purity about it, that give a good promise of fair weather and clear skies. Looking inshore, and eastwards, the broad mouth of the river, dotted here and there with a white sail, and one solitary steamer,—bound, according to the bills, upon a "grande promenade" to Rouen,—had caught a glow of unaccustomed beauty from the chastened sunlight; and even the unsightly roofs of dirty Havre, set sharply against the bright sky, looked their very best. Far away on the left my eyes rested upon Ste. Adresse, with its lighthouse, its cliffs, and its picturesque valley of thick foliage and summer-built houses, dear to me besides as being my home; while on the right lay fashionable Trouville, almost concealed in the shadow of its hills, standing behind, between it and the morning.

The destination of the author and his steamboat, thus romantically introduced to the reader, was that city of mediæval association, and miraculous feminine head-gear,—Caen. As the well-informed or travelled Englishman will be aware, it lies at the head-quarters of the river Orne, a curious stream (if stream it may be called), constructed by the combination and the docking-up of various little rivulets at one end, and assisted at the other end by the sea, which fills the channel at high tide, and enables vessels of small burden to pass to the docks and quays of the town. A place of considerable merchandise is Caen; the centre of a fine agricultural country, and the *locus* of several manufactures; a city full of interest for the lovers of old times, crammed with *recherché* specimens of architecture, thronged with the oval-faced and bright-coloured beauties of Normandy, in their artistically delightful costume of sabots, short petticoats, and lace caps; endowed with a magnificent lyceum, or semi-university; surrounded by the rich and comfortable fields of an undulating and pleasing country; and (for a French town) marvellously clean.

No wonder, then, if, with all these ordinary attractions, and with the extraordinary one of a promised regatta in the "basin," or largest dock, the old Norman town should have enticed me to spend a summer-day within its walls. On the other hand, there was nothing to keep me at home. My own quiet village was to be invaded by the horrors of a French fair. Opposite my very garden-gate were already established two proprietors of rival lotteries, one for gingerbread and the other for crockery; and the constant whirr and click of the lottery-machines, combined with the shrill voice of the seductive proprietors, and the still shriller voices of the infallibly losing public, filled me with prospective apprehension. Was I not aware, too, that the *restaurateur* from whom I ordinarily obtained my modest repasts would infallibly, upon this exciting day, forget even the existence of his quiet customer opposite, and upon the morrow tell so many falsehoods to exculpate himself as would make me quite uncomfortable; that Héloïse, the pretty *bonne* of the establishment, had made an engagement for the day with her mother the *blanchisseuse*, her sister the vegetable-merchant, and Robert the mason, whose connection with Héloïse was not yet defined; and that madame, my landlady, had made arrangements for a grand spectacle of fireworks in the garden, of which my chamber commanded so good a view,

that it would be almost cruelty to deprive the good lady and her friends of the use of it? Expatriation for the day was, I felt, the only resource; and so it came about, that when the guns fired their welcome to the emperor's fête-day I was steaming along to Caen.

By the time the smoke had cleared off from the battery-quay in the distance, the party at the extreme aft of the vessel, where I had stationed myself, had made each other's acquaintance pretty perfectly. The sudden burst of the first gun had startled us into simultaneous exclamations, and mutual remarks upon the subject, of no particular tendency, but sufficient to break the ice—never very thick in France—of our ignorance of each other. After that we engaged in very pleasant conversation,—the fineness of the weather, the prospect of a good regatta, Prince Jerome's arrival at Frascati's, the comparative merits of the sandy shore at Trouville and the shingly one on the other side of the bay, with all those little nothings which Frenchmen and French women adorn with so much of conversational briskness. As the shore receded, our eyes bent more and more on each other; and at last we formed, if not a very wise, at any rate a very chatty and happy little party.

Even in the stormiest weather there is scarcely enough sea between the mouths of the Seine and the Orne to try the sailing capacities of passengers; and as the reader already knows that the morning of our trip was remarkably fine and calm, he will not be surprised to hear that none of the unpleasantnesses usually incident to sea-voyages occurred to us. Our party was as blithe and as perfect when the spire of St. Pierre de Caen came in sight over the flat banks of the Orne as when we passed the pier-head at Havre. The respectable *bourgeois*, with whose daughter's conversation I had been solacing myself during the greater portion of the voyage, informed me that the passage had been à merveille, and was incited thereby to such good temper, that he invited me to join their party for the day,—an invitation I was by no means loth to accept.

With Pauline, therefore, upon my arm, and following in the wake of the respectable M. Simon, her papa, and his equally respectable partner in life, I left the steamboat, and commenced the investigation of Caenese curiosities, amidst the admiring gaze of a crowd of *gamins*, sailors, and fishermen's wives, rigged out in their best in honour of the emperor, and assembled to greet the boat-load of visitors to their native town. The whole place was evidently on its best behaviour. Flags were flying in all directions, guns going off at distracted intervals, bands of music performing a choice variety of tunes, and all the ships decked out from mast-head to deck with rows of bright streamers glancing in the sun. Close to the place of debarkation we found the scene of the intended regatta, ready for the contest. The "basin" cleared for the purpose was a large dock, some quarter of a mile long, and as broad as Portland Place. All down each side, close to the edge, were placed rows of chairs, and at the end of the dock rose a magnificent erection of wood and canvas, dedicated to the especial use of the officials and the grandees. M. Simon and his party contented themselves with beholding these splendours afar off, and engaging four chairs for the ceremony at the moderate price of one franc for the four. As there was no money paid in advance, and yet, when we arrived at the appointed hour, we found the four places faithfully retained, I formed a fair opinion of Caenese good faith. Matters being thus settled, the party of the reader's humble servant adjourned to a *restaurant* in the market-place, overlooked by the mediæval splendours of St. Pierre, and recommended by a fellow-passenger. Incontinently there did we feast upon,
1. A dish of stewed mussels; 2. Melon; 3. Poulet rôti;
4. Salade; 5. Langue au sauce piquante; 6. Conserve d'abricot; a meal which, washed down as it was with the usual Normandy cider, gives me even now a retrospective stomach-ache. That I survived it I now consider to be entirely the result of the mellowing influence of the society of my fair companion, upon whom, as well as upon the

elders, the cider had its proper effect. The amount of *entente cordiale* developed by the time we stepped out into the market-place would have made a Russian shudder.

But what is to be done next? The regatta commences at one o'clock, and it is now only half-past ten. Shall we begin by investigating the architectural beauties of the town? A glance at M. Simon, replete with the six dishes and the cider, is sufficient to assure me that that worthy man will be in no hurry to undertake such an expedition. Shall we, then, sit outside a *café*, and indulge in cigars and coffee? I confess that this was scarcely what I came so far to do. Well, let us call the waiter, and ask him.

The waiter understands both his business and ours. What to do? Is there not a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung at the church of St. Etienne, and will not all the high and mighty of the city be there? What to do? Has monsieur read the programme of this festive day? No; monsieur has not. Then let him (the waiter) direct monsieur's attention immediately to that important document, which monsieur will find posted up on the church-door, just outside.

The waiter's advice was as good as his breakfast; and in ten minutes after we joined the flow of people to hear the *Te Deum* at St. Etienne (St. Stephen).

A splendid building is St. Stephen's of Caen, and not only splendid but interesting. The style is pure Norman, kept zealously in repair; and the building itself is of that fine Caen stone which they bring so largely to England for similar edifices. Yet one does not look so much at the general splendour of the building as at one broad slab in the centre of the chancel-pavement, whereon is carved, "Hic sepultus est Gulielmus, Dux Normandiæ, Angliæ conqueror, hujus ecclesiæ fundator."* And there is little doubt that the great Norman really lies under that slab; for the tomb was opened in 1542, and his body found there in a state of preservation.

Yet we almost lost our glimpse of this famous tomb. Five minutes after we had made out the inscription, and I had translated it for the benefit of my fair companion, a throng of acolytes rushed into the choir, armed with chairs, benches, carpets, and cushions. Over the grave of William the Conqueror they laid a piece of green baize, and on the green baize, facing the altar, they set a great tawdry arm-chair, supported by two other arm-chairs, one on each side, and flanked by benches parallel with the chancel-walls. Then the crowd of acolytes retired, and we were left to talk to each other, and wonder what was to come next.

There was no occasion to wait long. A roll of drums, a tramp of feet, and a trumpet-call, announced the arrival of troops. The great west door opened, let in a flood of sunshine, and about 600 soldiers. Two lines of fixed bayonets were formed from the entrance to the choir-door. Then the officer in charge of the troops shouted something unintelligible (can any body ever understand a drill-officer in *any* language?), the bayonets were unfixed and fixed again, the guns grounded and shouldered, and so on, for five minutes more. Then another roll of drums outside, and a great uproar, and then a procession of all the dignitaries of Caen, from the *préfet* down to the *sergents-de-ville*, decked in all the paraphernalia of office, and headed by a tremendous military band, with the biggest drum I think I ever saw. On they came, preceded and heralded by the booms of the drum and the clang of the band, between the two lines of the fixed bayonets, clad in every possible variety of gown and vestment. Immediately behind the band walked a gentleman all gold-lace and epaulets, differing only from a gorgeous footman in having a most inconvenient sword; and immediately behind this official walked two other gentlemen, similarly gorgeous. These were evidently the candidates for the three chairs; and, surely enough, down they sat over the conqueror's grave. If he could have looked up and seen them!

But I shall never get to the regatta if I run on about

* Here lies William Duke of Normandy, conqueror of England, and founder of this church.

the *Te Deum*; and I want to get to that, because there was a novelty or two in it, and there is very little novelty in *Te Deums*. At any rate, before the bowing and chanting, and walking backwards and forwards, and ringing of bells were over, myself and friends slipped down from the clere-story, where we were ensconced, and out into the rich sunshine, with the glow of nature's gold and the music of nature's harmonies. Then we rambled a bit out into the fields; Pauline and her companion became sentimental, while M. Simon smoked; and then we rambled down again to our four seats by the side of the basin, and prepared ourselves to view the regatta.

The board and canvas erection at the end of the basin was now filled with the same magnificos who had listened to the *Te Deum*, joined by numbers of ladies. A flight of steps led down from the front of this grand stand to the water, and a small vessel, moored in the centre of the basin just opposite to it, was evidently the winning-post. The lines of chairs were crammed with the *bourgeois*, and behind them, and on every possible elevation whence a glimpse could be caught of the proceedings, swarmed tag-rag and bobtail of Caen.

The reader need not imagine that I am going to chronicle at full and tedious length the whole of that afternoon's occupation. Regattas are much the same all the world over, and six men in a French boat pull (to unscientific eyes) much like six men in an English one. I shall therefore only mention the curious or novel parts of the affair, which were five in number.

The first was a race by the fishermen's wives, called, in the technical language of the country, *les mousses*. The second was a race by boys in tubs, which were navigated by means of a single oar, worked after the manner of ferrymen, or the Venetian gondoliers. Many were the upsets of these frail barks, and great was the mirth excited by their misadventures.

But greater novelties were to follow. A contest of *patineurs* was announced. Each competitor was mounted upon a kind of raft, formed of two thick boards, lying parallel to each other, and joined by cross-pieces. As the boards were level with the water, the daring navigators of this curious contrivance, who stood with one foot on each board, appeared to be actually standing on the water. The machine was propelled by means of a double-bladed paddle, sweeping alternately on each side. I cannot say much for its cleverness, as it seemed impossible to attain any thing like speed, and its dangerous character was evinced by an upset almost at the start. Oversets, however, seemed to be the order of the day, and to be matters of no moment either to the public or the unfortunate immersed.

Next came the *chasse aux canards*. At three different points of the basin a large brood of ducks was precipitated into the water. Any one who could catch them might keep them. It is needless to say that this announcement roused the amphibious population of the docks to the highest pitch of excitement. All clothing, save that required for decency-sake by the authorities, was at once thrown off, and the ducks had scarcely regained their equilibrium upon their native element before a cloud of human beings flung themselves after them. Splash, splash, splash went the sailors into the water, and quack, quack went the assaulted ducks.

I did not think that it could be so hard to catch a duck; but I saw now that that interesting bird can swim very fast when he likes, and that when at last he feels the pursuer's hand upon his tail, he has a trick of lifting himself out of the water, and half-swimming, half-flying, hopelessly out of reach. But what can a duck do against an army of swimmers, encompassing him on all sides, and practising all manner of dodges for his life? A favourite plan seemed to be to work in parties of three or four. One of the party stationed himself on the edge of the water. The others hemmed in a selected unfortunate, and drove him to the place where stood their friend. When the wretched bird arrived at a proper distance, the expectant on the bank

would jump upon him like a tiger, and so secure him by a sudden assault. I presume that in this case the victim became joint property, and was finally demolished at a common supper.

One duck, however, seemed as if he would never be caught. Never, surely, was duck so wary, or so fast, or so greasy. He rested still while his enemy neared him, and then, just as you thought he was gone, one sudden push, one rush through the water and air, and he was on the other side of the basin, as comfortable as ever, wagging his tail and pressing his feathers, ready for the same trick again. But human ingenuity was too much even for him. It was after one of these successful flights, as he rested calmly on the water, waiting for the enemy's approach, that we saw a head of one of the swimmers disappear; then a struggle, and then a hand elevating a captive duck by the leg appeared on the spot where he had lately rode triumphant. Superior to his foes in swiftness and knowledge of the water, he had yet fallen a victim to the treachery of a diver. The last victim had now fallen; a general shout of applause shook the air, and the *chasse aux canards* was ended.

The aquatics concluded with a modification of the old English pole-swarming. Various poles were projected over the basin, like the bowsprit of a ship, perhaps seven yards long, and nine or ten feet from the water's level. At the end of the poles were fixed legs of mutton. A procession along the poles immediately began, having for its object the attainment of the desirable property at the extremities. But, as any one who has ever tried to walk the bowsprit of a ship will easily know, it is not so easy as it looks, especially when the end to which you aspire quivers with your weight, and sways up and down in the most unsatisfactory manner. The consequences in this case were of course the successive dropping into the water beneath of almost every candidate for the mutton. Some began with a run and got half-way, some got nearly to the end, some turned timid at the beginning; but for a quarter of an hour every body who tried terminated his career in the water. At last a sailor-lad got out safely to the end of one pole; and soon after the same lad succeeded at a second. The prizes of the poles fell to some other fortunates,—climbers of shrouds and yards; and then the regatta was over.

If I were to recount our adventures after this I should be hopelessly tedious, and I shall therefore leave to the imagination of the reader to picture how we dined at our old *restaurant*, how we went on board the steamer, how Pauline and I became once more sentimental as we crossed the moonlit-sea, how the lights of Le Havre came into view again about half-past eleven, how M. Simon and I exchanged vows of intimacy,—now, alas, broken by the distance of more than three hundred miles,—how, rambling home through the illuminations of the city, I found my village-home sunk in sleep—lotteries, *restaurateur*, Héloïse, and all; how I had to knock up my landlady, and how I finally finished by dreaming most pleasant recollections of my "French holiday."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

In chronicling the events of the past month, so far as they bear upon the progress of science, the subject of murder by poison suggests itself prominently, and more especially the subject of poisoning by arsenic. Although the total number of poisonous bodies is quasi-infinite, still the number of poisonous bodies which are adapted to the purpose of secret murder is but few. To be efficient in this way, the agent should be devoid in any marked degree of smell, taste, odour, and colour; it should be cheap, popularly known, and readily accessible. White arsenic (arsenious acid) has these properties in a very marked degree, but few other substances have them; whence it follows, that if the public were adequately protected against white arsenic, little need be feared about the perpetration of secret poisoning by non-medical people.

As for criminal poisoning under medical authority, it is a contingency so rare, and we may add so uncontrollable, that means for preventing it cannot enter into the scope of any private enactment. By the Arsenic Act (14 Vic. cap. xiii.) it is taken for granted that white arsenic, mingled with soot or indigo in the proportion of one pound to an ounce of soot or half an ounce of indigo, can no longer be insidiously administered. Few, we should suppose, can be of that opinion now. At a first glance of the subject, it looks rather extraordinary that white arsenic has been the favourite agent of secret poisoning from the times of La Spara to our own. The wonder, however, vanishes when we reflect on the properties of this poison, and the association of qualities which render it adapted to the purpose of secret poisoning. We feel assured that any new enactment designed to throw obstacles in the way of the commission of murder by poison will be effectual in proportion as it confines its restrictive limitations to arsenic alone.

In organic chemistry, we have to signalise the discovery by M. Wertheim of a new alkaloid in hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), quite distinct from conicine. It is obtained from the flowers of the plant, by steeping them in dilute sulphuric acid, and submitting the fluid which results to distillation in company with lime or potash; and further complex treatments too long for description here. The alkaloid consists of nacreous iridescent scales, which fuse at a low temperature, and sublime at 212° F.

An interesting communication has been sent to the Académie Royale de Belgique,—a notice of some mural paintings, from twenty-five to thirty in number; also specimens of pottery, and an ancient silver spoon recently found at Laecken.

Mr. Thomas Forster, F.L.S., in a communication to the Linnean Society, read June 2, remarks that the order of arrival of the swallow tribe has been quite reversed. The chimney-swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), which usually arrives in Belgium about April 15, made its first appearance early in May; and then only a straggler or two. This species is not yet common, and after a most careful search after swallows up to May 11, he had not seen a single specimen. One or two are said to have been observed about the waters of Iscelles. A straggling martin (*H. urbica*) was observed by Mr. Forster on the 23d of April, but he did not see another till the 9th of May, and this species is still very scarce. On the 14th of May a few swallows were seen. Generally both species are by that time very numerous. The swift (*H. apus*), which usually arrives in Belgium before the 1st of May, did not appear till the 9th. On the 14th swifts had become more common, though much less numerous than last year. The sand-martin (*H. riparia*) had not arrived in Belgium on May 14. The cuckoo has only been heard once or twice, and that in the first week of May. The present season, Mr. Forster remarks, is altogether late and anomalous. Is the late arrival of the swallow-tribe attributable to the absence of west and south-west winds?

The submergence of the Atlantic cable attracts much attention, and some anxiety. It is a matter of regret that the two halves of the cable are twisted in different directions; one being a right-handed, the other a left-handed twist; so that at the central point of junction in mid-ocean there will be a continued tendency to unravel. How slight or how considerable that tendency may be, practice can alone determine.

There are some points in connection with the history, birth, and parentage of the submarine cable—if we may so express ourselves—which deserve to be more generally known than they are. Supposing the conditions of electrical transference to be all that can be wished or desired, there are other circumstances to be regarded in speculating on the possibility of laying down the submarine electric cable, and its durability.

The cost of the manufacture of a cable long enough to span the ocean from the Irish to the American coast is so enormous, that no company or individuals would have been

justified to incur it without previously deriving some information relative to the character of the ocean-bed. To acquire such information was no task of ordinary difficulty in itself. We are indebted to the investigations of Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., on deep-sea soundings, for disclosing the character of the Atlantic bed in the track whereon the cable is destined to lie. These deep-sea sounding operations were the result of the maritime congress held at Brussels in 1853, followed by the co-operation of the mercantile and government navies of the countries there represented. To the investigations of Lieut. Maury, as before remarked, we are chiefly indebted.

It would appear that the path on which the electric telegraph is to lie is the only path hitherto discovered, and the only one believed to exist. It lies in a straight line nearly due east and west, between 48° and 55° north latitude, from the coast of Ireland to that of Newfoundland. In this path the water is believed to be nowhere deeper than 12,000 feet; and the variations of depth not being abrupt, the cable will have no chasms to bridge; and will thus avoid the prejudicial strain which such bridging would involve. Moreover, upon the pathway there is continuously strewn by the gulf-stream an agglomeration of minute shells, by which it is imagined the whole cable will be enveloped, and totally removed from direct oceanic influence. To the south of the great bank of Newfoundland the bed of the ocean becomes so irregular, that to lay down a cable with any hope of permanent success would be impossible. As to distance, the nearest direct line from the United States would be about 4000 miles long. Now a cable of that length would cost more than half a million of money, and could scarcely be expected to last long.

North of Newfoundland and Labrador there are also great difficulties. Ice would have to be encountered, interfering with the operation of laying the cable, and damaging it when laid. Moreover, the American end of the cable would have to traverse a barren desolate country before it reached civilised portions of the continent. The exact construction of the cable has been so frequently indicated, that we need not advert to that part of the subject. Its length is a matter which one does well to reflect upon. Its total length—2500 miles—is, as will be seen, about a third of the earth's diameter; the total length of all the iron and copper wire employed in its construction would be 332,500 miles; enough to gird the earth fourteen times round.

Amongst geographic discoveries, we have to announce a considerable abatement of honour for the Mulahacen, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, hitherto considered to be the most elevated mountain in all Spain. Half a century ago, Señor Rojas Clemente determined its altitude to be 3555 mètres; but from the recent observations of Señor A. de Linera, the height of the Mulahacen is only 3399 mètres; whence the peak of Nethon in the Pyrenees, 3405 mètres high, overtowers the Mulahacen; and is really the highest peak in Spain. The Geographical Society of France has presented its gold medal to our African traveller Dr. Livingstone; and M. de la Roquette has not only published a life of Franklin, but tendered a large subscription in aid of a final search for that intrepid but ill-starred navigator.

The Photographic Society are most probably to be localised in a habitation of their own. The council have announced with much satisfaction that at length a house suitable to their wants has been procured in one of the most central spots of London, and which, at no great expense, can be made well adapted to their purposes.

Amongst the most interesting of photographic triumphs are some delineations, by the collodion process, of star-groups by Professor Bond, of the United States, well known in photographic circles by the fact of his having been the first to succeed in taking a photographic portrait of the moon, and for his applications of photography to astronomical purposes. Some years ago he made attempts to delineate star-groups by photography; but the process then employed (daguerreotype) not being sufficiently sensitive, only stars of the first magnitude could be depicted. The

star-groups now experimented upon were Mizan, of the second magnitude; its companion, fourth magnitude; and Alcon, of the fifth. The result was highly satisfactory; the images distinct and symmetrical.

On two preceding occasions we have adverted, in our monthly record of science, to the speculations now taking place in the minds of certain French savans on the subject of embalment amongst the Peruvians and other native races of America. M. Alvaro Reynoso communicates a long paper to the ethnological section of the French Academy of Sciences on that subject. "Before terminating this note," says he, in conclusion, "I may be permitted to make two general observations upon natural mummies. I believe that too great attention has hitherto been addressed to the physical properties of the soil in which these natural mummies have been discovered, and that too frequently the ground has not been analysed to the end of ascertaining whether certain salts of preservative character might not be there. Moreover, I would almost venture to hazard the opinion, that certain bodies have a peculiar power of resisting putrefaction, attributable, it may be, to the predominant regimen made use of through life, by the medicines taken, and, perhaps more than all, by the rapidity of desiccation." In support of the latter hypothesis, M. Reynoso cites the instance of Charles V. The body of this sovereign, who was not embalmed, is now deposited in the Escorial, in a better state of preservation than most bodies which have been embalmed. Under the reign of Philip IV., in 1654, ninety-six years after the death of the emperor, his body was exposed in public, its state of preservation being testified to by a crowd of witnesses. A contemporary author relates that, with the exception of the nose, every part of the body, even the beard, was so well preserved, that the physiognomy of the king could be easily recognised. The flesh was shrivelled, the body appeared thin, but there was no decomposition, although, strange to say, the bier was completely destroyed. Last year, the tomb of Charles V. was again opened, and the body still found to be in a complete state of preservation.

The forty-fourth little planet discovered by M. Goldschmidt, on the 27th of May, has, on the proposition of M. Humboldt, received the name of Nyssa, the nurse of Bacchus.

M. Personne, of the Laboratory of Pharmacy, makes known the fact, that amorphous phosphorus is not completely unalterable when exposed to the air, as chemists have hitherto supposed, but that it attracts oxygen, and is converted into phosphorous acid. This acid, however, he affirms, is not a poison. Hence, when poisonings have arisen from matches of amorphous phosphorus, he suspects the results may have been due to the presence of a little ordinary phosphorus: or perhaps to phosphoric acid.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—This is literally true in the most exalted sense. Some there are

"Whose circling charities begin

With the few loved ones heaven has placed them near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in their sphere."

But the proverb is generally applied with a sarcastic meaning to those with whom charity not only begins at home but ends there also. The egotist holds that "Self is the first object of charity" (Latin),—*Prima sibi charitas*. The Poles say, "Every one has his hands turned towards himself,"—*Kazdi ma rence do siebie*.
W. K. KELLY.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES.

IV.—THE SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

THE widely different aspects of the moth and butterfly tribes in their larva and perfect states are so remarkable, that ordi-

nary observers (even when well acquainted with the fact that all caterpillars are winged insects in their embryonic state) are generally unable to define what kind of butterfly or moth any special caterpillar is destined to become, though an experienced entomologist is able at once to solve the mystery.

Changes still more extraordinary take place in those insect tribes whose larva stages are passed in the water, in the form of creatures whose aspects and habits do not bear the slightest apparent affinity to those they are destined eventually to assume. What can be more extraordinary, for instance, than the transmutation of the minute, wriggling, aquatic creatures, which swarm in shallow waters in the summer months, into the winged gnat, not only furnished with the power of flight, but gifted also with the capacity of producing sounds which accompany his course through the air with soft and pleasing music? Among the classes of insects which enjoy in the course of their existence such opposite modes of life—as one beneath the waters, and another in the realms of air—the *libellulæ*, or dragon-fly tribe, are among the most curious and beautiful.

The detection of the facts which have allied the existence of the graceful and glittering dragon-fly with that of a creeping aquatic creature, of sombre hue, and generally repulsive appearance, are comparatively recent.

The Dutch entomologist Gædart called his observations on the metamorphoses of insects "experiments;" and to him they were so, for that field of research was then, comparatively speaking, unexplored, and the result of each "experiment" was not only a surprise but a discovery. We cannot now hope for such surprises and discoveries, as other explorers have been before us; but we may yet learn better from Nature's own pages than from books. Gædart, one of the first modern explorers in entomology, entitled his work *Metamorphoses et Historia Naturalis Insectorum*,* and his researches on the singular changes of the dragon-fly are called his *experimentum decimum-septimum*. We may imagine the interest with which this persevering observer watched the successive changes of the creatures upon which his seventeenth experiment was made. Let us picture the self-taught naturalist dredging up the larvæ of the *libellulæ* in their young stage from the still waters of the clear canals, in one of his rambles outside the old gates of Rotterdam. They were no doubt taken home with great care, in some earthen vessel well suited to the purpose, and then most probably transferred to one of glass, for the better observation of their habits and their expected changes; for doubtless his sixteen previous experiments had taught him to look for something highly curious and unexpected.

The reader may imagine the old naturalist in daily and almost hourly watch upon one or more such creatures as

* The title of the Latin translation, the original edition having been published in Dutch.



that represented at No. 1 in the accompanying illustration; at first much smaller, but, even in their minute stage, exhibiting extraordinary voracity, and devouring all insects of smaller dimensions than themselves as fast as they could be furnished to the crystal reservoir, until they attained their full size, which is represented in the illustration. To have minutely noted their progress during that period, required several weeks of careful watching, at the end of which the naturalist, noticing that they began to feed less voraciously, and then ceased to take food altogether, no doubt came to the conclusion, from previous "experiments," that a change was about to take place. How curiously and anxiously he would watch them climb, by any support within reach, clean out of the water, and cling to the twig or other substance by means of which they had quitted their native element, becoming gradually motionless, and eventually hard and stiff,

appearing perfectly dead! Indeed, had not the sixteen other experiments preceded this *experimentum decimum-septimum*, one can imagine the disappointed naturalist throwing away the bodies of his prisoners, under the supposition that loss of liberty had impelled them to a determined suicide, by quitting the legitimate region of their existence, and thus eluding his intention of detecting the nature of their eventual destiny.

Forewarned, however, by experience, he no doubt patiently watched the dry remains of the aquatic creatures, until, after many days of unwearied attention, he perceived at last that the black horny skin of one of them began to split along the back, and that this split widened, and at last two shining emeralds seemed to emerge from the opening, which were soon perceived to be the eyes of a living creature, rapidly followed by the body, as shown in the engraving at No. 2. As the short semi-transparent blades of purple at the shoulders of the creature (at first no larger than those represented at No. 2) began rapidly to expand, and actually to grow, visibly, under his observation, he soon saw them develop themselves into exquisitely veined wings of the richest purple, and found that he had traced for the first time the history of the singular metamorphoses of the purple-winged dragon-fly, the elegant and richly-tinted insect which is represented as accurately as is possible without the aid of colour at No. 3 of our illustration.

We have not the chance of sharing the enthusiasm of the old Dutch naturalist; and yet a series of similar observations would teach so much more, even to a modern student, than books can teach, that we cannot help recommending such of our readers as have a taste for natural history to make a few "experiments" for themselves, carefully noting down in detail the result of their observations. It was thus that the first studies of the young Cuvier were made; and the manuscript memoranda so prepared, merely for his own use, were, greatly to their author's surprise, pronounced by Geoffroy St. Hilaire the foundation of a new code of natural science.



**MAPPIN'S
SOLID LEATHER
DRESSING-CASE,**
Fitted complete,
£2 2s.

**MAPPIN'S
GENTLEMEN'S
DRESSING-CASE,**
Fitted complete,
£1 1s.

MAPPIN'S SHILLING RAZOR.

SOLD EVERY WHERE.

Warranted good by the Makers, JOSEPH MAPPIN and BROTHERS.

	s.	d.
Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen	36	0
Dessert do. do.	27	0
Tea Spoons, full size	16	0
Do. middle size	13	0
Salt Spoons { Gilt Bowls		
Mustard do. { 6s. per doz.	14	0
Egg do. { extra.		

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES IN ELECTRO-PLATE,

COMPRISING TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES,

SIDE-DISHES,

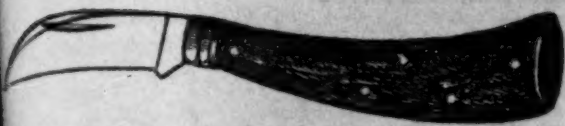
DISH-COVERS, SPOONS, AND FORKS,

And all Articles usually made in Silver, can now be obtained from their London Warehouse,

No. 67 King William Street, City,

Where the largest Stock in London may be seen.

Manufactory: Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



**MAPPIN'S PRUNING-KNIVES IN EVERY
VARIETY.**

Warranted good by the Makers.

MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE-

KNIVES maintain their unrivalled superiority. Handles cannot possibly become loose; the blades are all of the very first quality, being their own Sheffield manufacture. Buyers supplied at their London Warehouse, 67 and 68 King William Street, City; and Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD;

AND 67 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON,

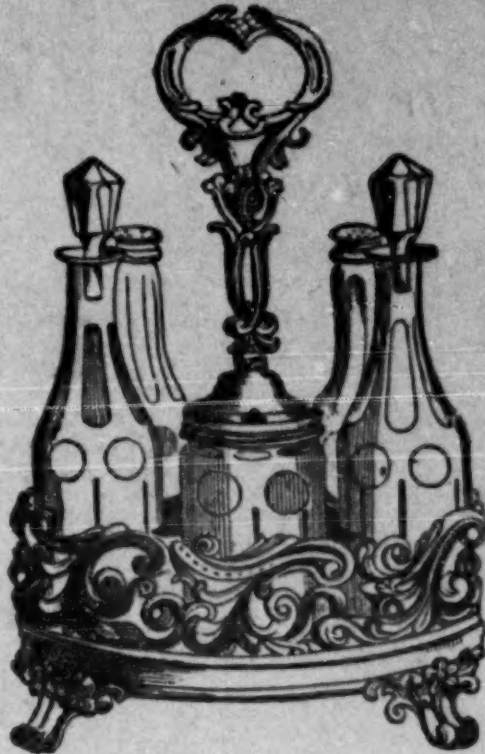
Where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.

•• CATALOGUE WITH PRICES FORWARDED FREE ON APPLICATION.



**LADIES' TRAVELLING
TOILETTE AND
DRESSING-BAG,**
With Wide Opening,
Fitted complete, £4 15s.

**GENTLEMEN'S
TRAVELLING
DRESSING-BAG,**
Fitted complete with
Mappin's best Cutlery, £4 8s.



HOOPING OF THE SHOULDERS.



Contraction of the Chest, and Growing-out of the Shoulders, have been REMOVED in many thousand cases during the last Ten Years,

By BINYON'S PATENT CHEST-EXPANDER,

which is highly recommended by the most eminent Surgeons in the kingdom. Particulars and mode of measurement sent on receipt of a stamped envelope, by

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ALLWARD'S STAFFORDSHIRE SAUCE.

From a Recipe formerly in the possession of the late Earl St. Vincent. Patronised by the Emperor Napoleon, and Leopold, King of the Belgians. Indispensable for Roast Meat, Steaks, Cutlets, Chops, Curries, Gravies, Soups, Fish, &c.

From the *London Weekly Paper*.—"It has a delightful zest peculiarly its own. We are bestowing strong recommendations upon it, but it will recommend itself still more strongly to all who try it."

May be obtained of all leading Fish-Sauce Vendors throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

A Case of a Dozen sent carriage-free to any part of Great Britain on receipt of a Post-office Order on Pimlico, payable to the sole Proprietor, for 12s., or Stamps.

ALLWARD, 13 STOCKBRIDGE TERRACE, PIMLICO, NEAR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

From Debility and Nervousness, also those with Skin Diseases, should apply to Mr. J. Fleet Street, City of London, who will attend with success. A Pamphlet on "The Marvellous Herb Tea" will be sent gratis on receipt of a penny stamp.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

The best Quality.

SIX FOR FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS.

Directions for Self-measurement, and every particular, post-free.

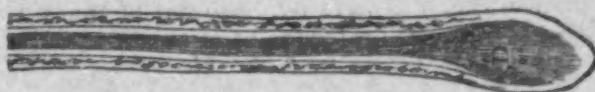
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PATENT CONCERTINA for £1 16s.

Of superior make, six-sided, with the double action, to play in five keys. To play in all keys, 2l. 12s. 6d. Concertinas having the full compass of notes (48 keys), from 4 to 12 guineas. The latter as used by Sig. Regondi.

Manufactured by the Inventors and Patentees, WHEATSTONE and Co., 20 Conduit Street, Regent Street, where may be had their New Patent Duet Concertina, at 1l. 11s. 6d. and 2l. 2s.



Human Hair and Tube in which it grows.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Neuralgia and Rheumatism cured by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAGNETIC COMBS, HAIR and FLESH BRUSHES. They require no preparation, are always ready for use, and cannot get out of order. Brushes, 10s. and 15s.; Combs, from 2s. 6d. to 20s.—Offices: 32 Basinghall Street, London: where may be obtained, gratis, or by post for four stamps, the Illustrated Pamphlet: "Why Hair becomes Gray, and its Remedy."

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers of repute.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

And pronounced by her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.

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No Pen can tell the great Superiority of Willis's

PATENT GOLD-COLOURED PENS

to all others. They neither rust nor corrode; are made with fine medium, or broad points, as flexible as the quill; and for extreme durability are unequalled. Sold in Boxes, containing 25 pens, 1s. (post-free for 13 stamps), or 3s. 6d. per 100, at the Gold-coloured Pen Warehouse, 8 Newgate Street, E.C.

N.B. None are genuine unless stamped, "WILLIS, 8 Newgate Street." The trade supplied.

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DR. ROBERTS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT,

CALLED THE "POOR MAN'S FRIEND,"

Is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, a certain cure for Ulcerated Sore Legs, if of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, and is a specific for those afflicting eruptions that sometimes follow Vaccination. Sold in pots, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Also his

PILULÆ ANTISCROPHULÆ,

Confirmed by more than forty years' experience to be, without exception, one of the best alterative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting nature in all her operations. Hence they are used in Scrofulas, Scorbatic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the Neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 22s.

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Beach and Barnicott, at their Dispensary, Bridport; by the London Houses. Retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom.

Observe!—No Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine unless "Beach and Barnicott, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each package.



DEANE, DRAY, & CO.

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DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Warehouse and Show-Rooms for every description of Hardware, Ironmongery, Cutlery, Lamps, Tin, Brass, Japanned and other Goods, Plate, Baths, Wire-work, Horticultural Tools, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-Irons, &c. &c., is at 46 King William Street, London Bridge.

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IV.

DEANE & SON are Gun-Makers by appointment to His Royal Highness Prince Albert; their Gun Warehouse and Manufactory is on the West Side, No. 30 King William Street, where Shooting-Tackle, &c. for all purposes, whether for Home use or for Exportation, can always be obtained or made to order on the shortest notice. All DEANE and SON's Guns and Pistols are London-proved, and warranted to shoot well, they being determined that their Establishment shall be excelled by none in the Kingdom.

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DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Wholesale Export Warehouse is at No. 3 Arthur Street West, London Bridge. A Stock of Goods is kept here suitable for Colonial and Foreign Markets, and priced throughout at the lowest rates.

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